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"THE VELDT TRAIL"

The QUIVER

June
1919

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Curry's Lys



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In spite of its popular price, you get in the new Wallet No. 22 Set—size 5 in. by 2½ in. by ½ in. folded—the most compact and durable form of casing, as well as the safety razor, which has won a world-wide reputation by its simple efficiency and dependability. Even well-to-do men prefer the “7 o’clock” to a safety razor at double its cost.

7 o’clock
Safety Razor.

As illustrated, with blade absolutely protected from injury in a brass cradle, in folding wallet case of the most durable material, with 6 finest Sheffield blades and 7-inch strap stitched to flap. Complete **10/6**

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"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

PLAYER'S GOLD LEAF NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

IN TINS OF 100 . . 5/4 IN TINS OF 50 . . 2/8

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IN CARD BOXES OF 100—4/3 IN CARD BOXES OF 50—2/2½

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One of the
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of Peace.

IT is a good thing for health and comfort, to say nothing of economy, to cultivate the habit of wearing "PESCO" Underwear.

Unrivalled in quality, "PESCO" has a kindly touch. Entirely pure wool, it is a constant safeguard.

A fine Underwear, finely made, "PESCO" is a pleasure from the beginning, and a source of keen satisfaction to the end.

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UNDERWEAR

Order "PESCO" in Underwear, Sports Coats, Hose or Half Hose, from your Draper or Hosiery to-day. The day of waiting is over. Civilian Supplies are happily coming forward now.

**Peter Scott and Co., Ltd.,
Hawick, Scotland.**

Names of Agents on application.

Linen Permanently Protected.
**JOHN BOND'S
"CRYSTAL PALACE"
MARKING INK**

For use with or without heating (whichever kind is preferred), is forever indelible.

Of all Stationers, Chemists and Stores, 6d. & 1/-.

USED IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS.



**PERMANENT
PROTECTION**

THE PELMANOMETER

WHAT DOES
YOUR BRAIN
EARN ?
for you.



£1000
A YEAR
£750
A YEAR
£500
A YEAR
£400
A YEAR

**HAVE YOU EVER PROPERLY
REALISED THE FACT THAT
IN YOUR BRAIN YOU POSSESS THE
FINEST MONEY-MAKING MACHINE
IN THE WORLD ?**

There is practically no limit to the income-earning powers of the mind, when it is keyed up to the highest pitch of efficiency of which it is capable.

By training your mind to greater efficiency you can put yourself in the way of earning twice, three times, four times the amount you make at present.

In every profession, business, and occupation, there is a demand for men and women with scientifically trained minds.

Over 400,000 men and women have already been trained to greater efficiency by the famous Pelman System, which develops just those qualities of Concentration, Memory, Initiative, Ideation, Self-Confidence and Administrative Power which are in the greatest demand to-day.

There are 100,000 British and Dominion officers and men studying the Course; including 150 Admirals and Generals.

By training your mind on the Pelman System you can do better work (and better paid work) with infinitely less effort. A Course of Pelman Training is the finest of all mental exercises. It develops your mind as physical training develops your muscles. It is most fascinating to follow and takes up very little time. It is taught by post and can be followed anywhere.

Write to-day for a Free Copy of

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It tells you all about the successful Pelman System, and shows you how to increase the money-making powers of your mind. Send a post card or letter to-day to

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155 Pelman House,

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Of Interest to Every Woman

AN EXCLUSIVE AND PROVED METHOD OF
HAIR-BEAUTY CULTIVATION.

FREE 1,000,000 HARLENE HAIR-DRILL OUTFITS.

EVERY gift of Nature is perfect, and of all the bounteous gifts that Nature has given to women—the hair is undoubtedly the most highly prized. Yet, strange to say, it is so often neglected. Nature exacts a penalty for every neglect and human tailing, and women have to pay the penalty for neglect of the hair in the resultant dull, lifeless, unhealthy condition of what should be the "crowning glory of the woman beautiful"—the hair.

There is no necessity to endure impoverished hair, for while Nature has provided the gift, Science, which is Nature's assistant, has devised and perfected in "Harlene Hair-Drill" an unailing remedy for all hair ailments, lack-lustre, and other defects. And the news is now published that all renders may test this scientific yet simple and easy method free by merely forwarding the coupon below.

MILLIONS PRACTISE

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Millions of men and women throughout the world now practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily. They have tested and proved that this unique preparation, "Harlene," and its agreeable method of application, "Hair-Drill," is the surest way to overcome Scurf and Dryness, Scalp Irritation, Over-Greiness, Falling, Brittle, Splitting Hair, and that it is also the easiest way to ensure the perfect growth of long, silky, beautiful hair in abundance, glossy and bright.

YOUR "HAIR-HEALTH" GIFT.

Obtain for yourself, without cost or obligation beyond a 4d. stamp for return carriage on the Parcel, a Free Trial Outfit, comprising:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the Hair
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill"

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. The "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

Commence at once to help your hair to health and beauty. Young women can maintain their hair in abundant beauty, and women of more mature years can regain all the best lustre and health, whether it arises from illness, worry, overwork, or the natural passing of years.

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Every man desires to preserve a fresh, smart, crisp appearance, and in this respect the care of the hair is essential. The Free Gift offer made in this announcement is open to every man, and they will find this two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" a delightfully pleasant and beneficial toilet exercise.

When you have once personally experienced the exceptional advantages of "Hair-Drill" you can always obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of 7 (single packets 2d. each); "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. 1.



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Detach and Post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24 and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sir—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

The Quiver, June, 1919.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

If You have any Aptitude for Writing—

the Course of Instruction (by Post) prepared for The London Correspondence College by MAX PEMBERTON (Director of Instruction), SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH ("Q"), W. PETT RIDGE, W. B. MAXWELL, MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, CHARLES GARVICE and NEWMAN FLOWER

—will show You how to make it Pay

EVERY "new" writer, however gifted, needs, and can profit by, the expert guidance and sympathetic help this Course provides so admirably. Many problems face the beginner who is without experience. He (or she) must ask himself if his ideas are saleable? Are they expressed effectively? To which journal shall he submit his MS.? Is his story the right length? Has it defects which will cause the Editor to reject it? These and a hundred other questions which perplex the novice are answered adequately by the L.C.C. unique Course of Training. The instruction is individual and progressive. By constructive criticism of each student's work the Course imparts a knowledge of literary craftsmanship without which no author can hope for sustained success. To-day the demand for Stories is undoubtedly greater than ever before, and the field for Free-lance Journalism—in which a Special Course is also provided—is equally wide and lucrative.

Application should be made at once for Prospectus—Post Free from Secretary,

The London Correspondence College

14 Albion House, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

A Lady writes:

"Most comfortable to wear, making the shoe fit snugly to the foot."

'Rimlets' SHOE-GRIP

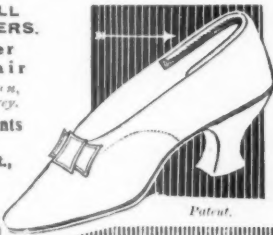
- ☛ **SOFT** Rubber Cushions, encased in velvet, easily fixed into shoe. Quite invisible.
- ☛ **A PERFECT CURE** for Shoes loose in the heel. Protect stocking heels from wear.

FROM ALL
BOOTMAKERS.

6d. per pair

Black, Brown,
White or Grey.

Phillips' Patents
Ltd.
142-146, Old St.,
LONDON,
E.C.1.



Women Who Value Health

Must Wear

The "Perfect" Bust Support

SEND.

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FIVE REASONS WHY.

- ONE**—It is easily adjusted, and is unique in appearance, being made in Fine White Batiste and daintily trimmed with button, held in position in front with metal eye, and is light, durable and washable.
- TWO**—It is laced at the back with Elastic, giving Free Expansion for Breathing or at Exercise. The Elastic Straps ensure comfort and prevent dragging.
- THREE**—It carries and gives form and suppleness of figure. Is invaluable to Singers and Actresses, and all engaged in active life. A boon to all Women who experience a need for a Perfect Bust Support.
- FOUR**—It is designed to remove the weight of the Bust from the Chest, Throat and Neck, decrease the hollows above and below the Collar Bones and prevent deformities by the overhanging of the throat.
- FIVE**—Ensures roundness and neatness and gives all-round comfort. Its general utility and beauty of outline commend it as a perfect support and Improver.

Order from

EDWIN TURPIN & CO., Ltd., Dept. 260, 19-21 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

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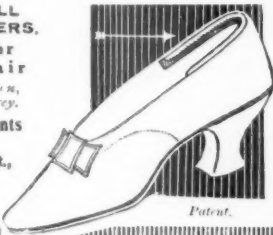
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6d. per pair

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REGD.

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5/9

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Order from

EDWIN TURPIN & CO., Ltd., Dept. 260, 19-21 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

THE QUIVER

Don't Wear a Truss.

Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no ties, no laces. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd.
(638K) 80 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.



*If you desire
for our
Illustrated
Booklet.*

**WHICH
will you
have?**

YOU CAN'T HAVE BOTH.
**A WRETCHED HEADACHE
OR
DR. MACKENZIE'S
SMELLING BOTTLE.**

Cures Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, Headache, Dizziness, Faintness. Of all chemists and stores, price 1/3, or post free 1/4 in the United Kingdom.
Dr. Mackenzie's Laboratories, Castle Street, Reading.

1/3

Fine Irish Hemstitched Huckaback Towels,

with Damask Ends, size 23 by 37 ins. Four Towels in a bundle for 8/6. To-day's value, 11/6; postage 6d.

HUTTON'S, 185 Larnie, Ireland.

Hindes' HAIR TINT

Known as "SEECEROL"

FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR



Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle.

2/6 per Bottle.

Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, or direct from

HINDES, LTD., 1 Tabernacle St., London.

Hats off to Pullars of Perth



"I sent them this Velour Hat after I had worn it for some time. It was soiled, rather out of shape, and had lost its gloss and smart appearance. Pullars cleaned it, raised the pile and made it look almost like new again. The cost was trifling, and it was really a wonderful economy."

Send your Hat to any Pullar Branch or Agent, or post direct to Perth, and it will be returned postage paid.

PULLARS, PERTH
Cleaners and Dyers

Real Harris, Lewis, and Shetland Homespun

Direct from the Makers.
Light weights for Ladies—Medium for Gents.

Patterns and Prices on Application.
S. A. HEWALL & SON (Dept. L.V.), Stornoway, Scotland.
State shade desired and if for Gent's or Ladies' Wear.

NOSTROLINE

NO, WE'RE A "NOSTROLINE" FAMILY.

No, we didn't have Influenza—you see, we're a "Nostroline" family. We all use Nostroline Nasal Specific. I give some to the children before they go to school or to the pictures. And my husband carries a tube of it in his pocket—and in crowded places I always use it. It is splendid, too, for Head Colds, Catarrh and Hay Fever, and certainly kept us all free from the dreaded "flu." You should use it, dear. It costs 1/3. All Chemists keep it or can get it for you.

In case of delay send P.O. or Stamps, 1/5, to
HAROLD E. MATTHEWS & CO., 495 CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

NOSTROLINE

Convalescence

Food Must be Right.
WEAK digestion and restricted activity render ordinary meals intolerable. The food must be light and nourishing if normal health is to be regained.

A Sure Help.
All that is needed for the support of life is contained in the 'Allenburys' DIET, and in such form that the digestive powers are encouraged and strengthened and a feeling of well-being is promoted throughout the entire system. The flavour is most acceptable.

Trouble Spared.
The 'Allenburys' DIET is prepared by adding Boiling Water Only to the required quantity.

A DOCTOR writes:
"Gentlemen—I used it with a patient I had under close observation, and the result was so marvellous that it has been continued. She has not been so well for some years." —L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.

'Allenburys' DIET
For Adults

DBO

Obtainable of all Chemists
Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.

There is a Royal Road to
Cake making—
the 'Cake Royal' Road.

"Cake Royal"
MAKES PERFECT COOKIES

Easily! Quickly! Cheaply.

It contains all the necessary
Sweetening, Flavouring and Raising
properties.

Costs only
9d. per packet.



'M.P.'

is a cake maker
of the same
high merit, but
is unsweetened
per pkt. 7d.

Ask your
Grocer for
these perfect
Cake makers.

J. & J.
BEAULAH, Ltd.
Boston, Eng.



A highly concentrated compound of Pure Mineral Bath Salts

Bring to **YOUR OWN HOME** an accurate reproduction
of the same valuable salts and natural curative properties
found at the

World's Most Famous Bath Springs.

These Salts help the 7,000,000 tiny pores to rid
the body of impurities. Each pore is one-quarter
of an inch long and together they form a 28-mile
drainage system.

Highly recommended and widely used in cases of
**CORNS and SERIOUS FOOT TROUBLES,
CHRONIC GOUT, RHEUMATISM, LUM-
BAGO, SCIATICA AND ALL URIC ACID
DISORDERS, BAD COMPLEXIONS AND
ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS.**

Especially suitable for treating Foot Troubles.

Sufferers from foot troubles of any kind will find that
Reudel Bath Saltrates afford very prompt relief when the
feet are rested for a few minutes in a foot bath of hot water
containing about a rounded table-spoonful of the saltrates
compound. This is an efficient treatment for corns, callouses,
bunions, chafes, blisters, aching, burning, etc. The feet
being the farthest point from the heart to which the blood
must be forced, foot troubles are often due to shoe pressure
and defective circulation in these extremities. By treating
the feet as above directed, you will stimulate the blood
circulation, clear out sebaceous matter from the clogged
pores, render the skin active, healthy and free from offensive
odour or injurious effects of acid perspiration, and thus end
the various forms of foot misery. Try it after coming in
from a long walk. You will soon feel like dancing
with joy, and your newest, tightest boots seem like the
oldest pair you have.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

are entirely British made and owned.

When using Reudel Bath Saltrates for various classes of
disorders, you are practically reproducing, as far as essential
medicinal constituents and therapeutic effects go, the same
waters which are responsible for the fame of several natural
thermal springs. Moreover, you obtain these benefits without
the heavy expense, loss of time, and other disadvantages of a
trip to the celebrated spas.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES may be obtained from
any chemist, price being 1/9 a half-pound box, or
2/9 for the one-pound size.

Full descriptive matter will be sent on application to

SALTRATES, LIMITED,
214 Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.1.

THE QUIVER



See that the Horse Shoe Trade Mark is stamped on the Sole. It is a guarantee of Long Wear and Good Style.

Are you wearing MASCOT

The Popular Shoe

The pleasures of walking are enhanced when you wear a dainty shoe which fits snugly and comfortably. Such a shoe is M77 illustrated. If you prefer a court shape, there is a similar style, M82. Both are made of Glacé Kid, and moderate supplies are now going from the factory to the Agent.

Write us for name of nearest Agent.



NORVIC SHOE CO. (Howlett & White, Ltd.), NORWICH.

THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

Late "North Eastern" Hospital
HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.
President: The Earl of Shaftesbury.
134 Beds always full. 50,000 Out-Patients annually.
110,000 Attendances. £20,000 a year expenditure.
Assured income under £1,000. No funds in hand.

Economically administered.
Inquiry System in force for prevention of abuse.

PLEASE HELP

T. GLENTON KERR, Sec.

WEAK NERVES

Health and happiness are impossible where nerve weakness exists. My **FREE BOOK** (invaluable interesting) shows how **lassitude, depression, all nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, brain fog, self-consciousness, etc.** may be positively cured, under guarantee. My treatment succeeds when all else has failed. **BE EFFICIENT!** Stop failing, and become the success you were meant to be. Enclose 3 stamps, mention ailment. Sympathetic and expert reply by return. **DO IT NOW.**

THOMAS INCH, Dept. Q., 74 Clarendon Road, PUTNEY, LONDON, S.W.15.

8^d.

per tin



"Kleenoff" Cooker Cleaning Jelly

As your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it

Manufactured by the Kleenoff Co., 33 St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C.3.



8^d.

per tin

EGALL

NEW-LAID FARM EGGS

DRIED

EACH EGG IN A SEPARATE PACKET.

2d. each, or 2/- per dozen.

NO SOAKING FOR HOURS. INSTANTLY READY.

Makes delicious Cakes, Custards, Omelettes,
Pancakes, Puddings, &c.

EGALL IS REAL EGG. EGALL PRODUCTS LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM.





Gooseberries and Custard.

THE palate simply yearns for gooseberries in Spring, and the young fruit is more tempting now than later in the Season.

If your mouth is watering for gooseberries ask to have them stewed and served with FREEMANS CUSTARD. There is nothing more delicious than these seasonable dishes at this time of the year.

FREEMANS CUSTARD is the nearest approach to Devonshire Cream, and softens the sharpness of the fruit to a nicety.



THE WATFORD MFG.
CO., LTD.
Chairman—G. HAVINDEN.
Boisseliers (Boy-sai-e-al
Chocolates, Vi-Cocoa),
and Freemans Food
Products,
DELECTALAND,
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FREEMANS CUSTARD

F 124

"Tales of a Toffee Tin"



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This is the Tin with which he illustrated his wonderful Trench Tale—

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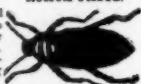


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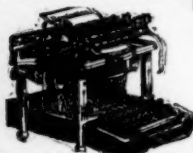
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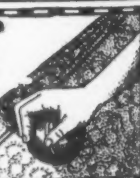
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THE QUIVER

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The man who enters the door where some loose woman lives, imagining foolishly that he is going for enjoyment, is often actually going to his doom. It may well be that he contracts a disease which corrupts the whole blood, and, if untreated, will make his life a burden and torment for years. It will be too late then to wish that he had kept his love sacred for some pure girl whom he hopes to marry. Long treatment must take place and weary months elapse before the doctor can give him again a clean bill of health, and a guarantee that his children will not perish one by one in infancy.

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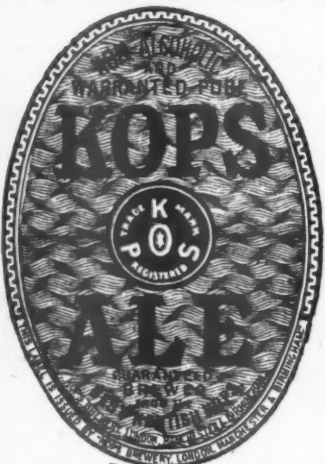
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The Editor

[For Contents of this Number see over.

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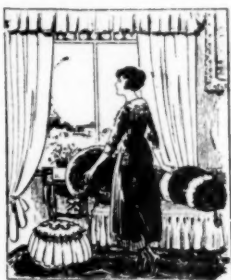
It asks you to help in this work for our own kith and kin.

Secretary: The Rev. J. D. MULLINS,
9 Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street,
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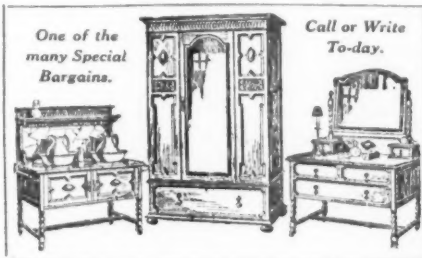
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The Ideal Beauty

What it is, and How to Possess it.

By "ESTELLE."

DO you know to read a novel begins with a heroine whose charms are not enough whose personality and seem to have some resemblance? And then, on page something of this sort: "Her (the heroine's) hair rippled in soft, shining waves round her delicately-tinted face. She had one of those peach-like skins that never seem to roughen or to burn. Her eyes were hidden at the moment under long silken lashes, but a dimple hovered at the corner of her red mouth as she pulled a rose to pieces between her white hands"—and so on.

At this point, if you are analytic, you begin to compare this exquisite creature with yourself. With what results? To find that you are hopelessly at a disadvantage, and that you are lucky if you can find one point in your looks that can vie with her fictitious charms. The story loses half its interest; you are no longer identified with the heroine.

But has it ever occurred to you that with a little patience and perseverance that flowery description, with one or two slight alterations, might be applied to YOU?

YOU CAN'T HELP YOUR FEATURES—BUT you can help your skin, your hair, your hands—and that is something. Look carefully at the description of your heroine. Nothing is said about her features, unless you count a dimple as a feature. Let us be systematic.

Her hair is described as "rippling in shining waves."

YOUR HAIR WOULD BE JUST AS PRETTY if you would shampoo your hair with stallax instead of that common soap or manufactured "wash" that you are ruining it with at present. If, owing to your unkind treatment, it is thin and inclined to split at the ends, you should try this simple home recipe. One package bora-

what it is like vel—one that heroine whose merated, but environment

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nium, obtained from any chemist, mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ pint bay rum. Boranium possesses wonderful properties of renewing the strength, beauty, and natural colour of the hair. "Perhaps," you say; "this is all very well." Admitted that these preparations make the hair thick and glossy, how can anything but nature or hot irons produce "rippling waves"? Have you never heard of silmerine?

A little liquid silmerine applied on the hair before going to bed and brushed out in the morning will transform your straight locks into the most bewitching tight curls or fascinating "kinks," according to the amount used and your individual tastes.

To return to our heroine. "How can I ever accomplish a peach-like skin," you ask in despair; "and having secured it, how render it impervious to roughness and sunburn? No, it is too much." Nevertheless, there is much **TRUTH IN OLD PROVERBS**, and when you so glibly quote "Beauty is but skin deep," do you realise that you are stating a solid, undeniable fact—one on which a whole philosophy of beauty has been based?

Below a skin that may be blotched, roughened, and discoloured is a complexion as clear and as fresh as a little child's. But how remove the ugly outer layer, the pores of which are clogged with waste matter? The skin is a delicate fabric, and no force must be used. Mercolised wax, which contains oxygen, will, if applied like ordinary cold cream, invisibly absorb the ugly outer cuticle, leaving the lovely new skin in all its glory.

To protect this delicate skin from the devastating effects of wind and weather bathe the face and neck with a little clemantine dissolved in water, which will form the lightest of films over the complexion, at the same time giving it the much-coveted "peach-like bloom."

As to the long silky lashes, a little mennaline rubbed into the roots of the lashes with the tips of the fingers before going to bed will work wonders. If your hands are not as white as you would wish a little lemon juice will remove bad stains, and bicrolum jelly will take away all redness and chapping.

A week or two of this treatment will make that description applicable to you. If you sit and pull a rose to pieces, any critical observer will have time to notice charms in you which attract immediate attention, and which will bear the closest scrutiny.



The QUIVER

Peace

We hang out our banners and wave our flags to celebrate Peace. But clearly there is no such thing as peace in this world. The struggle that is fought to a standstill in one sphere breaks out again in another. Bolshevism succeeds Prussianism, and strife at home follows war abroad. The price of life is struggle and conflict.

Where, then, shall we find Peace? Not in torpor or in flabby sentiment. Not in placid well-wishing or in mild-eyed optimism. There is but one peace—and that is the peace within: the peace of a well-ordered machine, not rusting in idleness, but running perfectly without groan or strain: the peace of a man who has settled first principles within himself, and whose outward life corresponds to the same: the peace that comes from hard work cheerfully undertaken, and simply done.

Peace, to be worth anything, cannot be imposed from above; it is the prize of the simple heart that can toil, endure, and enjoy.



"He staggered back against the wall, covering his eyes with his hands. 'Take hold o' me'! he gasped"

*Drawn by
A. C. Michael*

THE LAST INSTALMENT

by Edwin Pugh

HE was little and withered and feeble, with scanty white hair hanging in elf-locks from a bald crown. He wore his glass in his left eye, and that side of his face was much puckered. His mouth was twisted up at one corner, too, so that his most commonplace utterances were sometimes mistaken for profound jests.

His shop was small and untidy, like himself. There was one clear patch in the dirty window which lighted it: that was where he rubbed the inside, looking out, and passers-by breathed on the outside, looking in.

The watchmaker had a daughter whom he loved. He would often talk of her.

"She is more beautiful than any other woman in the world," he would say, "and immensely clever. It is her ambition to be a great singer. She is in Wales now—where music was invented. Her voice is being trained by some of the most wonderful professors. Some day she will be famous."

It was for the sake of his daughter that the watchmaker toiled so hard and lived so frugally.

One day, being idly inclined, I went to his shop for a chat. The season was summer, and the weather was fine. The watchmaker sat at his window, working, and the yellow-sunshine poured down through the murky glass, gilding his white hair. At my entry he raised his weary head and peered at me across the narrow counter.

"Is that you?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Sit down, sit down," said he. "I couldn't make you out at first. It's so dark in here, and the weather's that dull it's hard to tell day from night."

"Nonsense!" I cried. "It's a beautiful day. As fine as we've had for a long time."

"Is it?" he said. "I thought it was dreadful dull. It's my eyes, I suppose."

"There must be something the matter with them," I said. "You should see a doctor."

"Yes," he answered. "Old age is the matter with them. There's only one cure for that disease, and I don't need to go to a doctor for it."

And he laughed huskily.

As I stood regarding him with great compassion, I saw his face twitch suddenly, his jaw dropped, and he uttered a little cry of fear, staggering back against the wall and covering his eyes with his hands.

"Take hold o' me!" he gasped.

I put my arm about him. His thin fingers closed convulsively on mine. There was a dew of sweat on his brow.

"I can't see," he whispered. "It's all red—a sort of mist—like scarlet night. Sit me down somewhere, or I shall fall and hurt my head."

Presently he said, looking at me:

"It's gone. It never lasts. I've been taken like it before."

"Why don't you go to a doctor?" I said.

"No, no," he said. "I don't believe in 'em."

"But——"

He shook his head and answered: "I would rather not talk about it. It isn't any use. And it doesn't matter. The fits pass, and I'm all right afterwards." Then he added, after a pause: "I had a letter from my little girl this morning. She has nearly completed her training, she says, and will soon make her first appearance in public."

"You will be better off, then?"

"Yes. There's only one more instalment. And I shall be able to pay that in less than a month, I hope."

He went on talking in a kind of mumbling

THE QUIVER

ecstasy about his daughter. As I was leaving I said :

" I do wish you would go to a doctor about your eyes."

He shook his head sadly. " Here's the truth," he blurted out. " I can't afford it."

" But you may go blind."

He cried out in affright : " No, no, you don't think so ? "

" You are running the risk of it."

He hesitated. " How much would a doctor want ? " he asked.

" You could go to a hospital for nothing."

" They might want to keep me," he said, doubtfully. " I would rather go to a doctor, if you don't think it would cost much."

" A few shillings at most," I replied.

He still hesitated.

" Come," I said, " let me take you now."

He reached down his hat and we went out together. I left him at the door of the doctor's house. I would have preferred to go in with him, but he would not permit me. Afterwards, however, I went to the doctor, who was a friend of mine, and learned what had passed.

" I examined his eyes," said the doctor, " and told him he must at once give up his employment and take a long holiday. ' If I don't ? ' he said. ' If you don't,' I replied, ' you will be blind in less than two months.' He gave me a queer look and thanked me, and went away. He seemed much upset, but said nothing more. That was all, I think."

I went at once to the watchmaker's shop. I peered in through the clean patch in the window. He was sitting in his accustomed place, his white head bent close over his work, his glass stuck in his eye.

I entered the shop, and he talked as usual.

" What did the doctor say ? " I asked him.

" Oh," he answered. " He said it wasn't anything much—dyspepsia, I think—and gave me a bottle of something. I'm much better already."

And he turned away. In the very act of turning he suddenly threw up his arms and staggered back against the wall, crying out :

" Take hold o' me ! "

When he recovered I told him what I knew. He winced under the lash of my

plain speaking and whimpered like a child. " You must do as the doctor bade you," I said. " You must use the money you have saved up."

" No, no ! " he exclaimed. " My little girl must have that."

" She can wait."

" She shall not. It would break her heart. No, no. For God's sake don't try to persuade me. I must get enough money together to pay the last instalment. It will be all spoiled else."

" Is there no one who would lend you a few pounds ? "

" No one," he said. " And I couldn't take it, knowing I might be unable to make repayment."

I lingered a while, and then departed, very mournfully.

Thenceforward, whenever I passed his shop, it saddened me to see him working at the window, his grey head drooping behind the glass, his thin nervous fingers busily plying his tools. Sometimes I went in and talked with him, but never of what most filled our thoughts. He was always feverishly gay, or silent and abstracted. It was hard to listen to him in the one mood ; in the other, harder to stand by and utter no forbidden word of entreaty or expostulation. At last he ended the silence of his own will.

" This is the last day," he said.

" The last day ! "

" Yes, I sent the final instalment a week ago. There is no more to pay. I still have a little money left, and I will rest for a while—after to-day."

" You should have rested sooner."

" Oh, yes, I know, I know. That is what you have been telling me with your eyes all the time. And I am tired. I could go to sleep for ever if I didn't so long to see my little girl again. She is so beautiful, my friend. You will say so, too, when you see her. She is coming to London in a little while—coming to gild the home-nest, she says. Nothing is settled yet, but it will be soon. She will be so great and glorious ! Your heart will leap at the sight of her. And at the sound of her voice—"

He had thus spoken when the door-bell tinkled dismally, and a man entered. He was little and deformed, but his head was massive and handsome, and thickly covered with soft black curls.



"He still held the bouquet clutched
tightly in his tenuous fingers"—p. 571

Drawn by
A. C. Michael

THE QUIVER

The old man leaned over the counter and gazed at the new-comer.

"Who is it? I can't tell," he said.

"You haven't forgotten me, surely?"

"Mimbles!"

He put out a trembling hand.

"My little girl?" he said. "Quick!"

"Quite well, quite well, and in London. A sudden chance to make her debut offered, and we decided to take advantage of it. I brought her back the day before yesterday."

"Where is she?"

He had taken down his hat.

"No, no," said Mimbles, "you mustn't see her yet. She sings to-night. It would upset her. And she must quite recover from the fatigue of her journey."

"She sings to-night?"

"Yes. To-night. She is Number Ten. I am in a fever. I can't think. If she should be a failure——"

"A failure!"

"She won't be, of course. She can't be," said Mimbles. "But I have staked my reputation on her, and—and—oh, it's no use—my head is whirling. I have thought of her voice, and nothing else, for two years."

"I must hear her sing," whispered the watchmaker.

"That's what I came for," said Mimbles. "Here are two tickets. Perhaps your friend——"

The watchmaker turned to me. "Ah, yes," he said. "I had forgotten. You must forgive me. This is Mr. Mimbles. He discovered my little girl."

"I must go," said Mimbles. "I shall see you again afterwards. To-night will make history."

And he went away.

The old man turned to me, laughing and trembling.

"I am gone aground," he said, "and shaken to pieces. You will come to-night?"

"Of course," said I.

"They won't know who I am," the old man said, chuckling. "They will say: 'Who is that funny old fellow? What does he want here? How can he be interested in this fair young singer?' He, he! Or perhaps I shall be pointed out, and they will say: 'That is her father—that funny old chap with the crooked face!' And they will envy me. I—I want to look

smart, you know. I must get a new silk hat, and a new white shirt, and some gloves, and—and—what is usual. I shall be in evening-dress. I wore one every night once. I was a good-looking young fellow then. I—I was reckoned quite a fine figure of a man—I was, really."

He laughed and suddenly choked. His face was pallid, and his lips quivered. As I gazed his hand fluttered up to his face and down again.

"Come into the back parlour," he said, "and I will try on my dress suit. I have not worn it for many years now, and it may not fit me."

It sagged a little when he tried it on, for his body had grown thinner.

"It used to be tight under the arms," he said, slewing round. "How is it now? Does it crease in the waist at all?"

I answered him as best I could.

"I must look the thing," he said, apologetically. "It would distress her to see me in shabby clothes, and it might seem to shame her. You feel that. You won't laugh at me?"

I could more easily have cried.

"Hold a glass behind me," he said, "so that I can see my back. Ah, I had forgotten. It is all so gloomy now. No, I can't see it properly. You need not trouble."

He sat down, sighing.

"I shall go out now," he said, rising. "Come for me early. You—you will dress too, eh?"

"Yes," I said, smiling.

"Thank you, thank you. You have been very kind to me. I shall not forget that. You shall speak to her. And she shall thank you too."

At last we were on our way. I had thought he never would cease from cocking his hat before the glass, and untying and retying his tie. In the cab he suddenly started up, exclaiming:

"A bouquet! A bouquet!"

I did not understand.

"For her," he said. "I must have a bouquet for her."

He spoke almost peevishly, and stopped the cab at the first florist's, and alighted and bought a bundle of flowers, and nursed them tenderly on his knees for the remainder of the journey.

As we alighted at the concert-hall door

THE LAST INSTALMENT

the old man said, pointing to the long line of private motors skirting the pavement:

"I ride in a taxi, but I am her father."

And he snapped his fingers, laughing.

There were a great many people present, languidly lolling and laughing and talking. The performance had not yet begun. We sat down and gazed about us curiously.

"I wish I had brought my opera-glasses," the old man whispered in my ear. "I have a pair at home. It was so stupid of me to forget them. They haven't any lenses in them, but that doesn't matter, so long as they look the thing. No one would know."

He laughed petulantly. There was a dull flush on his yellow cheeks, and his pale eyes glistened. He sat fumbling his programme, and I could see his hands tremble as the old leaves tremble in a wintry wind.

"The fog has got in here too," he said suddenly. "It seems to cling most about the flowers on the platform."

I quickly averted my face.

"How hot it is," he said, "with all this stewing flesh. And how misty!"

The band began to get their instruments in order. The hum of talk died down into a thin ripple of undertones.

"Will they never start?" muttered the old man.

They started at that moment. He listened impatiently, twisting in his seat and whispering to me.

I confess I was enough infected by his consuming excitement to be glad when the very excellent ninth number on the programme was finished.

"Now," muttered the old man, leaning forward in his chair with his hands clasped tightly about the bouquet hanging between his knees. There was some delay. I saw him shake his head, and heard the grinding of his teeth.

At last she came.

She was of a splendid type of healthy young womanhood, and—yes—pretty, but not so beautiful as I had been led to expect. The platform was loaded with white flowers, but her face was whiter than the palest blossom among them. She wore a trailing robe of some silvery-looking stuff. There were red roses at her bosom, and red roses crowning her shapely young head.

She sang. . . .

There was a rain of flowers at the con-

clusion of her song, and a thunder of wild claudits. She sang again, and still the tender petals fell in glowing showers about her, and that hoarse harsh thunder rolled up on the hot air to her feet.

She went away at last and did not return. There were two more numbers before the end. The watchmaker sat rigid, with wide eyes and parted lips, not heeding the music. He did not stir, but once he smiled quietly. The audience rose at the National Anthem, and still he sat as one remote from life.

I spoke to him and he answered me.

"I will wait here," he said, "until she comes."

There were ladies pushing past him, and men smiling behind their hands and nodding their heads. They were saying he was mad. He did not know. The lights were lowered in the upper parts of the house. Still he sat there, and I dared not intrude upon his silence that was like a long-drawn-out prayer.

Mimbles came hurrying through the hall towards us. He was laughing gaily, in the best of spirits.

"Allow me to offer you my heartiest congratulations," he said.

The watchmaker stirred stiffly, and his lips moved.

"Where is my little girl?" he asked.

"Tell her to come to me."

Mimbles went away, throwing a troubled glance behind him. I stayed with the old man. Presently Mimbles returned, with the sweet singer walking beside him. She came to the place where the watchmaker sat. At sight of his drooping figure her radiant face was clouded over with a look of vague foreboding. She touched his hand. He still held the bouquet clutched tightly in his tenuous fingers.

"Were those flowers for me, father?" said the girl.

"Yes, yes," he replied. "It was all for you."

"Come, father," said she, laughing in the joy of her young heart, as she took the bouquet and touched it with her red ripe lips. "Kiss me and congratulate me, father."

The blind man rose and stooped and reverently kissed the beautiful face he would never see again.

The Homes of the People

The Vital Point in Reconstruction

By
Mrs. Lloyd George

The Prime Minister's Wife, in this important article, strongly insists that the betterment of home life ought to take first place in Reconstruction. She also urges that now that hours of labour are being shortened in most industries, the man ought to help his wife in his spare time

THE welfare of the people is the highest aim of all statesmanship, and the homes of the workers, upon which character and health mainly depend, are the very soul and centre of that welfare. It is for this reason that I place first, in 'all schemes of what is called "Reconstruction" in these days, the betterment of home life.

A Model for the World

The English home at its best has always been a model for the world. It has been reproduced in America and the Colonies, and the early life of many of the greatest men of the English-speaking race who were born in humble circumstances, as pictured in many a priceless biography, fills us with pride in the tender motherhood of poor but splendid women, the heroic struggles of brave-hearted working men to give their boys and girls a better chance in life than they themselves had ever had.

The handicap under which so many children start life too often results only in the survival of the fittest, yet nothing has been more fully proved by the War than the value to the nation of every child that is born to it, and it is high time that we set about the gigantic task of correcting the errors of the past, by improving in every way possible the homes in which the nation's children are reared.

The First Essential

I hope that the new cottages which are to be built will not perpetuate the ugliness and squalor which seem almost inseparable from many industrial districts, or the discomfort, "pokiness," and insanitary conditions of many cottages—even in the country districts, where there should be no excuse, such as overcrowding or lack of sites, for such a state of things—for I am persuaded that the

first essential of good health and improved physique, the rearing of a strong race, is greatly improved housing for the people.

Personally I would like to see all cottages built to face east and west, so as to catch all the sunshine that is going. There is not too much of it in this beloved land of ours that we can afford to waste any, and a room where "the sun comes peeping in at morn," and where you can also see its glorious setting, is a cheerful place for the mother and the children who spend so much of their time there.

A Big Living Room

I would like all cottages to have a big living room, where the little ones can play without being too much in the way, with wide windows looking several ways, and, behind it, a kitchen scullery, with a convenient and well-arranged slab and slop-stone, with hot and cold water, for the frequent washing-up. There should also be a convenient place, under cover, for the coals and wood, and a downstairs bath. The kitchen should be lined with cupboards, so that there should be no excuse for leaving things about the place, and, if possible, there should also be a separate wash-house. No working-man's cottage should have fewer than three bedrooms, and these should be as light and airy as they can be made.

Given a decent dwelling, soundly built, and sufficiently roomy for a growing family, much can be done in improving human conditions, which is impossible under existing circumstances. Even with the best will in the world a woman utterly fails to take pride in a cottage where the damp ruins the walls, where the stairs are as dark as a coal-cellar, where the window-sills and the doorstep, which she would fain scrub to whiteness, crack and moulder, where she has no bath

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

to keep herself or her children clean and sweet, no good fire range, and often but two little bedrooms under a leaky roof in which warmth and comfort are almost unknown.

Such a cottage breaks the heart of the best housewife, whilst if a wife is at all inclined to let things slide there is nothing more helpful to that inclination.

Through the Window

There are tens of thousands of industrial cottages in our towns which are by no means hopeless, even though they are by no means ideal. They may be built in a long monotonous row, faced at no great distance by an equally monotonous row, and they may be innocent of the least architectural beauty, and the great factory, or collieries, or quarries near by may hide the sun from them during the greater part of even a summer's day, but they are not hovels, and their windows are an indication, an almost infallible indication, of what you shall find within.

I have visited many such cottage homes in mining and manufacturing districts, and have never failed to be struck with the differences which two adjacent, and exactly similar, cottages can present once you step inside.

Now we have to face the fact that no possible reconstruction policy can wholly eradicate these tens of thousands of working people's cottages and start all over again. Such a task is too great for any nation to undertake. Thus, whilst we are building new and better houses, it would be well if we could make the very best of those we have got, and this is very largely a matter of education

In the By-Ways

I am not now speaking of slum areas. These I would see condemned and swept



Mrs. D.
Lloyd George

Photo:
Barnano

away. I am thinking of the little streets in towns, where the conditions are by no means ideal, but where the condition can be greatly improved from within, to the great advantage of the children who will be the men and women of the nation in a few years' time. If we wait for new cottages we shall wait long enough. Let us set about making the old ones more homelike and habitable.

Here is a smoke-grimed, mean-looking little street. You go into one house, stepping over the newly stoned step, and you find

The Homes of the People

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THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

to keep herself or her children clean and sweet, no good fire range, and often but two little bedrooms under a leaky roof in which warmth and comfort are almost unknown.

Such a cottage breaks the heart of the best housewife, whilst if a wife is at all inclined to let things slide there is nothing more helpful to that inclination.

Through the Window

There are tens of thousands of industrial cottages in our towns which are by no means hopeless, even though they are by no means ideal. They may be built in a long monotonous row, faced at no great distance by an equally monotonous row, and they may be innocent of the least architectural beauty, and the great factory, or collieries, or quarries near by may hide the sun from them during the greater part of even a summer's day, but they are not hovels, and their windows are an indication, an almost infallible indication, of what you shall find within.

I have visited many such cottage homes in mining and manufacturing districts, and have never failed to be struck with the differences which two adjacent, and exactly similar, cottages can present once you step inside.

Now we have to face the fact that no possible reconstruction policy can wholly eradicate these tens of thousands of working cottages and start all over again. Such a task is too great for any nation to undertake. Thus, whilst we are building new and better houses, it would be well if we could make the very best of those we have got, and this is very largely a matter of education

In the By-Ways

I am not now speaking of slum areas. These I would see condemned and swept



Mrs. D.
Lloyd George

Photo:
Bassano

away. I am thinking of the little streets in towns, where the conditions are by no means ideal, but where the condition can be greatly improved from within, to the great advantage of the children who will be the men and women of the nation in a few years' time. If we wait for new cottages we shall wait long enough. Let us set about making the old ones more homelike and habitable.

Here is a smoke-grimed, mean-looking little street. You go into one house, stepping over the newly stoned step, and you find

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yourself—for thousands of these houses have no passage—in the living room the moment the door is opened. The grate is not only bright with a fire, but shines like silver with much polishing, whilst the fender and fire-irons are things of beauty. The hearth is white with pipeclay, a home-made rag rug adorns the floor, whilst the stone flags which form the floor of the room are as clean as scrubbing brush and soap can make them. The baby's cradle is in the chimney corner, and a two-year-old is crowing in an old-fashioned high chair from which it is impossible to escape. The young mother is preparing the midday meal—two saucepans simmering on the hob, and something which smells appetising in the oven—for her husband who is at work and the elder children who are at the Council School.

I venture to assert that that is a glimpse into tens of thousands of cottages, which have no claim to exterior beauty or to ideal interior arrangements, in this country, more especially in the industrial areas where towns and hamlets cluster close together, and where the mill, the forge, the factory have concentrated a large population on a comparatively small area.

What a Change !

But let us go next door. What a change ! Everything is at sixes and sevens. There is no cleanliness, no comfort, perhaps no dinner ! If there be a dinner it will be ill-cooked and unappetising. The baby is unwashed and crying, the toddler is on the dirty stone floor, probably in mischief, certainly in filth. Yet the houses are exactly similar, as like as two pins in the same row, except that one is a clean pin, and the other a dirty, rusty one, of little use or ornament !

I have known a born housewife, in a mean street such as I have described, set an example of cleanliness which has transformed every house in it. She has shown what was possible even in naturally adverse and depressing surroundings. She has proved that natural disadvantages can be largely overcome by good management, and her window curtains and her clean " front " have succeeded in bringing the whole street into line with her standard, or, at least, into some approximation thereto, which spelt great improvement all round.

It seems to me that that is what we need to do systematically. I think most women

would be house-proud if they knew how to set about putting and keeping a house in such order that they could legitimately feel a pride in it. And there is nothing more sure than that child-care is almost invariably associated with house-care. Show me a woman who studies her home, and you will show me a woman who studies her children's welfare. And, believe me, it is no use talking about child welfare unless we begin with the mothers.

What can be Done

And it can be done. Take a case in point. At all our Welfare Centres, I believe, there is an arrangement for weighing babies, and for keeping a record of their growth, week by week and month by month. It is surprising how much interest mothers take in this device. They see Mrs. Somebody's baby, no older than their own, weighing pounds more, and they want to know the reason why, and they don't rest till they *do* know the reason why. And when one can get mothers vying with one another as to whose baby shall be plumpest a big step has been made in child welfare by the simplest of means, the mother's natural jealousy for her own child's pre-eminence.

That sort of thing, too, awakens a mother to a sense of her own responsibility. She realises that her baby's welfare depends almost entirely upon herself, that her right or wrong treatment makes or mars it.

In many other ways, which I need not particularise, these Welfare Centres are educative. They bring mothers together over a cup of tea, for instance, and there is an exchange of news and views which is generally to the good, whilst there are definite courses of instruction in all that pertains to the improvement of home life which cannot fail to bear good fruit.

The man Must do his Bit

There is one other little matter I would like to say a word upon. Perhaps it may seem that I have been lecturing the women, but I am very conscious that many of them are badly over-taxed, and an over-taxed woman is apt to grow disheartened and be tempted to give up the struggle. A forty-hour week is not for wives and mothers especially if they happen to be mothers of eight or ten, as not unfrequently is the case. Their work, like the brook, " goes on for

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ever." They have a day-shift and a night-shift, but the worker is the same for both!

So, in any real betterment of the home, the man must do his "bit." It will probably only be a bit at the best, but it will "show willing," as the boys say, and will be a great encouragement to the wife. Certainly if the men get shorter hours, they ought to see that the wife gets shorter hours too. Men are so apt to think that they are the only workers. They forget how monotonous the "trivial round and common task" of household duties, with its eternal dish-washing and food-preparing, can be.

What a Man can Do

There are many things a man can do to help his wife. He can chop wood, and fill the scuttle, and clean the windows, attend to broken handles and faulty catches, he can sweep the yard, and fill buckets and washtubs, he can turn the mangle, yes, and he can take a turn with the baby. In fact, just as the girls and women have shown more aptitude than anyone suspected in them for work which has always been regarded as peculiarly men's work, so the men in the Army have shown similar aptitude for many tasks which at home were always done for them by mothers, wives and sisters. Thus the old excuse that a man has no aptitude for housework is no longer available. Many of them could cook the Sunday dinner, for instance, very efficiently.

But as men get more leisure, it is up to them to do at least one great service for their wives. Every husband should "mind" the house at least one evening a week, whilst the house-bound, tired mother goes down the town shopping—a thing she enjoys, which is real recreation for her—or whilst she pays a long-deferred visit to her mother, or sister, or friend. Then, on Saturday or Sunday, the two can go out together, and probably take all the children.

The Family Budget

There is also the family budget to be considered very seriously. In tens of thousands of cases during the War, whilst the husband has been absent, the wife has proved herself an excellent household financier, and the house and children have greatly improved in appearance as a consequence. This fact has been most noticeable, and it proves that many thousands of women, if they had the chance, would make very good use of it. It would be a pity if the glad home-coming of husband and father should again handicap the household in financial matters. I would say to the men:

"Give your wife enough to keep the children warmly clothed and sufficiently fed, even if it means spending much less upon yourselves. She has proved that she can spend the money to advantage, so let her continue to do so."

When the New Cottages Come

I am hoping that the new cottages will shorten the housewife's hours of labour in another way, namely, by being so well constructed and conveniently arranged that they do not "make work," but there is also much to be said for simplicity of furnishing. Simplicity is always good taste, and it is, besides, a great labour-saver.

We all have dreams of the coming of the electric age when by turning this switch and that we can turn the wonderful power from boiling the kettle or cooking the dinner to ironing the linen or even doing the washing and mangling, and these dreams are very rapidly coming true. I think, indeed, we may look to a time not very far distant when electric power will be "laid on" to every working-man's cottage just as water is today, and that in itself will mean that our working mothers will have much more time to devote to the best interests of their children.





"We could give you something
to eat," she said"—p. 575

Drawn by
R. Abbey

Peace

An Idyll of the War *By Austin Philips*

HIS MAJESTY'S motor-launch 079 crawled lamely into the Camel estuary: crawled is the only word for it, since she was down by the stern and all but sinking after colliding with a colleague during an encounter with a submarine which had just escaped its fate.

079 managed to cross the doombar and to enter Padstow harbour, where she would rest till her fortunes were known. Maybe she would be left to her own devices and her crew transferred to another of her calling; maybe she would be repaired by local ship-builders and such Devonport men as could be spared.

Her commander—Temporary Lieutenant Gervase Mompesson—saw her safely docked and established; then—since the cabin of a motor-launch does not lend itself to literary composition—departed to the Metropole to write and despatch his report. It was a long one; and he was out of epistolary practice. When he had finished, it was more than time to lunch.

He entered the dining-room. At one of the tables sat a young man in naval uniform, Mompesson's second-in-command. He glanced up as the lieutenant approached him. But Mompesson hardly paused.

"I shall sit by myself, Wiltshire," he said, passing on to an unoccupied table. "I'm stale, and sick of everybody; I'm altogether 'fed.'"

The meal passed. The room emptied. Mompesson was left alone. More than one refugee from air-raids had looked hard at the handsome face of the lieutenant. But it did not invite friendliness. On the contrary it remarked most obviously: "You had better leave me alone!"

He called for his bill and paid it; then called the girl back to his side.

"Waitress," he said, "I want some trees. I want them badly. Do you know where there are any to be found?"

"Trees, sir!"

"Yes, not to put boots on, but to look at. There don't seem any on the coast of North Cornwall from Bude to Land's End!"

The waitress stared. As a native, she felt injured; she did not realise that what is normal beyond Tamar may be strange to one inland born.

"If you want woods you must go to Little Petherick. There aren't any nearer than that!"

"How do I get there?"

"You go up out of the town, on the road to St. Columb, sir—and at the signpost you turn to the left. It is about three miles—not more!"

Mompesson thanked her, took his cap and stick from the hall-table, and struck out on the road she had named. His spirits rose with every step that he took inland. There was no keener officer living. But zeal and keenness bring staleness. And he sadly wanted a change.

At such a pace he soon reached the signpost. Ten minutes later he was standing on a bridge at the bottom of a hill. Beneath him a stream brawled seawards, at the head of a wooded creek.

Mompesson—who had wanted trees so badly—gave a little gasp of pleasure. He was content. He was glad that he had obeyed his instincts. For the first time since his childhood—which had been spent in the valley of the Arun—his stormy spirit had rest.

And yet—of such conflicting elements is man's nature—in all the stress and danger of the past two years and more, he had fairly revelled in his work.

The war had come upon him providentially. He had just been hammered on the Stock Exchange, where he had had an up-and-down career. Thirty-five, unmarried, restless and energetic, he had pursued pleasure—painfully. He had involved himself in theatrical enterprises. One of these—a colossal failure—had caused his final fall.

His relations had failed him. He had fifty pounds to his name and five thousand worthless friendships, and had been about to adventure to South Africa, when August, 1914, came.

A week later he was a seaman in the Royal

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Naval Reserve. In July, 1915, he had a commission. Since the end of that year he had been in command of a motor-launch, patrolling the West Country coast. He had lived for his job. He had also nearly died for it. He wore the ribbon of the Distinguished Service Order, to which had been added a bar.

Hence his reaction. Hence his staleness. Hence his nostalgia for trees.

The sun was warm, for it was September; the air was soft and humid; the whole atmosphere induced an inward calm. Mompesson remained long in reverie, leaning over the bridge.

He turned presently. A girl was passing, or, rather, a woman; neither tall nor short, but assuredly slender, and rarely light of foot. Her hair was ruddy. Her coat and skirt were of a faded brown stuff. Her stockings were darned at the ankles. But she somehow looked dainty as few.

With an impulse which—consciously, at any rate—came rather from sheer thirstiness than from any desire for adventure, Mompesson raised his cap.

"Excuse me," he said, "but do you know where I can get a cup of tea?"

"There is no place in Little Petherick, I fear. But there is an inn at St. Issey, three-parts of a mile away!"

Mompesson bowed and thanked her; but probably his face had shown his disinclination to leave this place of peace for somewhere less restful, for—having gone a few yards—she halted, resumed her way again, reached the white gate of a cottage, then halted again and returned.

"If you're bored," she said, in a voice of great charm and gentleness, "we could give you something to eat—not much in war time, but as good as you'd get at the inn!"

"Thank you very much. But—yes, I'd like to—if it wouldn't be troubling you too much!"

"Not at all. We live just there."

She pointed to the little cottage and began to walk towards it, accompanied by Mompesson, who felt soothed—and indifferent, too. He was grateful. But there was no sense of adventure. She was not his type of woman. He could not imagine taking her out to dinner in Town!

The cottage was charmingly furnished; Mompesson waited in a tiny, book-lined, lounge-study till summoned to another

room to tea. It was laid on a gate-legged table. There was a third—and vacant—chair.

"I shall have to go and fetch father!" said his hostess. "I told him there was a visitor. But he never *will* come when I ring!"

She ran out lightly. In a minute or two she was back. She was accompanied by a man of sixty, bald, with a fine forehead, flowing moustache, and a grey Vandyke beard. He greeted Mompesson with a gentle and charming ease.

"I'm glad Nancy offered you tea!" he said. "How did you find your way to Little Petherick? You are at Padstow! Are you staying there long?"

Mompesson explained. They began to chat. His host's name was Boconnoc, and he was clearly a well-informed man. They chatted amicably for an hour and more, lingering over the meal.

"The light is gone, and there is no hurry," said Mr. Boconnoc when Mompesson rose to take leave of them. "Won't you come into the studio for half an hour?"

Mompesson thanked him, and he was led into a large wooden building in the garden. There he saw a number of sketches, some of Little Petherick, which he dearly wanted to buy.

There was also a painting of Miss Boconnoc, on an easel, scarcely begun.

"I am a portrait-painter, really," said his host, glancing at it. "But I was badly hit financially at the outset of the war. I had to give up my house in London, and come down to this cottage here!"

"Isn't there a demand for portraits?"

"Yes, moderately so, at this moment, but that means going back to Town. And—having once *got* here—I feel inclined to stay!"

"Doesn't it bore you?"

"It did, to begin with. But now I want never to go back. The place has got hold of me. I can't explain the feeling. But I will give you a little poem by a friend. Read it at your leisure—when you get back to your ship!"

He shook hands with Mompesson, who, having taken leave of his hostess, returned to Padstow and Motor-launch 079. He awoke in the morning, amazingly solaced, as if, almost, after a whole fortnight of rest.

"It must have been the trees," he told

himself. "I *knew* I wanted to be among 'em. What a rum, gentle little woman! She's a new type to me. That sort of thing goes down in the country. But 'it wouldn't cut much ice in Town!"

The repairs to 079 were going to take a fortnight; a specialist was coming from Devonport Dockyard; and the local builders had begun. And again at lunch-time Gervase Mompesson felt that strange nostalgia for trees.

Instinctively he took out the little cutting from the *Westminster Gazette* which Mr. Boconnoc had given him the evening before:

My Sabine Farm, or, sooth to speak,
My cottage on some Cornish creek,
Without pretence, of aspect plain,
Shall yet a world of wealth contain—
Such wealth as students prize and seek.

Its garden large, in mode antique
Severely ranged, no modern freak
Shall mar; no miscalled friend shall gain
My Sabine Farm!

Such is my dream. Meantime, I eke
A scanty substance, week by week,
For situate is my domain
Like lordlier castles are—in Spain—
Till I acquire, sedate and sleek,
My Sabine Farm!

"Jolly good!" said Mompesson, folding up the cutting finally and putting it back into his pocket. "I'll be shot if I won't go and look at Little Petherick again!"

He proceeded there with promptitude. But he did not care again to intrude himself so soon at the Boconnocs' little home. He entered the church. He had never seen anything like it, with its great white, red-crossed dust-sheets over the two screens to preserve their glory, and the complete, yet microscopic, perfection of the little country church. The three chained volumes of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" greatly interested him. He was not, ordinarily, a frequenter of churches. But this gave him true emotion. It was Cornish, British, national, filled with peace—and telling of age.

He wandered into the churchyard; high on the hill-side above it he found a rustic path. It led to a farm only; and he rested on a fallen trunk. He had been sitting there for some twenty minutes when Nancy Boconnoc came past.

"I've been for the milk!" she said. "Did you call, and find me out?"

"No. I wasn't coming. But I *will*!"

He took the milkcan and accompanied

her, almost without volition, certainly against all intention; and this time they had tea in the studio, where Mr. Boconnoc kept considering him very hard.

"Mr. Mompesson," asked the painter suddenly. "Are you in harbour for long?"

"A fortnight, sir, probably. Possibly even a little more!"

"That is long enough for the request that I am going to make to you. Would you care to sit to me? An interesting model—apart from the peasantry—is hard to find in these parts!"

"I—I—"

Mompesson hesitated. He was reluctant to tie himself; he had thought of a week in London, but he glanced at Nancy Boconnoc, and thought of Little Petherick instead. She rested him. It was such a novel sensation. Racket he was well acquainted with. But rest was a pleasure unknown.

"Thank you," he answered. "I am highly honoured. I will sit for you willingly. When do you want to begin?"

"Let us say to-morrow morning, about eleven o'clock."

Mompesson lingered on, leaving, ultimately, about seven, making his way back along the upland highway into low-lying Padstow town.

As he walked he reproached himself bitterly. It was a dark night. A soft mist was falling. The inevitable reaction took him. And he had a terrible longing for the world.

"Well, you *have* made a fool of yourself!" he muttered. "You've gone and tied yourself to Cornwall when you could have had a week in London. And all because of a little quiet scenery and a few foolish trees!"

His sittings began as determined on; they lasted for a number of days. Mr. Boconnoc was dissatisfied at the outset, and made more than one attempt. He was adamant in refusing to let his subject inspect the unfinished work.

There was lunch, usually; and then a stroll with Nancy in the village or along the wooded waterside; he offered, once, to row her down the creek to Padstow, but she refused, firmly, because of his staleness with the sea. He made no attempt to flirt with her. He could not even have tried to. There was nothing flirtatious about her. But he seemed to interest her—as different

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from the type of man with whom she had mixed in London; and she—she soothed him as he had never been soothed before.

More than once, as he walked back in the evenings, he apostrophised himself like this:

"What the dickens am I doing at Little Petherick, wasting my time with a little woman with no fire in her? But she *does* make me feel rested, somehow—and—inside—all at peace!"

The portrait was finished presently. Mompesson was permitted to see. He regarded it with amazement. Was it in reality he? Certainly the features were his—touched in and toned most masterly—even to his sea-tan; but his poise, his expression—there seemed nothing of his old self there. There was a definite *proven* look. And his eyes had a new strange light in them—as if he had been through hell. And there seemed, too, a knowledge of peace in them—if not of peace immediately, yet of peace after battle to be.

"You—you don't mean I look like that!" he gasped, almost.

"I rather thought you *did*!"

"Do I?"

He turned to Nancy. She was already looking at him. And, unexpectedly and overwhelmingly, a profound tenderness invaded him; so that he trembled—as he feared, visibly—and went pale beneath his tan.

"Yes," came her answer softly. "I think you look like that. That is, when you are thinking, and your face is in repose!"

Mompesson nodded, and considered the portrait carefully. Then he looked into a mirror and saw that the likeness was true. No, he was not the man who had "lived" in pre-war days. The shock and shame of being hammered had certainly affected him. But—now that it had been shown to him—he could see that thing in his face which comes to all true men who have been through trouble—a manner of instinctive yearning for love and spiritual peace.

And he was aware, suddenly, that in this little woman, so dainty, so tender—so fireless as he had held her—both these vital things lay.

He excused himself as soon as possible. Two days later 079 was to set forth once more upon her business. He was to come

to Little Petherick, on the morrow, to bid a final good-bye.

Nancy Boconnoc accompanied him to the door.

"I shall come up quite early," he said involuntarily. "About eleven o'clock!"

She nodded, and looked at him in silence. A flash, as of electricity, seemed to pass between them, swifter than any lightning, and, obeying an impulse which he could not have controlled had his life depended on it, he took her passionately in his arms.

It was only for two seconds. He released her, turned from her, and, never even looking at her, hurried down the path.

"To-morrow!" he called. "At the boathouse. Come to-morrow! I can't explain to-day!"

He fled towards Padstow, feeling half mad, utterly amazed at himself, staggered at what he had done. How had she taken it? Had he insulted her past repairing? Or did she, was she—were her feelings even as his own?"

For he loved her. He realised this, now, for he had never loved really; he had only been possessed by vanity or incited by the passion of the chase. This was the real thing. He saw it all quite clearly, how he had wanted her always to be present at the sittings and how, silent and sewing deftly, she had rested him, giving him peace. And above all she had aroused in him that instinct of protection on which all real love rests.

The night was sleepless. Little wonder! There was so much of which to think. Either he had offended her past redemption—or else she shared his feelings—and what had he to give? When world-peace came, civil life would come with it; and he would again be a broken man.

Many times he thought of writing, of shirking any interview, of apologising for an action—impetuous and involuntary—which (he would say) she could never possibly forgive. But he *wanted* her to forgive him. He believed, therefore, that she would do so, while, more than anything, he felt he must see her again. And, whatever his faults, Mompesson possessed certain qualities. He was morally and physically brave.

A little before eleven he was at the trysting place; a boathouse, bordering the creek. The sun shone. The wind was westerly. The little river ran swiftly with its soft



"Mompesson regarded the
portrait with amazement"

Drawn by
G. Abbey

THE QUIVER

susurrus to the sea. Mompesson—despite his anxiety—was conscious of an immense happiness. And he found himself saying these words :

"My Sabine Farm, or, sooth to speak,
My cottage on some Cornish creek—"

He broke off, and looked at the river-scape. And then he nodded his head.

"Good heavens!" he said to himself. "I thought I liked sirens and suppers. But this—this kind of thing—is what I've been hungry for ever since I was a boy!"

This and one other thing: someone to share it with; he was aware of it more than ever as, looking up suddenly, he saw Miss Boconnoc draw near. He flushed deeply. Again—the prelude of truest passion—that profound wave of tenderness invaded him, and—she also was blushing—he advanced to meet her like an ardent and self-conscious young man.

"I meant it!" he said earnestly, "I meant it—please believe it. I wasn't playing the fool!"

"Weren't you? I'm glad—so glad. I thought perhaps you were!"

He led her in silence down the path to the boathouse; there they found resting-place on some logs above the slip. For a full two minutes they remained without speaking. Then Mompesson began.

"I—I've got to say something to you—it's horrible—I don't know how to begin it—but I oughtn't to have kissed you last night!"

She started, and raised grey-blue eyes to him; eyes filled upon the instant with swift immediate fear.

And Mompesson understood.

"Oh, no," he said quickly. "I'm not married—there are no complications like that. But I can't ask you to marry me. I was hammered, a month before war broke out. I shall have to go to the colonies if I live till it's over. It isn't as if I had a profession that I could fall back upon. I have got to start afresh!"

She nodded. To her, a woman who loved, and the daughter of a Bohemian, money mattered little, but she knew intuitively that their standards of living were different, and that what to her would mean competence might mean penury to him. So she answered nothing. And presently he resumed.

"You know, it has staggered me—this peace—and Cornwall—and you, who are a part of it—and the change from racket to rest. It is peace I have been chasing always. And I've made war all my life to find it. I suppose we *have* to go to war to find out what peace is!"

"I suppose so. To me—after London—this is heaven. When the war is over, and my sisters come out of their factories, I suppose father will have to go back. But, if I can get a peasant's cottage, I think I shall stay!"

"Will you? By Jove, do you know, I believe you're right!"

His face worked; an almost overwhelming impulse took him; he wanted to say, "Let us chance it and get married and we'll get a living somehow: I'll work for you till I fall down!" But his old standards checked him. And then he spoke again.

"You're an attractive woman: someone else will want you: I ask you nothing: I only tell you what I feel. If I survive the war and go to South Africa and make money there, I shall write—no, *wire* to you, to ask if I may come home. And while I'm afloat I want you—will you write to me sometimes?"

"I will—I promise you. As often as you like!"

A long silence fell upon them. The sun continued shining; the west wind blew brotherly upon them; the little river ran as ever, with its soft susurrus to the sea.

And Mompesson's hand closed on hers.

"I won't kiss you," he said. "It's too public. And a kiss—stolen and fugitive—would only mock what I mean. But good-bye, little woman. I'm going. Don't come with me. Don't look after me, even. My love for you makes me so weak!"

He jumped up and strode away from her, and, till he reached the village, never turned his head. On the bridge he paused a moment. The spot where he had left her was not visible. But he could see the river seek the sea.

And, once more, almost unconsciously, his lips expressed his dream:

"My Sabine Farm, or, sooth to speak,
My cottage on some Cornish creek—"

At noon next day, 079 cut her way down the calm green channel of the Camel estuary, making like an arrow for the sea. Mom-

person paced her deck. Once, as 079 drew near the mouth of the estuary, he looked hard and long towards a certain railway bridge which spans a certain creek.

"We have to go to war to get peace!" he said, as he turned finally, and walked forward. "Please God, I shan't do my job any less well for having discovered what peace means!"



As it happened, his prayer was answered. Two months later he was in a hospital at Devonport, having, almost at the end of the war, lost half an arm in a gallant single-handed encounter between 079 and a submarine which would never return to its base. He had spent the first Peace Christmas there, and the early months of spring also, as his case had proved tedious and bad. Then, early in May, when his wound was nearly healed, a letter re-directed from the Sports Club was put into his hand.

It was from his father's sister. She was one of those relations who had refused to help him at the hour of his debacle and had talked of the scandal to their name.

"MY DEAR GERVASE,—I have just seen your portrait in the Academy, by Boconnoc, A.R.A.; everybody is talking of it and saying that it stands out in a garish multitude by reason of its simpleness and ease.

"It also shows me a Gervase I don't recognise. I should like to meet him. I am in town till the end of June.—Your affectionate aunt,

"HELEN MOMPESON."

A week later the Riviera Express from Penzance to Paddington carried Mompesson, with the assistance of a taxi-cab, to a flat in Iverna Court. His aunt, to whom he had written from Devonport, greeted him with pride.

Not merely because his portrait was in the Academy and talked about. Nor, altogether, because he was minus half an arm. Rather because, in the meantime, a paragraph concerning him had appeared in the honours list, and he had been granted a second bar.



Miss Mompesson gave him dinner early and kept him late, talking. She kept, also, regarding him very hard.

"Gervase," she said tenderly, as at last he rose to take leave of her. "Gervase, I think we have misunderstood you. I am sorry—with all my heart!"

Gervase was silent. He thought, inwardly, that "they" had understood him only too well. He had been what he had been. The probability was, rather, that "they" didn't understand him now!

"Will you get a pension?" asked his aunt suddenly.

"A little one. Enough to keep me in——"

He was about to say cigars. But his aunt said it for him. And immediately she resumed.

"You asked me for help in nineteen-fourteen and I refused it; even now, my dear, with your past record to frighten me, I can't let you have the twenty thousand pounds I was going to leave to each of you at my death. I might trust you with half. If I gave it you, what would you do?"

"I should buy a Sabine Farm!"

"A Sabine Farm!"

"Yes, Auntie—a cottage in Cornwall—and grow ducks and cows and cabbages. I'm sick to death of racket. Now I mean to have rest!"



Two mornings afterwards, someone at Little Petherick received the following wire:

"Am coming to you by South-Western Railway to-day."

A week later two people set out from Padstow upon bicycles: one, a little woman of infinite daintiness with hair which had skeins of gold and strands of copper in it; the other, a man in naval uniform who had lost the half of an arm.

They took the direction of St. Columb—upon which town converge all the arteries of Cornwall—*en route* for Fowey, Looe, Truro, Falmouth and the Helford River—to search for their Sabine Farm.

The Irishman

LIKE the poor, the Irish problem is ever with us. To the Englishman who thinks he has solved the problem of self-government, and reflects with pride on the British Parliament as the model of the parliaments of the world; to the Empire statesman who congratulates himself on the way we have governed subject races in Egypt, India, and South Africa—to these, as to the ordinary voter at election times, the Irish question comes as a mixture of humiliation and exasperation.

Of course we English are only paying the

The Eternal Problem of the Emerald Isle

By Herbert D. Williams

Then, too, we have the queer complications of Protestant Ulster and Catholic South. What Ireland demands, Ulster will not have; and what the North passionately pleads for, the South will not touch on any account. But, asks the ordinary man in despair, is there not such a thing as compromise? We who have solved the problem in South Africa and in Canada can surely find some way not outside the wit of man to make the Ulster lamb (or lion) sit down with the South lion (or lamb).

And we try to effect a compromise.

Next we are told that poverty lies at the root of Irish troubles. And poverty is known in Ireland such as we can hardly imagine in the Bigger Isle. Read those awful stories of the days of the potato famine; think how, even now, many families have to make do with a dish of milk and a few potatoes for the principal meal of the day; think of the meagre fare and poor wages that the Irish peasant has had to exist upon, and one will agree that poverty has left on Ireland a scar not easily effaced. Yet at the present time Ireland is prosperous as she has never been before—and voted solidly Sinn Féin at the last election.

What is it that makes the Irish problem so tantalising, so shifting, so baffling?

Apart from the facts of history—and one can never forget history in dealing with Ireland—there is the Irish tempera-

ment to take into consideration.

The Irishman is a Celt—warm, passionate, ready to make friends, and equally ready to resent an insult, implied or unintended. He lacks the dominant spirit of the Englishman, he has missed the bulldog "stickativeness" that makes the Scotsman plant himself down squarely in some-



The Old-Age Pensioner—
with the Eternal Pipe

penalty for the misdeeds of our ancestors when they cruelly misgoverned the wayward Irish centuries ago—of course we deserve all we are getting. But there comes a time when the ordinary man calls out that, after all, one cannot go on paying for the mistakes of history till the end of the age. Let us end Purgatory and come to Paradise.



The Irishman :

A survival of the costume of a bygone day

Photo :
Cutler

THE QUIVER



The Symbol of the Rule of the English

Photo:
Cutler

A typical Irish police station. They are almost invariably situated on the public highway about a mile from a village. The work of the officers largely consists of affording protection to people who have been boycotted, or against whom somebody has a grudge.

body else's cabbage patch—and stay there. The Irishman is a fighter—just as ready to fight for you as against you, but he lacks the coolness, the love of compromise, the practical bargaining spirit that has made the Englishman a successful man of business and a get-there-some-time diplomat.

But above and beyond all, the Irishman is a man with a grievance.

Mind you, he is not the only one. But he typifies, *par excellence*, the man with a grievance.

Of course his grievance is very real. Go back to the days of Cromwell, to the days of Stafford, and still farther back; read how we robbed the Irishman of his rights, and ruthlessly made him bow the knee, and you can understand his sense of outrage.

But the Irishman's grievance is not a cool and collected one. Consider the difference between the German and the Irishman. Before the War the German complained that he had been cheated out of his "place in the sun." He nursed his grievance, thrived it on philosophy, and reared it in hate. Secretly he laid his plans for getting the

better of his enemies; openly he fawned on them, mixed hate with hateful humility; cringed openly and plotted in secret. There was a cool devilishness about his planning, a cold-bloodishness about his revenge that made the blood freeze in the veins of the world. The Irishman is opposite as the poles asunder from the Hun. To cringe would be anathema to him, to talk of his grievance almost as good as taking his revenge. A sense of pride would prevent him fawning; a real, if sometimes misguided, idealism would prevent him recognising facts as they are and striking a bargain, and force him to pursue an impossible phantom rather than a workable compromise.

Different as are their different natures, the sort of treatment that a German can understand and appreciate is utterly lost on an Irishman. The German understands force, cannot appreciate magnanimity. Like a dog, give him a good hiding and he will fall at your feet and lick your boots.

It has taken us years of agony and

THE IRISHMAN

oceans of blood to understand the German, and to make him understand us.

But we make a fatal mistake if we think the same methods that suit the Hun will win over the fiery Irishman.

We have but to count it to our loss and humiliation that too often we have erred in our treatment of the Irishman, more by the way we have done a thing than by what we have actually done.

Coax an Irishman, appeal to him, and he will do anything for you; command him, scold him, and, in his own expressive language, there's "the devil to pay."

The Irish problem will, one supposes, go on for ever. Or, perhaps, with that sheer love of contradiction and faculty for the unexpected, it will one day suddenly solve itself, to everybody's amazement.

But there is one factor that accounts partly for its continuance, and for its irritation. The Irishman is not a stranger and an alien to us, but a brother. You cannot class him with the French, or even the Dane—let alone the German, though once we acknowledged relationship with him! The Irishman is the younger brother of the family. The Ishmael, if you will.

What family is there that does not know the younger brother—the one who does not get on so well as the others, the poorer member of the family; the one who is ready to complain—with justice, maybe—that the best advantages were denied to him, that the elder brother had

all the consideration and, also, all the chances?

Who does not know him, and his readiness to be provoked, his touchiness, his pride? And who does not know that the selfsame younger brother, if handled aright, is the one who loves his old parents the best, is the most ready to do odd turns for anybody, who is the soul of generosity—even if it is only your goods he has to be generous with!

Perhaps the Irish problem will only be solved when we are ready to treat the Irishman as we have learned in family life to



The Midday Meal

Photo: Outler

Milk and potatoes are all this Irish family can count on for a midday meal

THE QUIVER

treat the younger brother. After all, we are tired of strife, and ready enough to settle grievances. This year, of all years, should be the year of Peace. There is no room for an Ishmael in the family of nations. Perhaps, when we have steered through the meshes of the Peace Conference, and settled our ever-recurring industrial disputes, we shall find that our peace-making Prime Minister, our Grand Conciliator, will turn himself to the problem of the ages, and will settle the Irish question. Shall it be "this year, next year, sometime, never?" Perhaps by the time these lines appear we shall see the Government once more tackling the question. Having fought so much, having won so much, shall we fail here?

In the meantime, as far as the ordinary man is concerned, is it worth while suggesting that we make ourselves better acquainted with the Irishman? We who have explored lovely Wales, and followed Scott through the Trossachs, might well,

now that the War is over, cross to the Emerald Isle and see the Irishman as he is.

Not in the rebel-marked streets of Dublin; not in strike-stricken Belfast, with its wharves and shipbuilding yards. But in the wild, out-of-the-way parts of Galway and the west, where civilisation is primitive, and poverty abounds, where curious superstitions flourish; where the quaint top-hatted ancient still walks the streets, and the old woman eyes you askance whilst she moodily draws her pipe. Fascinating, weird it all is—yet not foreign; it is the home of the Younger Brother, and "rebel" though you deem him, speak to him as a brother and you will find a wealth of welcome at his cottage door.

The Englishman will rule the waves in the future as in the past; the Scotsman will rule us, and pocket all the money we throw about. But the Irishman—well, we shall love him always, in spite of his faults, and, perhaps, love him the more because of his grievance



**Where Boys are
Dressed in Skirts**

Photo:
Cutler

Schoolboys outside a Connemara school. Only the big boy on the extreme left wears trousers, all the others having petticoat—a curious local custom, originating in the superstition that there are bad fairies who will run away with little boys, but not little girls. So the boys are dressed as girls to deceive the fairies.

That Blessed 'Flu!

A Story of the Great Epidemic

By Ven Denning



I
THE place was Norbury, one of those sleepy little no-account country towns that nobody seemed even to have heard of ere war broke out. Then, for no reason that anyone could see—except the good military reason that it was the most God-forsaken corner of that part of the country—it became a concentration camp.

That was in 1914-15. Then, getting proud and ambitious, in succeeding years it grew big munitions works and an imposing aerodrome in the near vicinity. Thus it happened that in time Norbury, on "off-hours," appeared like a mannequin parade displaying just everything in the shape of a uniform that was ever invented.

It was in the late spring of 1918 that Jimmy, officially known as Lieut. James Derwent Ord, came up to Norbury "on light duty."

There were reasons why Lieut. Ord should be sent to Norbury to make the world safe for democracy while other men did it in the trenches in Flanders. One was explained by the two gold bars he wore on his left sleeve; the other was the result of an international arrangement made at The Hague some years previously. Jimmy, severely wounded in the spring offensive of

1916, was taken prisoner; and after spending two years as the guest of the Commandant of the Detention Camp at Göringen, he had ungratefully left hastily one night without leaving any note of thanks or even a tip for the "boots."

When he reached London he received one of the shocks of his young life—and he wasn't in a mood to stand shocks. For two years and five months he had not been near or seen a woman, and during his last year of detention had suffered acutely from woman-hunger.

He had hungered for a sight of the crowds of prettily dressed women in streets and parks, had longed for the eye-relief of dainty coloured frocks, Court shoes on slim silk clad feet, and big straw hats. Instead, on his return from the temporary grave—

Well, an old pal, meeting him in the Strand one day and hailing him rapturously, marvelled at the disgruntled expression on Jimmy's one-time good-natured face.

"I'm looking for a woman," Jimmy growled in explanation, "a real woman, one of the kind I left. I see nothing but van-drivers and chauffeuses and W.A.A.C.s and heaven knows what else. Where," he asked in tones of real indignation, "are the girls of yesteryear?"

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"Doing their bit, you unpatriotic old grouser," laughed the other, and began impressively:

"Do you know——"

"I don't know—don't want to know," broke in Jimmy unappeased. "I *see*, and that's enough for me. Look at them," he said tragically, glaring up and down the street, "all camouflaged under service caps and bobbed hair and military coats and Army boots. I thought camouflage a brain-wave, before I knew they meant to try it on our women. I'm pining for the sight of just one pretty frock on a woman—for just one whiff of Muguet——"

Now this bad-tempered outburst was quite unlike Jimmy. Had he been his old self he would have been the first to admit and admire the spirit of the war-working girl, for he was a broad-minded sport about women. But you must remember he had come back a very sick man after his two years' starvation of several kinds, and a sick man refuses to see anything right.

He was mighty glad when the order came for him to proceed to Norbury, for having ascertained what and where it was ("no place at all, at the back of beyant," it had been described to him), he decided that in such a quiet, old-world place he would find balm for his disappointed soul—here he would see women again in all their old feminine charm.

II

HE came up to Norbury prepared to be agreeable to it and to enjoy it. That he knew no one and carried no letters of social introduction save two wound stripes and a pair of mischievous blue eyes set in a very jolly good-natured face worried him not at all, for he had those enviable qualities—a keen sense of humour and a facility for friendship that usually won.

But that first evening in Norbury showed Lieut. Jimmy Ord the futility of human hope, for there wasn't a girl in civilians to be seen. Every woman from fifteen to fifty as it seemed was in uniform; W.A.A.C.s, Wrens, Wrafs and heaven knew all what, swarmed the streets and public places. You see, Jimmy took it badly because he got it too suddenly. We at home got it given us gradually—our girls going into trous. and Wellingtons and short hair—

but Jimmy had to swallow his at a gulp, and that is upsetting to the best digestion.

Another fact this Rip van Winkle of a soldier learned in his first week was that Norbury was not so eager to extend the hand of friendship as he had hoped—and indeed expected. He had left the scene in the days when it was still considered "the thing," by the good people at home here, to open one's heart and house to the boys who were to go out to defend them. He did not know that long ere this the good people had got tired of the hobby, especially in Norbury, where they felt they had got too much of a good thing.

So Jimmy, after a week of it, was bored to the wide, desperately lonely, and contemplating drastic measures to have himself transferred, when—he saw Her, the Grey Girl. That was what he called her afterwards, because she was all in grey, from the crown of her quaint poke-hat to the toes of her shoes. At the time he simply thought her the prettiest, sweetest, most desirable bit of femininity he had ever seen. (She wasn't, of course. In reality he had seen hundreds of girls quite as pretty. But he believed her the prettiest, etc. etc., seen against a background of ugly soiled uniforms, heavy Army boots, mannish behaviour and loud swank.) She was so clean and cool and dainty in her grey linen frock and lawn collar, giving one a hint of fastidiousness, of quiet, old-fashioned good breeding, even of aloofness. She shone in Jimmy's firmament of girls by reason of the principle embodied in the words:

"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

The street was quiet and he had a clear view of her as she walked towards him. So he simply gorged his eyes on her—her simple outfit, her walk, her grey eyes, and misty hair. He realised he had been staring rudely only when he saw her flush, tilt her nose ever so slightly, and quicken her steps. Though he did not know it, she did so because she had realised she too was staring, caught not only by the look of extreme interest in a pair of rather nice blue eyes, but by a vague idea that his face was somehow familiar.

He saw her nearly every day after that in the forenoons when the streets were quiet; and each time he found her good

THAT BLESSED 'FLU!

to look upon, and he desired, with all his heart, to know her.

Then, just as suddenly as it had come out, Jimmy's sun went behind a big dark cloud. For a whole week—to be exact, for eight long, interminable dreary days—he had not seen the Grey Girl. His bereft mind suggested all sorts of horrible possibilities. What if she had left the town and gone to join something that would necessitate her wearing a uniform!

Her absence certainly made Jimmy's heart grow fonder—more, she became an obsession. She haunted his days and nights. And what if he should never see her again! Fool that he was not to have secretly followed her one of those times he saw her! Now she was lost, perhaps, to him. And panic beat at his brain till his head ached and his feet grew leaden.

III

THEREUPON Jimmy lost all interest in the world, the war—yea, or even the Grey Girl. He had "Flu," short and sharp, and for a week cared for naught but the knife that had been stuck into the base of his brain and that turned round and round, day and night.

In a fortnight he was out. Norbury's great compensation is a delightful public park. It was quite near Jimmy's hotel, and here he came one forenoon on a convalescent duty-walk, and to rail generally against Fate. He trod the pretty winding paths by the stream, with legs that were wobbly and a heart that was heavy and sick.

He began by being sorry he had ever left that detention camp, and had just got to being sorry he had recovered from the beastly "Flu" when his heart began—oh! quite audibly—to chug-chug like the engine of an old tramp steamer in a gale. For, coming down a steep and narrow side-path, running at right angles to his, was the Grey Girl. As he rounded the corner she saw him, started slightly, and—well, it was then, as Jimmy stood aside to let her pass, that she threw herself at his feet. He caught one look from piteous, ashamed eyes, and in an instant was raising her to her feet.

"I say, that was rotten!" he said in tones of sincere sympathy. "Those in-

fluenza legs are the very dickens, aren't they? I know, because I—"

Gently but firmly she drew herself from his steadying hold.

"Thank you," she said with a dignity that was threatened by a little catch in



"In an instant he was raising her to her feet"

Drawn by
E. P. Kinsella

her voice, "but my legs are quite all right."

And to prove the statement she collapsed again, with a determined flop, at Jimmy's feet.

This time he was stern. He lifted her in his arms, and half-carrying, half-guiding her to a near seat, set her down gently.

"You ought not to have come so far," he began, when she interrupted, tears of childish mortification begot of weakness in her eyes.

"But I have not come far—only I got sick of trailing round the garden for three days."

"Then the path was too steep," he continued severely. "Only a short walk—on the level—right in the sunshine, should be attempted at first."

"Are you a doctor?" she asked.

"No; I'm a victim myself," he said, "so I know all about it. You must not sit out long; it's too chilly these autumn

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days. Will you—let me offer—to see you—”

“No, thank you!” she said hastily, her tone alone putting immense distance between them, and making the atmosphere suggestive of a touch of frost. That was because she was feeling she had made a fearful ass of herself before this nice friendly-looking man—and she was hating him for it! This is the way of the world.

She rose, stood quite steady on her feet, and said:

“Thank you, but I can quite easily go home alone—I haven’t far to go.”

And she went—with the hauteur of hurt dignity and leaving the knightly Jimmy feeling quite thoroughly squashed.

But youth’s heart is like a cork (there is no poesy but much truth in this simile); it refuses to remain long under the waters of adversity. Very soon Jimmy was reveling in thrills as he lived over again the last quarter of an hour. For several precious moments he—Jimmy Ord—had held Her—his Grey Girl—in his arms, felt the dim fragrance of Muguet steal up to him, looked deep into those misty grey eyes, shaded by that adorable quaint poke-hat! All grey, even to her hair! Grey hair? That sounded wrong. Yet he could swear her hair was a soft, cloudy grey—like the Philip Boileau Girls on the covers of American magazines. That was it! She was the Philip Boileau Girl in the flesh—very desirable, alluring flesh, too.

He rose and wended his own wobbly way back to his hotel for lunch. Mighty good world, after all! At least, he had made a beginning.

IV

THEREAFTER, during a further two weeks’ convalescence, he haunted the park. Systematically, and with a thoroughness bred of scouting training, he patrolled the paths and by-paths, the gardens and bush-screened nooks of the park. But no Grey Girl came again.

Once more fear seized his heart and squeezed it. What if she had had a relapse! What if she should die! And he still had no idea where she lived! Fear and wild suppositions gave place to dull, deadly despair. Norbury was a rotten old hole, after all; the world was a rotten old hole;

and to finish the effect, just then the advance guard of a northern winter came, and life in Norbury became a mere matter of mist and mud and cold damp misery.

It was at dusk on a chill evening that, as he was about to enter his hotel, he saw lying on the pavement an envelope, white and clean and shining through the half-dark. He picked it up, and as he did so something showered from its opened top to the pavement. This he also picked up, gingerly, because of the clinging mud. The address side of the envelope was hopelessly smirched with mud also; but the “something” that had fluttered from the envelope was a money order and several snapshots. He carried the lot up to his room and later examined them.

First came the snapshots. Some of these had fallen face down in the mud, and were obliterated. On the back of one was written, “How d’you like Me as a Hoffer?” On another, also obliterated, was scrawled, “Me, in my car, with my chauffeuse.” Several, undamaged, were of camp scenes. The money order was only partly soiled. And in the envelope was a thin sheet of notepaper, written on.

Right here Jimmy did the first wrong thing. He ought not, of course, to have read that letter. A perfectly good, nice hero in a story would have never thought of reading it; he would have straightway tried to make out the address on the muddled envelope. But Jimmy opened out the sheet and read:

“Tuesday.
Same Old Place.

“BELOVEDEST,—

“A *billet-doux*!” said he softly, and shamelessly read right through.

“BELOVEDEST,—

“Don’t, please, feel neglected because I haven’t written sooner. I’m not getting careless; only, since I got my commission, I’ve been so busy. There’s more to do than I could ever explain to you or make you understand, you dear old stay-at-home. I can’t say ‘a Lieutenant’s life is not a happy one,’ but it certainly *is* not an idle one. I enclose some snaps to show you this year in uniform. I make a very fetching ‘Left,’ don’t I? Thank you ever so much for getting me the things; they fit beautifully.

I enclose money order for them. Perhaps after I shall get you to send me some few other things I want. Sorry to hear of your having the 'Flu.' Take care of yourself, dear, and be all better again for my leave. I'm hoping to get off in two or three weeks at most. And then:

"You and I together, love,
And never mind the weather, love!"

"Always devotedly,
TOMMY."

"He's not very keen!" was Jimmy's comment. "Guess I'd best try to see whose it is," he decided at last, and fell to clearing the mud off the address. Soon he saw appear:

"Miss Dorothea Donn,
Grey Gables,
Norbury, N.B.,"

and at once the second wrong thing suggested itself to his unprincipled mind. He ought, of course, to have put the envelope and its contents into a big envelope with a brief note of explanation and posted it to the addressee. But he didn't—for two reasons. One was that Grey Gables was only a few yards down the road from his hotel—a pretty little house standing back from the road in a huge garden. From his bedroom window he could see one of its gables and a part of the garden with apple-trees. He had liked the appearance of the little home, and had wished he had known its people. He was—and this was his second reason—horribly lonely. Here was his chance.

That evening saw Lieut. Jimmy Ord push open the little wooden door in the high wall surrounding Grey Gables and its garden, walk up to the front door, and bang the old-fashioned iron knocker. A pale moon shone over the desolate garden with its leafless trees, and, indeed, the house did not look inviting now. For no lights were seen anywhere, and a painful quietness reigned.

Then came the sound of quick, soft footsteps hurrying, the door opened, and by the light of the shaded lantern overhead he saw standing before him, in a pink cotton pinafore, not cool and aloof now, but with a scared and worried expression on her face—the Grey Girl.

JIMMY stared in silence—she did not recognise him. Then he spoke:

"I've called—with a letter I found at the door of my hotel a little time ago. It is addressed to—this house. Believe me, I did not mean to intrude—I did not know it was *your* house."

But now she knew his voice, and there was real relief and gladness in her tones as she said:

"Oh—Tommy's letter! Thank you so much. I saw I'd lost it after I'd come in, and then I could not get out again to see about it. You see, I have three influenza patients here to-night; mother has had it for a fortnight, dad since a week ago, and to-night the maid has gone down."

"I'm sorry," said Jimmy spontaneously. "I say, isn't there anything I can do for you?"

She answered at once:

"But indeed there is. The doctor has just left a prescription. I can't leave them upstairs. I wonder—would you——"

Jimmy's heart struck up a *Te Deum*.

"Certainly," he said eagerly. "And anything else?"

She considered a moment.

"If you wouldn't mind—there is someone you might take a message to—a woman who could come to help me. We had a nurse, but she is ill herself. I'd be so grateful; I didn't know how I was to manage to-night alone."

She left him in the dimly lit hall as she ran quickly and silently upstairs, and he watched her, noting with satisfaction and pleasure her efficient yet quiet manner about a house. And the *Te Deum* waxed louder. Was ever such luck? To be able to serve Her when she was needing help so badly! "Would he?" she had "wondered." *Would he!*

Shortly she was down again, with the notes in her hand. She gave him directions where to go, and ended by apologising.

"I'm so relieved now," she said, and looked it; "only it seems too bad, making a messenger of you."

For perhaps two moments Jimmy's blue eyes looked tensely into her grey ones. Then discretion stemmed the torrent of eager, foolish words that would have poured from his rejoicing heart, and he merely

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said brusquely, with businesslike nonchalance:

"Not at all. You shall have the medicine and the nurse as soon as I can bring them," and he was gone.

It was only late that night as he sat in a comfortable "smoker" before his bedroom fire, blowing meditative wreaths from a cheroot into the air, that Jimmy's train of pleasant thought jolted suddenly and ran off the rails along which it had been pursuing its complacent course. Tommy! Since that letter had been to her it followed she had some close connection with Tommy. Now, who the dickens was this Tommy? Some empty young pup, evidently, judging from his letter, full of conceit over a new uniform. Then, with a sense of shock, he realised this was his Grey Girl's taste in men—this—this pup! And she must be on very intimate terms with him—she had bought him "things," and was to be commissioned to buy more! Jimmy decided at once that no degree of intimacy justified a man's getting a nice girl to buy "things" for him—unless he was her husband or her brother! This Tommy was not the former; she was still Miss Dorothea Donn. A brother, perhaps? But no, Jimmy decided; that letter was not a brother's.

"You and I together, love,
And never mind the weather, love!"

And then something about "devotedly." No, it was no brother. And the boulder was coming home on leave shortly!

The Te Deum had long since fallen into silence.

VI

NEVERTHELESS he called at intervals after that first night—to inquire after the invalids. It was the least he could do, he assured himself—only a matter of neighbourly courtesy.

There came an evening when Jimmy was welcomed to the hospitable hearth of Grey Gables as a friend of the family, and was thanked by Mr. and Mrs. Donn for his timely help. And now Jimmy would have been happy as a king—(no, it won't do to say "happy as a king"; the simile is getting out of date these stirring times); say, happy as an Army contractor, but for the haunting memory of the absent

Tommy. Like a grim spectre the fellow cast a shadow across the sunlit path of Jimmy's joy. If wishing could have killed, Tommy would have been a casualty many times.

One evening he was informed casually that a friend was coming to stay the following week, and gentle sweet-faced Mrs. Donn had remarked she was glad, for Dorothea was needing cheering up, and she loved Tommy—indeed, they were all looking forward to Tommy's visit. Thereupon Jimmy registered a vow that he would pay one more call to Grey Gables and then—the rest was a blank. Anyway, he decided, he would be urgently required on his military duties during his rival's stay in Norbury.

On that last (it was to be the last) call, the door was opened by Dorothea herself, a happy-faced, slightly excited Dorothea who welcomed him with a little air of gaiety. On the hall-table lay a pair of furlined leather driving gauntlets, and above them hung a short khaki overcoat and cap. He stood still, stiffly.

"Our visitor has come this afternoon—a week earlier than we expected," Dorothea was explaining, smiling happily. Still Jimmy stood.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, "I think I shall go, I would rather not intrude."

She stared a moment, then was gaily firm and imperative.

"Go without meeting Tommy?" she said. "Why, certainly you won't! Come and join the happy band," and he was gently forced in before her.

Trying not to look the sulky schoolboy he felt, he walked in and greeted Mr. and Mrs. Donn. Then he heard Dorothea say:

"Tommy dear, this is Mr. Ord—Mr. Ord, my best friend, Miss Thomson."

And from the armchair in the shadow cast from the shaded lamp there came forward a slight figure in a khaki uniform and a shock of curly bobbed hair round a small, piquant face. She was in the accoutrements he loathed to see on a woman, Dorothea knew, and mischievously she waited to see how Jimmy would take it. For a few brief moments he stood still and stared; then he stepped forward, his face lit up with a great happiness. Wringing her hand till she winced, he said, in a

THAT BLESSED 'FLU!

voice whose genuine heartfelt joyousness there was no mistaking :

"I'm very glad to meet you, Miss Thomson, very pleased indeed."

A surprised silence fell on the old couple ; Dorothea stood back with a sudden sickening sense of chill at her heart. But the two in the foreground of the stage seemed oblivious of the others. Jimmy was still holding the girl's hand and looking searchingly into her face ; she in return seemed to have forgotten her hand was still gripped in Jimmy's, and was staring up at him.

Then he spoke, and in his voice there was quick excitement.

"I have your photograph——" he began.

"And I have yours!" said the girl Tommy.

There was a little stifled gasp from Dorothea, but neither noticed it.

"Did you know Lieut. Harry Donn?" he asked eagerly. The piquant face clouded, and, drawing away hastily from him, the girl sank her bobbed head in her hands and sobbed.

Someone cried out behind him, and he faced round on the circle. The old man had risen, shaking, and said :

"Lieut. Harry Donn—of the Gordons— he was our boy, our only son. Did you know him, sir?"

"I did," answered Jimmy promptly. "He was one of our bunch at Görlingen last winter."

"What!" almost screamed the old man, while Dorothea, pale and trembling, broke in :

"Mr. Ord, do you know what you are saying? My brother Harry was reported 'missing—believed killed' over a year ago."

"It's the same, I'm sure," said Jimmy. "I know from his having Miss Thomson's miniature——"

"I was—we were engaged," said the girl Tommy.

She was fumbling at her neck and brought out a locket on a slender chain. Jimmy examined the face pictured there.

"It's Harry Donn, right enough," he said.

"And you saw him—alive?"

"Last March—at Görlingen Detention Camp," answered Jimmy; "alive and well.

"Will you let me tell you all I know about it?" he asked. "I have something to apologise for to you, I see."

VII

"I FIRST knew Harry Donn when we were down at Winchester," he began. "He was attending the cadets' classes there. I believe there is a photograph of a bunch of us taken then."

"Yes," broke in Tommy; "I have that photo; I thought I knew your face again."



"I'm very glad to meet you, Miss Thomson!"

Drawn by
E. P. Kinsella

"And that's why your face seemed familiar to me at first," said Dorothea.

Jimmy continued :

"I did not know him then very intimately, but I thought he belonged to London."

"We lived there until a year ago," explained Dorothea. "Then, because of the air-raids, we came up here to this old property of mother's."

"I was gazetted and sent abroad," went on Jimmy, "and I did not see him again until last Christmas, when he was brought to the camp at Görlingen, where I was."

"Why have we had no word?" asked Mr. Donn.

"Well, you see, when he came to Görlingen he had just come from a long spell in hospital. He'd been severely wounded when he was taken prisoner, and—he had been a shell-shock case. Then, when he came to Görlingen he joined in with some of us who—who were not very civil to the guard, and we were put on punishment,

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part of which was that we were not allowed either to send or to receive mails."

Then he told them briefly the story of his escape—how he was to be removed to a punishment camp, how he planned to break away on the road there; how he confided his intentions to the little circle of intimates he was leaving, and how they each gave him their home address and a small souvenir to take to their people; how he, indeed, got away and reached England, where he delivered the messages with which he had been entrusted, but when he came to the miniature there was no slip with the address to be found in it, and he had no clue as to whom or where it belonged.

"That's all," finished Jimmy. "I have the miniature over in my hotel, and I am only too delighted to be able to hand it over."

It was very late when he left, promising to make inquiries about Harry Donn through the proper agencies.

Dorothea saw him to the door.

"Come with me to the gate," he asked suddenly in a quiet voice. She stepped out by his side. "Mr. Ord," she said, turning to him impetuously, "for the great happiness you have brought us all to-night, I can't find words to thank you."

Jimmy stopped before her in the path and looked down earnestly into her face.

"What about deeds, then?" he asked. "You know I've absolutely chased after you. I want you—I've wanted you from the first minute I saw you. I was jealous—bitterly, rottenly jealous—of this Tommy before—"

"And I was bitterly, rottenly jealous of Tommy," she laughed tremulously, "when I saw your joy at meeting her."

"I was certainly never more glad to meet any girl," he said truthfully, then

decided to keep the reading of that letter locked in his own bosom—or at least to postpone confession.

"... Except one," he said, resuming the conversation.

Dorothea was looking away over the garden. She seemed not to be listening—that was because she *was*, with every sense attuned. Jimmy came closer.

"Look at me straight," commanded he, and Dorothea obeyed. Very slowly he encircled her with his arms and drew her to him, holding her close.

"My Grey Girl!" he said softly, and—

This is where all outside parties turn their back and look at the moon—if they have any manners at all.



Jimmy broke the long silence.

"I say, Girl," he exclaimed, "let's go back and tell them," and turned her towards the house.

"Tell them?" asked Dorothea. "What?"

"Tell them—what!" mocked he. Then, in great amazement: "Why, bless my soul, Dorothea, you don't mean to say I haven't asked you to marry me!"

"You haven't," said Dorothea frankly; "but—but I rather hoped you would!"

Another busy silence, and then:

"I was going to say, Dorothea, when you interrupted me so rudely," said he sternly, "let's go back and tell them we're going to be married as soon as Harry can be here to be my best man."



But when Harry came home and was rejoiced over and finally asked about it, he was quite rudely disobliging.

"Nothing doing," said he shortly. "Sorry, old chap, but I'm wanting a best man myself for that date."



Can We Communicate with the Dead?

A Word of Warning
By
E. Vaughan-Smith

Spiritualism is spreading like a prairie fire. But has it substantiated its claims? The writer holds that it has not, and holds, too, that there is a distinct element of danger arising out of the "new revelation"

SOUTH WALES stands on the threshold of another revival. This time it is the new religion of spiritualism." Such was the announcement of a newspaper the other day

Spreading like a Prairie Fire

It is not in South Wales only that the "new religion of spiritualism" is spreading like a prairie fire. Everywhere it is being preached with the fervour of a new-found revelation, and among its devotees are some of England's best-known names.

Nor is it wonderful that at the present moment in the world's history spiritualism should be bursting into volcanic life. Never since the Black Death has Europe been plunged into such universal mourning as during the last few years. Never since Jesus of Nazareth walked this earth have so many broken-hearted wives, parents, and sweethearts been asking, "Is there another life? Do we know anything about it for certain?"

The Waning of the "Certain Hope"

In the days of the Black Death those who survived never even thought of questioning the fact of another life. The world after death—with its three well-defined compartments of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory—was as real, one might almost say as material, as this present world. That being so, the men and women of the fourteenth century had comparatively small temptation to frequent spiritualistic séances. Why should they risk the very uncomfortable quarters of an hour with the Church and State authorities that would have been likely to ensue merely in order to get indirect and probably unsatisfactory answers about facts they already knew quite well?

In more modern times many people have lost that simple certainty of conviction their forefathers held. To very many among us

the old "sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection" has become only a wistful "perhaps."

How shall such as these—when death has suddenly shattered the whole fabric of their happiness—help catching feverishly at the hope offered by this "new revelation," as its followers do not hesitate to call it?

"There are no dead!" cry the children in "The Blue Bird."

There are indeed no dead—if we can get into touch with those who have passed on almost as easily as we can ring people up on the telephone!

The Advance of Spiritualism

Fifty, twenty, even ten years ago most people would have treated the possibility with scornful incredulity. The very word "spooks"—sure to be thrown into discussions on the subject—was a jeer in itself.

To-day, even hard-headed city men, sitting over their coffee and cigars, discuss spiritualism seriously. There is almost sure to be someone in the company who at least half believes.

"I don't deny there may be many cases of bunkum—illusions worked with Bengal lights, and so on, don't you know—but there's a lot that simply can't be explained, except on the supposition that spiritualists really do what they claim to do." Such is the line of argument to be heard in many a smoking-room and drawing-room to-day.

Now the fact that a man has a shrewd judgment on all matters connected, say, with the Stock Exchange, does not in itself prove that his critical faculty is equally to be trusted when it comes to highly difficult problems of advanced psychology. Hence our hard-headed city man would not improbably claim as inexplicable—except on the spiritualist hypothesis of real actual intercourse with the dead—a wide field of phenomena which an

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honest and scientific-minded spiritualist like Sir Oliver Lodge would own admitted of a possible natural explanation.

What Spiritualism Means

For the sake of those readers who have but a vague idea of what ordinarily happens at séances, it becomes needful at this point to give a brief description of the various means employed to obtain "spirit messages."

First, there are the messages obtained through the movements of inanimate objects. The table, for instance, at which the inquirers are seated begins to tremble, to move, even to rise up in the air. Sometimes it, or a pencil placed upon it, makes rapping sounds which are interpreted according to a code agreed upon by the sitters. One rap might be taken as meaning "no," and three raps "yes." The table's tilting four times would mean "talk." In the twilight of the room (séances are usually held in twilight) objects are seen to move about, or (in darkness) felt by sitters to touch them. Strange lights are formed in the air, and move about slowly or quickly.

Through a "Control"

Secondly, there are the messages which come through the medium when the latter has gone into a state of trance. Most of these are supposed to come, not direct from the dead person with whom his friends are trying to communicate, but through the agency of the medium's "control." The "control" is the special spirit who is supposed to have the power of speaking through that particular medium. Thus a medium who in ordinary life was a cultured English lady might, when in trance, speak the broken English, and with the childish voice and gestures, of the little Indian girl who happened to be her "control." Those present carry on a conversation, speaking sometimes to the control, sometimes through her to the dead; and the control (speaking, of course, through the mouth of the medium) passes back to them the dead person's replies, much as we might stand at a telephone and give messages to someone else in the room who was unable for some reason to come to the instrument himself.

Thirdly, there are the messages which come through automatic handwriting. There are two methods of obtaining these. The

simplest is to hold a pencil passively in the fingers. After a little scribbling it begins to write, sometimes at superhuman speed, and sometimes in a handwriting closely resembling the dead person's, messages purporting to come from him. Similar results are obtained by using the planchette—a small heart-shaped board, running on three castors, pierced by a pencil the point of which just touches the paper placed beneath. The inquirer's fingers are placed lightly on the board, and the pencil seems to move of its own accord.

When the "Spirit" Appears

Fourthly—most striking of all phenomena of spiritualism—there is materialisation. In its fullest form this is nothing less—so spiritualists claim—than the actual appearance, before the senses of sight, hearing, and touch, of a discarnate spirit that has reclothed itself with a body for the occasion. When this happens the course of events is usually somewhat as follows: First the medium seats himself, generally partly in view of the sitters, or, if not, tightly secured with cords, within a cabinet. After an interval there appears, sometimes in full view of the sitters, a luminous cloud that gradually takes shape and personality, and is finally recognised by someone present as having the form and features of a dead friend. Sometimes the appearance is scarcely more than a vaporous intangible form, generally swathed in drapery. Sometimes it is not at the time even visible to the human eye, but appears subsequently in a photograph. In rare cases, however, a figure is apparently produced that can be handled and touched, and has powers of free movement and speech. The disappearance of the apparition takes place variously—sometimes it seems to be reabsorbed into the body of the medium; sometimes it passes behind a curtain; sometimes it melts away before the eyes of the sitters into a small mist, which presently itself disappears.

Are we to accept the Claim?

Such, briefly described, are the chief phenomena on which spiritualists base their claim to be able to communicate with the other world. Are we to accept that claim,

CAN WE COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEAD?

and, if not, what alternative explanation can we offer?

Now it is perfectly obvious to everyone of ordinary discernment and sense of humour—and spiritualists of the better sort would be the first to admit it—that many séances are nothing but vulgar, and often very transparent, frauds. Who in their sane senses could believe that the real Joan of Arc, or the real Shakespeare, could talk such utter drivel as their spirits are reported to communicate through mediums? Sometimes even accent and grammar (or the lack of it!) give the show away hopelessly—as when at the séance of an Irish medium the spirit of the late Lindley Murray replied to the question, “Are you Lindley Murray?” in a full, rich brogue, “Madam, I are!”

The Possibility of “Fakes”

Then it is, to say the least of it, somewhat suspicious that most mediums show such extraordinary reluctance to hold their séances except on their own ground. Of course, what they say of the importance of sympathetic surroundings in producing favourable psychic conditions *may* have something in it. On the other hand, it only needs a very elementary knowledge of conjuring to understand what apparently magical “fakes” may be produced when the ground has been prepared beforehand. Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant have arranged “materialisations” good enough to make the fortune of any medium! It was significant to read in a letter to the *Evening News* the other day that a relative of the writer’s, who was for many years one of the leading spiritualists in the country, was also for some time the manager of the Davenport brothers!

Natural Explanations

Then there is that other wide range of possible *natural* explanations of the wonders of spiritualism which is afforded us by the recognised, though still imperfectly understood, facts of telepathy and mass-suggestion. Through telepathy thoughts can pass from the mind of one living person to that of another, and they can do so most easily when one mind or the other is in a passive state. Thus the subconscious brain of the medium in a state of trance

would be very receptive to the thoughts of the sitter, and this would easily explain the many cases in which “spirit messages” have dealt with matters known to the dead person and also to the sitter, but utterly unknown to the medium. Even if the sitter believed himself to have forgotten the circumstance until reminded of it by the message, the explanation would still remain valid, since psychologists assure us that the subconscious mind can **never** really forget anything.

As to mass-suggestion, that, too, is a recognised psychological possibility. When a number of excited and expectant people are together and a sense-image is suggested to their minds, they may so affect each other as to produce the illusion that they actually *see* the image. It is easy to understand that the psychic atmosphere of many séances—with their circles of people in a high state of nervous tension sitting round a table in the twilight or darkness, little fingers linked to each other’s—is as favourable as any that could possibly be devised for the creation of mass-suggestion! Hence, not improbably, a good many of the alleged cases of materialisation.

Still, when due allowance has been made for all the probable elements of trickery, telepathy, mass-suggestion, and the rest, there yet remains a sufficiently startling residuum which cannot be so accounted for. In certain authenticated instances spiritualistic phenomena have been subjected to severe scrutiny by trained scientific observers, and *have stood the test!*

What then? Does it follow that—allowing for all the discredit brought on spiritualism by its more foolish or unworthy professors—the core of it is nevertheless sound? Can we in very truth communicate with our dear dead, and they with us, by adopting spiritualist means?

Well, to Christians who hold the Bible as being of Divine authority, the acceptance of the spiritualist view is simply impossible—and for this reason. It is inconceivable that God would allow us to hold communication with the dead by *the very means which the Bible declares to be an abomination to Him.*

Not a New Revelation

Whatever spiritualism may be, it is emphatically *not* a new revelation. It pre-

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vailed more than three thousand years ago among the corrupt heathen nations whom Israel drove out of Canaan.

"When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shalt not be found among you . . . a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer." (In the Douai version, instead of the words "or a necromancer" the verse ends, "or that seeketh the truth from the dead.")

"For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee." (Deut. xviii. 9, 10, 11, and 12.)

How, then—putting aside the spiritualist hypothesis as in flat contradiction to God's will as revealed in the Bible—are we to account for that element of the supernatural which, in some rare cases at all events, cannot apparently be explained away?

A Simple Answer

To those who hold the Gospels to be not merely full of mystic meaning, but also trustworthy historical documents, the answer is a perfectly simple one. According to the teaching of the Gospels, this world is easily accessible to countless incarnate personalities, both bad and good—spirits, that is, who have never been incarnate; in other words, the angels and the fallen angels or devils. The intelligence of the latter, being of angelic origin, must necessarily be of a higher order than ours, and quite possibly they have means of gaining knowledge beyond our ken. The good angels are sometimes permitted—so we learn from the Gospels—to take human form for the time being, so that it is at least conceivable that evil spirits are occasionally allowed to do so in certain rare circumstances.

This was the view of such a great Christian thinker as Augustine, and theologians of all ages and of most Christian bodies have followed him. While not committing themselves as to any given phenomenon being the result of other than natural causes, they did firmly hold that *if* supernatural intervention did take place, it came not from the dead, but from demons cunningly counterfeiting them.

Some Sinister Facts

Striking confirmation of this theological view is afforded by certain very sinister facts connected with spiritualism which are of common observation.

There is, for instance, the tendency—acknowledged by spiritualists themselves—for inquirers much addicted to the use of planchette or ordinary automatic handwriting to find an obscene or blasphemous element presently coming into the messages.

A kindred, but more serious, feature is the mental and moral breakdown which the practice of spiritualism sometimes produces—even amounting in certain rare cases to a condition strongly resembling the demoniac possession so often described in the Gospels. Of course, the modern doctor does not call it "possession"; the term he uses is "alternating personality," but the symptoms are horribly suggestive of the older word. Most alienists have seen cases of this kind.

When the "Revelation" Breaks Down

A different ground of suspicion is afforded by the fact—lamented by spiritualists themselves—that occasionally after a most poignant scene in which someone has recognised a dead friend, the communicating personality suddenly breaks down over a perfectly simple test of identity, thus proving conclusively, from the spiritualist point of view, that in this case at least a discarnate spirit has impersonated another in an utterly heartless manner.

Such incidents necessarily cast suspicion even on those cases of apparent communication with dead friends in which the fraud is not proved.

The Other Way

The conclusion of the whole matter is that it is not to spiritualism that we can go to hold communion with those we love who have passed on—for the hope that spiritualism offers is but a mocking mirage.

Is there no comfort, then, for the mourner? Our Bibles hold much—if only we will seek it in them. In the Gospels and Epistles there is a far more solid assurance that our beloved dead are living still, and will live eternally, than ever the antics of a table or the gibberings of a betranced medium can give.

IN THE SUNLIGHT

By JOHN OXENHAM

The Habit of Happiness

*Never—once—since the world began
Has the sun ever once stopped shining.
His face very often we could not see,
And we grumbled at his inconstancy ;
But the clouds were really to blame, not he,
For, behind them, he was shining.*

*And so—behind life's darkest clouds
God's love is always shining.
We veil it at times with our faithless fears,
And darken our sight with our foolish tears ;
But in time the atmosphere always clears,
For His love is always shining.*

THERE is big truth and a big lesson for all of us in that. Think !—if each one of us could only be a smiling sun in our own little circle—that is, among all with whom we come in contact in our daily life,—*what a difference it would make in the world !*

I do not of course mean the perpetual face-smile which, in vulgar parlance, will not come off. Nothing is more irritating than that. But the heart-smile, the whole cheerful atmosphere that unconsciously rays out from some people. I know such, I am glad to say, and there is nothing of the detestable "Look at me ! See how unfailingly cheerful I am ! Go thou and do likewise !" air about them which in time induces a longing to make them smile some other way or to end them altogether.

On the contrary, either by nature or by cultivation, they have somehow succeeded in attaining the habit of happiness. For them there is a silver lining to every cloud, and a way out of every difficulty, and a

E. A. O.

general oiling of the wheels of life, which make them unconsciously invaluable.

What the Will can Do

Possibly a good digestion and other well-working internal arrangements may have something to do with it. But not everything. Some of those I know suffer bodily ills like the rest of us, but they are not allowed to become the prominent things in life—as with some others they are. A strong quiet will and determination to get the real best out of life, for themselves and all about them, and the simple high understanding of how alone that can be done, are their principal motive powers. They are the softly gleaming jewels in an otherwise somewhat grey world.

And just now, and probably for some considerable time to come, the cultivation of cheerful serenity is a patriotic duty for all of us. We are hedged round with dark clouds, the immediate future is black with them. The transition state between the old and the new order of things is full of disquieting possibilities. All the greater opportunity then for the practice of larger faith in the goodness of God and the common sense of our fellows. And without doubt the silver linings to the black clouds are not lacking. The war is over, and we may reasonably hope that War itself is fairly *en route* for the scrap-heap. And these are mighty gains.

*In nights no death-blast smites,—
in peaceful days,*

Be Praise !

*And in that Greater Peace which
shall bind all*

*The peoples in a Peace Per-
petual,—*

Still greater Praise !

Praise without ceasing !

Without ending—Praise !

*In aught that Life has learned
from Death through strife ;*

*In the new cravings for the Larger
Life ;*

*In quickened hearts ; in wider-
visioned thought ;*

*In all Life's gains, so sadly, dearly
bought,*

Be Praise !

*And in Thy many mercies in the
days*

*We now look back on with such
dure amaze,*

*When, but for Thy support most
evident,*

*We had been broken in the grim
red ways,*

And to no purpose spent ;

*In Thy deliverances in those dread
days,—*

Praise without ceasing !

Without ending—Praise !



A Prayer

Let the light of Thy Spirit shine in upon our souls, O God, filling them with such radiance that by our very living we shall be a joy and help to all about us. And give to us all that strength of quiet cheerfulness which shall enable us to wait patiently for the better times Thou hast in store. For Christ's sake. Amen!

Mr. Dakin's Emancipation

by

D. H. PARRY

CHAPTER I The Chiltern Pearls

LIKE the cloak that hides a multitude of sins, eminent respectability may often conceal much of yearning and heartburning from the casual observer.

Clean-shaven, of quiet, gentlemanly bearing, soft of voice, and a little sad of eye, Albert Edward Dakin betrayed eminent respectability in every line of his face and figure. He would not have been where he was had it been otherwise, quietly drumming his well-tended fingers on the plate-glass counter of the famous Court goldsmiths, with a nation's wealth spread all about him.

Silver and gold and jewels gleamed and glittered everywhere, and he knew them all—their weight to a carat, their value to an ounce.

He had had thirty years of it, and now, on his fiftieth birthday, he sighed, for promotion was slow—and not only that, there burned in the man's soul a longing for travel and life and movement, and many of those things that eminent respectability does not always provide.

But he had married young. He had immolated himself upon the altar of a small wife and a large family, and he knew that he was doomed to be eminently respectable and nothing more to the end of his days.

"Mr. Dakin, the manager would like to see you in his office," said one of his grey-haired colleagues—his own closely cropped head had begun to grizzle at the temples; and a little glad for the call that broke his musings, he obeyed.

He found two of the directors closeted with the manager, and in a vague sort of way began to wonder why he had been

summoned. Was he getting too old for his post? Was there anything wrong?

But they did not keep him long in doubt. On the desk was an open case of morocco leather lined with dark blue velvet, and he recognised the famous Chiltern pearls, and felt relieved.

"Sit down, Mr. Dakin," said one of the directors pleasantly. "We have a little proposal to make to you. Perhaps, Mr. Marshall, you will explain matters."

"You see, Mr. Dakin," said the manager, "it is like this: Her Grace the Duchess has complained to us that the pearls are a little off colour, and she is right. As you know, the only thing to restore them is a sea voyage. We are going to send them to Australia and back, and, as their value is something like £300,000, it will be necessary to place them in charge of a custodian in whom we have the most complete confidence. I do not know what your domestic arrangements may be, but is it a mission you would care to undertake? You will travel first class, the pearls will be placed in the purser's safe; all you would have to do would be to transfer them to another boat at Sydney and bring them back to us safe and sound. Perhaps you would wish a little time to consider it."

"On the contrary, gentlemen," said Mr. Dakin, with a perceptible brightening of his clear grey eyes, "I thank you for your confidence, and I shall be delighted to make the trip. How soon would you wish me to start?"

"There is a P. & O. liner leaving Tilbury at eight o'clock to-night," said the manager with a smile. "It is very short notice. Can you do it?"

"I can do it, sir."

"Capital!" nodded one of the directors. "And we might add, Mr. Dakin, that your

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promptness will not be forgotten by the firm."

"You are very kind, sir," was the grateful response.

"I believe you live at—er—Leytonstone?" said the other director. "Mr. Marshall and I will meet you at Fenchurch Street Station for the boat train, make you known to the captain and the purser, and see the pearls placed in the safe. You may want some articles of outfit, and Mr. Marshall will see that you are provided with the necessary funds."

Albert Edward Dakin left the firm's palatial premises and passed out into Bond Street with a roll of notes in his pocket, and a consciousness that a new day had dawned for him, and that this old world of ours was really a very good old world, after all



He seemed to have grown younger by the time the big liner passed Gibraltar. He was having the time of his life, and the manner of the man revealed itself in the diary he kept. Nothing escaped him, from the changing colour of the sea to the aspect of the places at which they touched.

His description of their arrival at Port Said, with the sunset blazing beyond the breakwater, was quite an exquisite little bit of word painting, and even in that unexpected emancipation from the humdrum and the commonplace Mr. Dakin never forgot that commonplace little woman in the little Leytonstone villa, whose pretty face had trammelled his expansive soul.

"I wish Mary were here to see this!" he wrote. "Wouldn't Mary like this!" It ran through the whole diary, and did him honour.

He had nearly frightened Mrs. Dakin into hysterics when he had tumbled out of a cab at such an unexpected hour and burst breathless into the narrow hall, laden with parcels, one of which also burst and showered two dozen brand-new dress shirts over the cheap linoleum.

But Mr. Dakin, quiet, unobtrusive and observant, at dinner in the first-class saloon in one of those aforesaid dress shirts, was a very different proposition. I think his only trouble was whether he could make them last out until he reached Sydney.

His cabin mate was a pleasant-faced

gentleman with a troublesome cough, with whom he soon struck up acquaintance.

"Can't get rid of this blessed bark," said the other man. "I don't believe it's anything serious, but I'm trying what a voyage will do for it; might even come back on the next boat—one never knows. Hope I shan't keep you awake, sir. Might I ask the reason for your going out?"

"Mine are also motives of health," replied Mr. Dakin, thinking of those pearls in the purser's safe.

They chose their seats together at table, and they played chess, but neither made any further allusion to the other's private affairs; and when after a very pleasant trip they landed in Sydney, both expressed a feeling of regret at the inevitable parting.

"I sincerely hope, Mr. Antrobus, we shall meet again some day," said the goldsmiths' confidential agent.

"I hope so indeed, Mr. Dakin," replied his travelling acquaintance cordially.

Mr. Dakin did not deem it necessary to disclose the fact that he was going straight to the bank, therein to deposit a certain precious leather case until the end of the week, when the next boat sailed for England; and as for Mr. Antrobus, he went his way, the two men parting "like ships that pass in the night."

CHAPTER II

"Between the Devil and the Deep Sea"

ALBERT EDWARD DAKIN spent another glorious week of emancipation devoid of care. The firm had already secured his berth by cable, and he had nothing to do but luxuriate in those lovely bays which are the pride of that Australian city.

He bathed with the happy crowd in the surf, and made a little sketch in his diary of the look-out whence the watcher sounds his warning when sharks are sighted, and everyone comes out of the water and dries in the sun; and again he wrote: "This place would be paradise if Mary were only here!"

But at last the day came when the smoke belched forth from the great funnels and the keeper of Her Grace's pearls sought the purser of the new boat, who had also been warned by cable to expect him.



"He grasped the gunwale of the steamer's boat
and was pulled in by strong arms"—p. 608

*Drawn by
C. M. Fading*

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"Have you any objection to letting me see this deposit, Mr. Dakin?" he said.

"Not the least in the world; I should like to have a look at them myself," replied the confidential agent; and the door being locked, he opened the case and smiled at the purser's whistle.

"By Jove, they're very fine! Three hundred thousand pounds' worth, you say?"

"That is the figure," said Mr. Dakin, examining them with a critical eye. "It is an odd fact about these things, but as years go by they not only deteriorate in lustre but also shrink. Many a pearl has dropped from a ring for that reason, and the only thing to restore them is a voyage. I dare say," he continued, smiling, "you would tell me that you would know this necklet anywhere?"

"Yes, I think I should; they are so remarkably large and so perfectly matched," said the purser.

"Well, what do you think of this?" said Mr. Dakin, and touching a secret spring in the case, he drew out a hidden tray and disclosed another necklet, identical in every way.

"Great Scott, you've done me!" exclaimed the purser.

"And yet," said Mr. Dakin, "these are only French imitations, costing a few hundreds certainly, but of no intrinsic value whatever. It was an idea of the late Duke of Chiltern's, and not a bad one either from his point of view. He was a very sporting nobleman, who used periodically to pawn the real pearls, and it not being always convenient to redeem them for Court functions, he had this other set made, so that Her Ladyship could wear them. Where is the difference?"

"Hanged if I could tell," said Mr. Dakin's companion.

"I could!" said the confidential agent, and closing the case, he placed it in the safe with his own hands, carefully pocketing the receipt.

As he came out of the room he almost ran into the arms of Mr. Antrobus, whose face took on a smile of genuine delight.

"Told you I might take the next boat home!" he cried. "My state room's No. 30; what's yours?"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Dakin. "What

an extraordinary coincidence! That is my number also!"

When he had seen his baggage deposited in his new quarters Mr. Dakin went up on deck, just as the steamer's parting whistle blew, and saw his new friend bidding farewell to a man in a white flannel suit and panama hat.

His pale face had something suggestive of the American about it, but Mr. Dakin had only time to cast one glance at him before he left the ship and the screws turned.

"What a pity you didn't come a minute sooner," said Mr. Antrobus, turning round to find him at his elbow. "I should like to have introduced you to that gentleman. Charming fellow. However, let us go and secure our places, eh?"



The hard, dry cough that Mr. Antrobus was voyaging to get rid of had certainly improved under the treatment. Occasionally it shook him badly as they bent over the chess-board, but he no longer coughed at night, and his spirits had improved likewise. He knew quite a number of people on board, and introduced Mr. Dakin to them. There was a Belgian Count, who had won a famous chess tournament, and proved a very formidable antagonist, and, if anything, the voyage home bade fair to be pleasanter than the trip out.

Moreover, they went by way of Japan and the Straits, and Mr. Dakin found plenty to record in his diary. Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Singapore, each and all presented their alluring glimpses to his delighted eye, and soon after leaving the latter port the boat slowed down, and he made several entries concerning engine trouble.

"Our skipper seems worried," he wrote, "and they cannot discover the cause; as for myself, I should not mind if the voyage lasted six months. A French boat has been steaming astern of us for the last two days, and we talk to each other by means of the wireless: it is a marvellous invention."

One night he waited in vain for the coming of either Mr. Antrobus or the Count, and he left the smoking-room to hunt up his friends.

MR. DAKIN'S EMANCIPATION

At the head of the companion he met the purser, who said in a low voice:

"Follow me down, and look as though nothing had happened. I want to show you something." And swinging back the sliding door of an empty cabin, he closed it carefully behind him.

"Look at this," he said, and he pointed to the woodwork behind one of the unoccupied bunks.

It had been very dexterously cut all round and a pair of hinges fixed to it, so that all one had to do was to open the panel, and the confidential agent found himself looking into the purser's sanctum round the back of the fireproof safe.

"What does this mean?" he said quickly.

"That somebody is after your pearls," replied the purser. "We were warned yesterday by a Marconi message that we've got a desperate gang of international thieves on board, and it's clear as mud what they intend to have."

Mr. Dakin gulped.

"It certainly looks like it," he said, "but they won't get them. You must let me have that case now, and I'll carry it on my person. No one knows why I'm here."

"Well, I shouldn't make too sure of that," said the purser significantly; "but if you like to run the risk, there you are. Meanwhile," and he showed him an automatic revolver, "the first man who opens that panel will find I'm not asleep!"

They had adjourned to the purser's room, and after duly giving his receipt for their withdrawal, Mr. Dakin wrapped the Chiltern pearls carefully up, and deposited them in a secret pocket of his body belt.

"Whom do you suspect?" he inquired.

"Nobody in particular, and everybody at the same time," said the purser. "The skipper's just tearing his hair since we got that wireless. I say, will you have a revolver?"

"Why?" said Mr. Dakin, with the smile of a little child. "Even if they know of the pearls, I'm the last man on the ship they would dream of connecting with them."

The purser looked non-committal, and the confidential agent went up on deck.

It was dark, and there being some fog in the Straits the French boat, less than a

quarter of a mile behind them, was nosing her way in their wake at half speed.

His evening dress shoes made no sound as he sought the taffrail, with a little glow of pleasing adventure warming his heart, which gave a great bound the next moment and then seemed to stand still.

A group of figures sat with their deck chairs drawn close together a pace or two to windward of him, and it was the voice of Mr. Antrobus that reached his ears.

"If we don't find them in the safe he's got them on him; I've been through every scrap of his baggage already. You put that dope in the purser's last whisky-and-soda, Simpson; Abrahams and the Count will only want an hour to rummage the strong box, and if we don't touch lucky I'll chloroform the fool in his first sleep. Anyhow, it's got to be done to-night, even if we have to explode that dynamite and trust to getting them in the scrum."

Albert Edward Dakin did not wait to hear more, but withdrew like a shadow along the deck. His faith in mankind had vanished, his confidence in his own powers had increased a thousandfold.

"Thank heaven, Mary is not with me, after all!" he whispered. "It must be done to-night, must it? They are quite right—it shall be!"

In his cabin, with one ear on the door, he took out the priceless rope of pearls and placed them in his body belt, removed the imitation set from the secret drawer, and laid them in the blue velvet nest which the others had occupied, and closing the case, buttoned it tightly in his hip pocket.

In less than five minutes he sought the deck again, made his way aft along the starboard quarter, commended himself to God as he slipped off the dress coat, and dived over the side!

He was positive no one had seen him, and yet as he came to the surface the liner rang with shouts of "Man overboard!"

But Albert Edward Dakin only smiled, for already the strong current of the Straits had carried him clear of the screws and well out beyond her wake, and he was a powerful swimmer.

He knew the wireless operator would be even then tapping out his message to the French craft for which he was making, and as the current brought him within a couple of hundred yards of her he heard the

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splash of oars, which told him that the message had been received and that rescue was very near.

A lantern danced over the oily swell, and then he grasped the gunwale of the steamer's boat and was pulled in by strong arms.

"Gee-whiz! Have you got 'em?" was the exclamation of the steersman as he picked himself up, and Mr. Dakin, instantly recognising the American in the white flannel suit and panama hat who bade Mr. Antrobus farewell, saw things with a clear vision, and laughed.

"Yes, I've got 'em," he replied as the other man gripped his hand, "but you'd better put that lantern out; they may be using night glasses on the liner. It was sink or swim, I tell you. Antrobus and the Count nearly fozzled the whole deal."

"Look alive, boys!" said the American. "That P. & O. boat's hove to, and we must slip away under cover of the fog."

In the cabin of the Frenchman, which, as he knew now, had been chartered by the gang, Mr. Dakin drew out the blue morocco case and opened it, and a shout of joy went up from the five rogues at sight of its contents.

"Great Scott! Who are you, and how did you pull it off?" said the American. "Don't seem to remember your dial among the boys!"

"I'm generally known as Bond Street Bertie," said Mr. Dakin. "Who I am doesn't exactly matter, but here's the goods, anyhow!"

They slipped past the liner, not troubling to call at Colombo, cleared the Canal, and

reached Marseilles, where Mr. Dakin left them.

"I've got a little job in Paris," he explained. "See you later; and if I don't turn up before the share-out, Antrobus'll know where to find me."

Which was how it came to pass that while the papers were still ringing with the news of a daring jewel robbery on a liner in mid ocean, and gloom lay over the Court goldsmiths, Mr. Dakin walked quietly in and entered the manager's office without knocking.

"You here!" was his greeting, delivered with astonishment and anger difficult to describe.

"Yes, sir, I am here, and here also are the Chiltern pearls. It's a longish story, but if I might presume to make a suggestion, the firm will offer ten thousand pounds reward without a minute's delay."

They did, too, and in less than a week the bland, courteous Mr. Antrobus, minus his cough, was foolish enough to strike at the bait and to present himself with a certain blue morocco case somewhat stained by sea water.

"I should like to see the manager," he said, "if he has a few moments to spare."

Mr. Antrobus has now many moments to spare, for he is doing ten years with seven of his confederates, while to Albert Edward Dakin there came promotion and fame and many other things from a grateful firm and a delighted Duchess.

"I always told you there was more in Dakin than met the eye," said the manager; and I don't think he was far wrong—do you?



Empire Migration

What are the Prospects for
Educated Women?

By Our Special Commissioner

"Find out," I said to our Special Commissioner, "what precisely are the prospects in the colonies for an educated middle-class young woman to whom the outlook at home after the War is not sufficiently promising." Here is the answer

NOW that war-work has ceased, I find there is among many young, energetic middle-class women an undoubted unrest. For four years, at least, that cruel old phrase "superfluous woman" went out of use. Every woman was wanted, just as much as every man. It seemed as though, in the grand Age just begun, no career—however adventurous or exalted—would be beyond the reach of woman.

A Sober View of the Prospects

No doubt in the long run this expectation will be fulfilled, but for the moment optimism has in many cases reacted into depression. The world is still very much in the melting-pot, and many a woman who has had to give up her war-job to a returned soldier (not that anyone worth her salt would have wished to keep it, even if she could) hasn't yet found any congenial peace-job to take its place.

Then, too, among educated English people it would not be a great exaggeration to say, in view of the awful mortality of the War, that one woman in every four is bound to remain unmarried—if she stays in this country.

In the dominions, on the other hand, the trouble is that many men who want to marry cannot find wives.

There is nothing unmanly in taking this point into frank consideration. After all, marriage and motherhood are as much a profession as medicine or motor-driving; and they are a profession for which a far greater number of women were created than for either of the up-to-date callings just mentioned.

So, from one reason or another, it is small

wonder that to many and many a gentle-born English girl at the present moment it seems as though migration to a British colony would open a magic door into the fuller life she craves—whether her dreams take the form of the home of her own which she may never find in England, or the more severely practical shape of a business enterprise which will give her a comfortable provision for her old age instead of a miserable pittance.

The Editor has asked me to find out exactly what prospects there are in the British colonies at the present time to satisfy such.

Chances Overseas

Unfortunately, dreams are hardly a safe foundation on which to build a successful colonial career. The young countries can absorb any number of servants; but I may as well say at once, as the result of extensive inquiries, there is room for only certain well-marked types among educated women—above all, at the present moment, when it must be remembered that the dislocation caused by the transition from war to peace is just as serious as at home. In the dominions, as in Great Britain, numbers of women have been thrown out of war-work, or business posts held while the soldiers were away; there, as here, ordinary commercial enterprise has hardly got into its stride again.

Hence, if you want to go to the colonies because you like the man's work you did during the War, and hope to get something of the same kind in the untrammelled new country more easily than you could in England, you are under an illusion. You are far more likely to be forced back into

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a traditionally feminine occupation in the colonies than here—at all events so far as the first months or even years are concerned. Later on, when you have found your feet and saved a little capital, and when times have become normal again, you will no doubt be able to follow any calling you please, provided both you and your calling are what the new country wants. Its needs include a pretty wide scope, ranging from the products of fruit-farms and market-gardens to manicure parlours and millinery establishments "chic" enough to compete with New York or Paris.

There are two rival errors about women's work in the colonies between which it is needful to steer carefully—one is the notion that the Home Help line is really the only opening; the other that it is possible, without securing a definite post beforehand, to make up one's mind that one is going out, say, as a typist, or a chauffeur, or a land-girl, and that one will not accept work of any other kind, even as a jumping-off board.

A Word of Caution

Unless you are qualified as a first-class secretary, with a foreign language or two at your fingers' ends, it is very little use going out to Canada, for instance, as a typist, for the market is overcrowded already. As for being a chauffeur, the demand for women-drivers will be limited when there are plenty of men, and such posts as there are will have been snapped up by the numerous Canadian girls who came over here to drive motor ambulances in France during the War, and returned to their own country when it ended. Land-girls would find outdoor work on the fruit-farms during the busy season, but it must not be forgotten that for four months of each year work on the land is at a standstill, and that it would be very difficult for a woman to keep employed during a great part of the other eight, since farmers naturally prefer male labour when they can obtain it. The one exception is the woman who is a skilled dairy-hand; she, no doubt, could secure good employment all the year round.

Roughly speaking, there are three main lines of employment at the present moment in which, if an educated woman be qualified, she can go out to the colonies sure of finding

a post at once—domestic work, school-teaching, and sick-nursing.

We will take the question of domestic workers first, since this demand is far more universal than for either nurses or teachers. South Africa, for instance, does not require English nurses at present, and certain of the Australian States prefer to train their own elementary school teachers. On the other hand, a really effective Home Help, with grit and adaptability, will find employers clamouring for her in one and all the dominions, not less so in this difficult transition period than in normal times.

Must be Really Efficient

Only the English girl who goes out to be a Home Help must be *really* efficient, and considerably more "all round" in her capabilities than many a general servant at home. The Home Help will have to do other things besides arranging flowers and making an occasional cake; she must be prepared to cook and clean and bake and do laundry work, and, indeed, anything else that comes to hand.

During the War servants became almost as rare in this country as they are normally in the colonies, and the girl who did most of the housework in her parents' home for months or years without knocking up in health, devising quick methods so as to have time to spare for war-work or recreation, is exactly the type who could go out to the colonies and be sure of falling on her feet. Of course, colonial methods differ from our own in some respects, so that she would no doubt gain from a short training at one of the excellent domestic colleges, some of which make a special feature of training for the colonies, or at the British Women's Emigration Association's hostel in British Columbia, but after her home apprenticeship she would acquire what more was needed with the greatest ease.

Where Practical Training Helps

Girls who have had no greater experience of domestic work than was usual for upper-class women before the War, ought certainly to take a course of practical training before thinking of going out. Londoners have great advantages in the first-rate domestic science courses offered by the various polytechnics. If a residential training is preferred, the British Women's Emigration Association

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tion will supply a list of recommended colleges.

Regarded as an end in itself, the Home Help calling does not afford great scope for the ambitious woman who wishes to make her own career. Salaries are higher than for the same class of work at home (£36 to £60 a year may be taken roughly as about the range of payment hitherto), but low compared with what may be earned in many other professions. There is no line, however, which affords a better jumping-off board for something else. By spending a few months as a Home Help the Englishwoman becomes intimately acquainted with the standpoint of the people among whom she is living, and is far more likely to make a success of any business she starts than if she embarked on it straightway.

Board and lodging being provided, she can save up the greater part of her salary to form her capital later on; and meanwhile keep her eyes open for the best lines of money-making opportunity, having regard to the special local needs.

Fortunes for Women

In Canada—and, indeed, in all the new countries—there are fortunes waiting to be made by women of business genius. Such women will be running their own hotels, boarding houses, dressmaking and millinery businesses or laundries, or managing fruit or poultry farms within the next five years; some of them are doing so already; but it may be safely premised that a large proportion will be found to have started their careers as Home Helps.

Whether regarded as a permanent or merely as a temporary job, the Home Help post can be a very happy one for the girl who is good at her work, and finds herself with congenial people. On the fruit-farms of British Columbia, for instance, there are many young couples of gentle breeding, and often of English or Scotch origin, who would treat the girl from the Home Country as a younger sister, and give her a very good time. British Columbia is mentioned as affording a specially large proportion of homes where an English gentlewoman would find herself with people of her own class and traditions, but of course there are many such families in all the colonies; and in all alike in country posts (not so invariably in the towns) the Home Help will

find herself treated as an equal, and given a full share in all the fun that is going. Frequently she will have the free use of a horse to ride, and though she will have to work hard, her employer will do the same.

The English Girl in South Africa

Conditions for Home Helps are much the same in most of the colonies—allowing, of course, for such differences as result from widely varying climates; but a special word or two may be devoted to South Africa, which stands apart from the rest, owing to the fact that the roughest part of the work is done, as a rule, by native labour. The Home Help would be expected, for instance, to iron blouses and delicate underwear, but the actual heavy *washing* would probably be done by black servants. Hence, while the English girl going out to South Africa requires as thorough a domestic training, and must be as willing and as capable of turning her hand to anything as in the other colonies, she probably need not be of quite so sturdy a physique as if she were going out to the Canadian prairie or the Australian bush. *Good health*, as distinct from mere muscular sturdiness, is, of course, as necessary in South Africa as in any of the colonies; while sense and steadiness, needful everywhere, are even more urgently required in South Africa than elsewhere. An important part of the Home Help's work may probably be to superintend the native servants, and she must be able to keep them in their right place and prevent any liberties, as familiarity might have terrible results. Not that there need be any fear for the safety of a sensible girl who follows advice, especially where there is a white man to act as protector.

What Teachers can Do

We now come to the second class of educated women-workers for whom there is demand in the colonies—i.e. teachers.

By "teachers" schoolmistresses must be understood, for governesses in the English sense hardly exist. A Home Help capable of teaching little children can earn a specially good salary, but she will be expected to take entire charge of them and of their wardrobes, and to help with the housework as well. Older children are nearly always sent to school.

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There is a great demand for good British teachers in the elementary schools of Canada. Those who have spent two years in a recognised English training college, and have gained their certificate, are qualified to teach in the Canadian elementary schools without any further training, but they must get their credentials sent out to the Minister of Education for the province where they intend to settle, and receive the notice of his having approved them, before taking any further steps, as now and again an English teacher is rejected by the Canadian authorities as unsuitable on a confidential report from Whitehall.

Untrained teachers have to take a few months' course in a Canadian normal school. Most of these are free so far as tuition goes, though students have to pay for their own board and lodging. At the time of writing there is a scheme for offering bursaries to Churchwomen who would make suitable teachers but cannot afford the initial expenses of the journey and their time of training; and anyone applying to the British Women's Emigration Association will be told whether this scheme is still open at the time this article appears.

Salaries for elementary teachers in the more western parts of Canada begin at £125—or did a short time ago—but rise very much higher. In Quebec and Ontario the scale is lower.

Chances for Special Subjects

A certain number of teachers are needed for Canadian technical schools in such subjects as cookery, embroidery, needlework, costume-designing. The scale of salaries is very good—higher than in the elementary schools; and the teachers must hold first-class diplomas, and be of good voice and presence, and able to control large classes.

For secondary school teachers there is not a great demand in Canada. Posts in the Government secondary schools are nearly always kept for those who have served in the Canadian elementary schools; but there are a fair number of private secondary schools, mostly run by the various denominations, which have posts from time to time for highly qualified teachers from Britain.

On the whole, Australia has less demand for British teachers than Canada, but West Australia is prepared to receive school-

mistresses from this country, and to recognise our certificates and degrees. Teachers in West Australia are graded according to their qualifications, and paid according to grade. Any British teacher whose credentials were sent out to the Minister of Education at Perth would be told what salary she would receive in West Australia. The scale is distinctly higher than what has hitherto been the average in England.

New Zealand has very little demand for British teachers, and requires a very searching medical certificate from any who think of going out.

In South Africa there is a constant demand for the trained woman graduate, and there are occasionally openings for college-trained certificated teachers who are willing to undertake to learn Dutch after arrival. Those having friends or relatives in the country who invite them to go out, are advised to do so, after putting themselves into communication with the Education Committee of the South African Colonisation Society, which was founded to meet the demand.

The following is the scale of salaries—in elementary schools (non-resident) approximately £120 to £180 for assistant mistresses, £180 to £240 for head teachers. In secondary schools the scale runs as follows: resident posts, assistants £70 to £120, heads £200 to £300, non-resident assistants £120 to £180.

For elementary schools the English Government certificate is recognised. For teaching in the Government secondary schools a degree or its equivalent is essential, but sometimes the Cambridge higher local is sufficient to obtain a post in one of the many private secondary schools owned by the different denominations.

In the South African secondary schools classes are much larger than at home. Quite commonly there are as many as sixty children in the form; and as they are often more difficult to manage than English children, a good power of discipline is essential.

Music teachers with good diplomas are very often asked for in South African schools, and domestic science teachers, physical culture and art mistresses are also in demand.

An Important Work

In all the dominions alike teachers are

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in a very good social position, better relatively than at home. What will appeal even more strongly to women of high ideals is their immense power for good. When all manner of incongruous elements are being smelted together into a new nation, it is in the elementary schools that the real forging is done.

It is the State school teachers of America who turned Germans, Poles, Russians and Italians all alike into American citizens, as passionately loyal to the Stars and Stripes as though they had been born New Englanders.

In the young British nations across the seas the influence of the teachers will be just as powerful as in the States, and that being so, it would be hard to choose a vocation nobler in its possibilities.

There remains the third class of workers mentioned in the earlier part of the article—hospital nurses.

Splendid Openings for V.A.D.s

The V.A.D. who has discovered that her war-time occupation is her real calling will find a splendid opening in Canada. The Canadian hospitals will give her three years' training, including maternity nursing, not only free of all expense, but with payment from the first, rising by degrees. At the end of her three years her future is assured. A good maternity nurse in particular is always in demand.

In New Zealand and Australia British hospital nurses with three years' general training and their C.M.B. (maternity certificate) can be affiliated to the Australasian Trained Nurses' Association, and rank as fully qualified. As conditions are a little different, however, V.A.D.s meaning to take up work in Australia or New Zealand would probably do well to train in the country of their destination. Throughout Australasia the nursing profession is well paid, and there is no fear of any competent nurse—especially one skilled in maternity work—being out of a job.

Of course, many colonial girls who came to Europe to do V.A.D. work during the War may feel drawn to take up nursing as a profession. It is not in the least likely that this will spoil the market for English girls going out, for hitherto the supply of good nurses has been far short of the demand.

The Question of Passports

Another respect in which it is essential to look before you leap is in the matter of passports. At the time of writing the great majority of women who apply for passports to the colonies are being refused, unless they are themselves colonials or the wives or fiancées of dominion soldiers. This state of affairs is likely still to prevail not merely when this article appears, but probably for months afterwards—till the process of demobilisation is completed, in fact. So before giving up your post in England, you should make sure that you will be granted a passport.

One last emphatic piece of advice is this: whatever calling you mean to take up in the new country, and whether you have friends there or not, put yourself into communication with one of the recognised societies for helping you before taking any definite steps. If you wish to go to Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, you should write to Miss Lefroy, British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, London, S.W. If your destiny is South Africa, you should apply to the Secretary, South African Colonisation Society, 23, Army and Navy Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Where Help can be Obtained

These societies will not only be able to give you the most up-to-date information on all points, from the cost of your passage to the state of the market for your particular work in any given locality, but they will also be able to advise you as to whether you are really the type of person fitted to succeed in colonial life. Both societies send out chaperoned parties of educated women, and have hostels dotted about the various dominions where the gentle-bred English girl can live safely and inexpensively before she finds a congenial post, and where she can return as to a happy home at intervals when she is not at work. Both societies place suitable candidates in carefully selected posts. In case of absolute necessity, both are prepared to help with loans, but it is better if possible for a woman to pay her own expenses even if it means that she has to wait and save for a time, as it is a pity to start the new life hampered with debt.

The Start of the Story

CHAPTER I

ELIZABETH AND HER FAMILY

ELIZABETH LYALL was emphatically a child of the veldt. When the story opens she is discovered sitting among the boulders of a high kopje surrounded by her "family"—seven dogs and three cats, to say nothing of a tiny baboon named Puck. She is exceedingly happy, for the news had just reached her that the armistice had been signed.

Elizabeth kept house for her brother Jim and his partner Owen Lack, at a lonely ranch in Rhodesia. Seventy miles to the south there was a town, quite a gay town for Rhodesia, but in a radius of ten miles there were perhaps half a dozen white people. Owen was a married man, but his wife lived in England, and there was some mystery surrounding their separation—for which Elizabeth and Jim both blamed the absent wife.

Elizabeth, looking very youthful with her short, curly fair hair and happy face, dreamt her girlish dreams as she watched the sunset over the veldt that day. But her happy dreams were dispelled when, arriving home, she found that Owen had been bitten by a leopard and was in imminent danger. Her brother being away in town, she has to act on her own.

CHAPTER II

A DIFFICULT JOURNEY

ELIZABETH decides that Owen must be conveyed to the nearest hospital straight away in the hope of saving his life by a prompt treatment of the poisoned wound. A neighbour named Ridley accompanies them. The journey is a difficult one, and it is three in the morning when they arrive. But it is too late. Elizabeth is with him at the end. Concentrating all his power the sick man says: "It wasn't her fault. I . . . I . . . would explain if I could . . ." and soon after passes away in Elizabeth's arms.

CHAPTER III

THE WILL

SADNESS falls on the lonely ranch. The funeral takes place with every sign of deep sympathy from the neighbouring farmers, and Jim tells his sister, "I shall never be able to fill his place. He was the only man I could ever have worked with as a partner."

"Did you ever meet his wife?" asks the girl.

"Never, I am glad to say. I hope I never shall. A woman who could behave to her husband as she behaved to Owen disgusts me."

"How did she behave to him?"

"How? Well, she deserted him. Isn't that enough?"

A cable had been sent to Mrs. Lack, and at length Jim faces the task of going through the effects of his late partner and friend to find his will. It had been decided between them only recently that the ranch should become the sole property of whichever of the two should be left, but a third of the valuation should be paid off by easy stages to the next of kin, or anyone named, the partner left to be trustee.

To the astonishment of Jim and his sister, however, when the will is opened everything is left to Owen's wife! The will is dated some six years before.

"It means that *she* inherits half the work of all my labours and all my successes," Jim says with great bitterness, "and can make things as difficult and unfair and generally impossible as she likes!" . . .

"I suppose I must have the will copied and sent to her by a solicitor," he says at last. "Thank goodness, at least, that she and I are the sole executors. I wish she had not been one at all, but it can't be helped. As you say, she won't come over here, and is likely enough to be satisfied to be paid out as quickly as possible. But what a finish to our partnership! . . . Good heavens! it's hard!"

TheVELDT TRAIL

by
Gertrude Page



CHAPTER IV The Cable Arrives

IN her own particular little circle in London, Sybil Lack was known as a very outspoken young woman, who, it was believed, feared neither God, nor man, nor devil.

In consequence she made many enemies, and many friends.

Some of the enemies chose to regard the unknown Mr. Lack as a myth; "or else," they remarked, "he is probably in a lunatic asylum, or possibly in prison."

Some of the friends tried to find out about him by discreet questioning, but without success. Sybil kept her own counsel and fenced adroitly. The rôle of grass-widow suited her temperament very well, and as she was indifferent to the malicious shafts of her enemies, she managed to have a very good time in a circle of staunch friends. She lived in London, partly because she loved it, and also because, when one has a husband one cannot produce, life is easier in London than in most places. Flip also loved London, and what Flip loved was of great importance. Their joint incomes, though not large, were at any rate large enough to provide a flat in Knightsbridge, a good many expensive clothes, in which Flip excelled almost as much as Sybil, and the opportunities to indulge a mutual taste for pleasure.

Flip's baptismal name was Algernon

Beaumont, but the nickname, a derivative of Flippant, was the only name by which he was known to his friends. He was Sybil's only brother, and as long as anyone could remember them they had been devoted to each other. How much Flip knew about Sybil's vague overseas husband is uncertain, but he could at least vouch for his existence if called upon, because with great reluctance, as he hated to share her, he had given her away at the wedding. But that was eight years ago, when Sybil was only twenty, and he an undergraduate at Cambridge, and the circumstance had been since relegated to a comfortable background and more or less conveniently forgotten in their gay, laughter-loving circle. A third member of the little flat was Higgings, generally known as "Higgy," and treated with scant ceremony by the brother and sister, who, at the same time, regarded her as a protecting providence.

For some years ago, when Sybil and Flip were still at school, a tragic boating accident at the seaside one summer holiday had robbed them of father and mother at one fell blow, and in the shock and horror that followed Higgings' motherly arms had gathered them to her breast, and helped them to remain normal and face the future courageously. She should, of course, have been an old nurse who had doted on them

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from babyhood, but as a matter of fact she was nothing of the kind. She was, though it may seem too much to ask anyone to believe, their landlady. A landlady who—rare specimen indeed—made her visitors feel like guests, and never wearied of trying to make them comfortable.

Colonel and Mrs. Beaumont and their two children had occupied her rooms on the south coast each summer for years, until she had become a valued friend of the family. When the Colonel and his wife wanted to go abroad, they sent the children to Miss Higgings, knowing they were as safe and well cared for as in their own home; so perhaps it was not very surprising, when the tragedy befell, that "Higgy" felt she must take them under her wing altogether, as Sybil clung to her weeping and imploring, and Flip, trying hard to keep a stiff upper lip, added entreaties of a more manly nature. Fortunately for them the "belovèd landlady"—incomprehensible phrase—had only herself to consider, for none of the many suitors of whom she conversed freely had succeeded yet in persuading her to relinquish her independence.

Her host of admirers included bachelors, widowers, and, it is feared, married men, but Higgings, with an acumen one could not choose but admire, contrived to make them all do exactly as she wanted, and keep up a steady flow of delicious gifts in the manner of fruit, flowers and vegetables, to say nothing of game and eggs, without for a moment endangering her cherished freedom. For not only was she a good-looking, cheerful, original-spoken woman of forty-five, but a cook and manager *par excellence*, and a little hot supper with, or a home-made cake from, Miss Higgings were privileges to be carefully cherished.

It must be admitted she did not like London, on account of the smuts and dirt, but her generous soul hated and coped with them cheerily, for the sake of her great love for Sybil and Flip. Moreover she was of a nervous temperament, always afraid a tube train would start before she had time to get in or out as the case might be, frightened to go in a taxi for fear it ran into another one, and flustered by the number of 'buses all seeming to go in the direction she wanted, but very liable to branch off unawares and drop her presently in quite a wrong neighbourhood. In such matters as

punctuality she rather overdid it. There had been an occasion when she screwed up her courage to take the long train journey home for Christmas. It was necessary to make a very early start, and, terrified lest she should not be ready in time in the morning, she put on her hat and ulster and sat up all night in the sitting-room, with the result that she got a bad chill, and when she finally reached her home had to go straight to bed and stay there.

But, in spite of any peculiarities, a kinder-hearted woman never lived, and Sybil and Flip were indeed fortunate in their own little bit of providence.

But perhaps the most notable personality of all in the small circle was Queenie MacMahon, who held it a tenet of faith that to let oneself be bored was a form of weakness, and to be gay oneself and give gaiety to others was spiritual well-doing.

Already over sixty, she appeared to have drunk deep of some well of eternal youth, and not even the bitter sorrows of long ago could quench her dauntless spirit, nor weaken her indomitable power of enjoyment. The women of the last century, who wore virtuous-looking bonnets and mantles, and accepted a matron's dull and staid position at forty-five, must indeed have held up their hands in incredulous horror to have seen the lithe and dainty Queenie, with her sixty-odd years, her hair beautifully coiffured, a smart hat and jersey, starting gaily off to play a morning round of golf.

In a century one might describe as remarkable for its superabundant courage, a word may well be said for the present-day matrons, who are quite as emancipated as their daughters, and refuse to accept stately, sombre-clothed boredom as their portion after fifty. The gallant brigade of the 'sixties and 'seventies who continue to wear charming, dainty garments, to wax merry and youthful over croquet, golf, and bridge, and have very definitely replaced elastic-side-boots with patent-leather and smart buckles, surely deserve our homage. Good speed to them in their crusade against premature superannuation, and their readiness to add, whenever they can, a little more laughter and gaiety to the sad old world.

None among them was perhaps better known in London society at this particular time than Queenie MacMahon, who, fortun-

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ately for her host of friends, was blessed with this world's goods, and a very ready will to dispense and share them.

There was no particular story attached to her friendship with Sybil and Flip. They had drifted together soon after Sybil's marriage as "birds of a feather," and a deep and enduring friendship had resulted. Mrs. MacMahon, whose husband had died some years previously, had a charming suite at the Berkeley Hotel, adjoining another suite occupied by her sister and her sister's husband, and Sybil and Flip spent a good deal of time in both suites, as their fancy led them, welcome always for their unfailing spirits and incorrigible youthfulness.

And yet another member of the little set worthy of mention was Sir Nigel Browne, a wealthy bachelor of forty-eight who cherished a deep and abiding love for Sybil Lack. Nigel Browne was one of those dear, good, true people of the world, whom the Flips and Sybils persist in calling "Auntie," and impose upon at every turn; but it should be stated at once that this particular "Auntie" was in no wise blind to the imposition, and accepted it readily since, at least, it kept him of their party, which was a great factor in his life's happiness. Queenie MacMahon was regarded as his special protectress, as she had played the bulwark between him and the many women anxious to marry him, on various occasions, with signal success.

"He's so mean, my dear," she would say confidently to some brazen lady who made no secret of her intentions—at least not to Queenie, who was everyone's friend—"The worry of getting a five-pound note out of him would drive you crazy."

Which was about the greatest libel she could have uttered, but it helped in the defence all the same. Naturally there were some who did not mind, upborne by the resolute belief that there would always be ways to cope with such a trait if the wealth were really there.

With these Queenie had to be more diplomatic.

"Very well, I'll invite you to meet him, and put you next to him at dinner, but I can't do any more. He is a very touchy person, and I do not intend to lose his friendship to further anyone's ends. The most I can do is to put Mrs. Lack on his

left. He's so accustomed to her that she is like his daughter, and anyhow she will be flirting with her own partner."

Knowing well that to be near Sybil, whether she addressed him or not, was to blot out all other women from Sir Nigel's horizon.

Naturally the general trend of affairs suited Sybil well enough. She had not the smallest wish to marry Sir Nigel, nor indeed anyone as long as she could live near Queenie, with Flip's company as much as possible, and have a good time. Consequently, in this instance, the overseas husband was a particular boon, as Sir Nigel had a sort of excuse to be good to her and she a sort of excuse to accept his goodness, without any tiresome declaration of love resulting—Sir Nigel being the soul of honour, and Sybil the soul of impishness, who saw no harm in enjoying the good things that came her way.

So she made the best she could of "Auntie" Nigel's generosity in time and money, and allowed him to foster the belief that as a young grass-widow she was lonely and in need of a man's strong protection. Queenie told him not to be ridiculous if he mentioned it to her, as Sybil was eminently capable of taking care of herself, but, like most of the "Aunties," he preferred to cherish his illusion and fondly believe he was of real service to the "poor little woman."

So he was, but it was more often as an escort who paid the piper than in any other way. There were other admirers also, and not all so discreet. A dangerous one had turned up on Armistice Day, when Queenie and Sybil had rushed off to Buckingham Palace, to join in the eager throng singing the "National Anthem," and shaking hands with each other with wet eyes. Neither of them had seen Horace Helmsley for three years, and there he was, back from Heaven knows what stirring adventures, singing with the rest of them, and looking as aggressive as ever.

Sybil, with laughing tear-wet eyes and quivering lips, was like some lovely nymph of a dew-laden fairy forest, and Queenie's first instinct was to hurry her away. But Helmsley had already seen them, and he edged his way through the crowd, rather as he would have done through a jungle that was merely tiresome.

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"What an auspicious meeting!" he declared, holding Queenie's hand, and looking at Sybil. "Peace, dear lady—peace—and goodwill towards men."

Whereupon Queenie, with her usual Irish spontaneity, recklessly asked him to dinner, and wished five minutes afterwards that she had not done so, because of the way he looked into Sybil's dewy eyes; the while she, Queenie, was singing "Rule, Britannia," at the top of her voice, and waving a six-penny Union Jack at the Queen on the veranda, who waved one lustily back that looked of the threepenny variety.

"And how have things been going?" Helmsley asked her as they moved away, Sybil being engaged momentarily with another friend. "Any changes?"

"What sort of changes?" challenged Queenie warily.

"Well—shall we say matrimonial changes?"—regarding her with unabashed eyes.

"Sir Nigel is not married yet, if that's what you mean?"

"It isn't, but it has a bearing on the case. What of the overseas husband?"

"The overseas husband is very much alive, and don't you forget it," parried Queenie, with vigorous cheeriness.

"I am at your command, dear lady," he laughed, adding, "I've got a table at the Savoy to-night. Will you both honour me?"

"I should love it, but I fancy Sybil has already planned something with Flip."

"Oh!—of course—Flip—the super-nut! But he must come too—if he will."

At that moment Sybil joined them, and on learning of the proposition, and that Flip was included, accepted eagerly.

"Flip and Captain O'Connor have commandeered an R.A.F. car, and we've got a lot of flags and squeakers, and we're going to make an unholy noise round about Piccadilly and Trafalgar Square, but if there's anything left of us or the car by eight o'clock, we'll turn up, sure!" she promised gaily.

It may be stated that in the end a car-load of six disreputable-looking rejoicers invited themselves to Helmsley's table, which was only large enough for his own original guests.

"Wot abaht it!" cried Flip, adding: "What a bit of luck General Robinson and

party are late. They'll never get here to-night." And without more ado he picked up the card stating that the adjacent table was reserved for the aforesaid military magnate and party, and carefully arranged it upon another table, back to back with a second card bearing also a legend of engagement. Then they all seated themselves, prepared to fight it out with any brave person who dare attempt to move them.

The waiters, too flurried to waste time over them, left them to their own devices, and made no effort to bring them anything to eat. Whereupon Flip and one of his friends of the R.A.F. went off foraging, and returned with a dish of ice-creams which they proceeded to eat up by way of a start.

On the top of the ice-creams they ate oysters, stolen in the most barefaced manner from a middle-aged waiter, who protested vehemently while the two young scapegraces gently but firmly relieved him of a dishful that he was carrying to a distant table. While they were still swallowing the oysters, another misguided waiter rashly set down a dish of woodcock and plates on a sideboard near by, while he removed the remains of the previous course from his table. Flip, again to the fore, annexed the woodcock with a lightning turn.

So the riotous evening went on.

Sybil with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, in a lovely dress of orange chiffon velvet, laughed with the happy laughter of a schoolgirl, and Mrs. MacMahon, brilliant in black and diamonds, with her fair hair beautifully dressed, scintillated Irish wit, to the undisguised delight of a young Under-Secretary who sat next to her at Helmsley's original table. There had been an attempt at first to capture Sybil and Flip, but the rowdy party refused to give them up, so Sybil mixed her food and her drinks recklessly, with the rest of them, and had the evening of her life.

At twelve o'clock Flip called for volunteers for a joy-ride, and the car was soon full to overflowing.

At a slow pace the party proceeded through the laughing, shouting, rejoicing throngs, and beheld the amazing spectacle of stately England more or less gone mad. Here and there a voice was raised in protest, with a grunting plea that the war was not

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over and such rejoicing was ill-timed. But few paid any heed to them—why split hairs! At least the killing was ended, the nightmare of another long winter in the trenches had vanished into thin air, the prisoners were all to be set free as quickly as possible, and the making of deadlier and deadlier engines of war was to cease.

The next morning, lying in bed with a bad head, Sybil tried to remember all about it, but her recollections were somewhat confused, though punctuated by sudden little fits of laughter—Flip, standing on the bonnet of the car with his absurd flag in one hand and an empty champagne bottle in the other, haranguing the crowd at the top of his voice, pleased her fancy vastly, as did also Mrs. MacMahon, shaking hands warmly with an unknown General; and the grim Horace Helmsley being heartily kissed by a pretty chorus girl who flung her arms round his neck while the car crept through Trafalgar Square. She had vague remembrances of herself shouting "Hurrah!" in several different keys, trying to find one that did not strain her throat, and finally seizing Captain O'Connor's squeaker and making a hideous din.

In another room of the flat Flip was trying to sleep off a still worse headache, while between them Higgings the faithful passed cheerfully with cooling drinks and eau-de-Cologne compresses.

"Now, me dear, do try and sleep," she kept saying; "there's Mr. Flip groanin' one moment an' laughin' the next, an' how's that goin' to cure a headache? Just drink this, love, an' drop off to sleep."

"Oh, Higgy! What did you do?" Sybil asked. "You looked awfully rakish when we came in!"

Higgings tried to keep her face a moment, and then radiated with smiles.

"I was just walkin' along Piccadilly, with Miss White, and we came across some soldiers playin' ring-a-ring-a-roses. An' they just caught hold of us, an' we had to play."

"Oh, Higgy! How frightfully improper of you! I hope none of them kissed you?" Sybil held her head between her hands, but she could not resist teasing.

"Only one big New Zealander," said Higgy; "an' didn't I just catch 'im 'one across the head!"

"But you shouldn't have hit him on peace night," laughing weakly.

"That's just what he said—the scamp—an' I said, 'Well, try it again, an' see what I think about peace night!'"

"I hope he did."

"He did that, an' I smacked his face hard, an' then 'e just picked me up and carried me to a stone copin', an' set me down on it. An' I was so angry I nearly burst."

"Oh, Higgy, Higgy! And you were just asking for it all the time." Then, in tragic accents: "Oh, my head! I wonder if Queenie's feels as big as mine! Do tell Mr. Flip about the New Zealander. I'll never forget Queenie shaking hands with that General. For two pins he would have kissed her. Oh, what a night! Higgy, thank Heaven, it doesn't happen often."

Flip's voice was heard calling pathetically: "Higgy! Higgy!"

"I'm comin', Mr. Flip, I'm comin'." And the devoted Higgings was off like a hen after a strayed chicken.

Later in the day Queenie herself arrived to make inquiries, to find that they were so far recovered as to be starting forth again in the car, with more flags and more squeakers than ever; but she firmly resisted all their persuasions to join them a second time, so they took Higgings instead, and set off loaded to the brim.

It was just a fortnight later, when things had become normal once more, except that many people were suffering somewhat from the violent reaction, that a cable reached the little flat in Knightsbridge, bringing again a swift and sudden change. It stated, in the curt language of cables:

"Regret to announce your husband killed by leopard. Funeral to-morrow.—JAMES LYALL."

CHAPTER V

Tears

FOR three long years the very sight of an orange-coloured envelope had struck terror to Higgings' heart, and a swift dread to Sybil's, for always they feared the War Office was regretting to announce that the beloved Flip had been killed in action.

When at last the critical message had come, and only "seriously wounded" was the verdict, they were too thankful it was

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no worse to be immediately overcome. A few days later both of them were at his bedside in England, and, seeing for themselves he was not very likely to die, they went cheerfully home, and almost hugged each other with glee. For they knew, at least, that no day for a long time was very likely to bring the orange-coloured terror that would darken the very sunshine in the heavens. In fact it was not very long before Flip, from the midst of his bandages, grumbled healthily at their cheerful countenances, and declared they seemed almost glad that he was wounded. Sybil and Higgings kept their faces carefully, and protested against such unjust ingratitude, to which Flip replied:

"Anyhow, I wish you'd got my beastly shoulder and rotten leg yourselves, and were both tied by the heels in this putrid fashion instead of me, so that I could be back with the boys."

Sybil said: "Don't be a silly goat! I've a good mind to bring you all your old letters to remind you how you groused at everything when you were out there."

But Higgings giggled at him cheerfully, and said: "There, there! don't you be in such a hurry to get back, love. It's a lot better to be a wounded hero than a dead corpse."

"I'm not a wounded hero," sniffed Flip, "and you're not to call me 'love' in a hospital ward. You don't know what the fellows will be thinking! Besides, there's an awfully pretty V.A.D. nurse comes on at five o'clock!"

Which sent Higgings off giggling more than ever, and elicited from Flip a last protest of: "I shall tell the matron."

Then, with his uninjured arm he managed to dive into the basket Higgings had brought, and drag forth various delicacies which were his special favourites, and which caused smiles from all the adjacent beds whose occupants were wont to share the good things, and who were all beginning to love "Higgy" and Sybil as two heaven-sent angels.

Flip laughed at the notion, for, according to him, she was just "the kindest-hearted freak in the world," whom it was his joy to tease and torment, while ever ready to acknowledge that she was absolutely invaluable to Sybil and himself.

But, to return, the days in which orange-

coated missives were so fraught with dread had gone happily by for ever, and when Higgings brought in the telegram that sunny morning, Sybil picked it up as carelessly as any ordinary letter, guessing it was an invitation to dinner from one of her many soldier friends occasionally coming up to town.

When she saw the first words were the very ones she had so long feared and dreaded—"Regret to announce . . ."—she blanched suddenly, and finished the sentence as if she could not quite grasp its meaning.

"What is it, dearie?" Higgings, who hated telegrams, asked with swift anxiety, puzzled by her expression.

"Read it," Sybil said slowly, and gave it into her hand.

Higgings read the message aloud, and a sudden exclamation escaped her—

"Dead! He's dead! Oh, my dear, you're free!"

"Don't say it like that, Higgy," in a strained voice. "I didn't want him to die. It was all right as we were. And this—this seems so awful—poor Owen." Big tears gathered in her eyes and began to fall. "Tell the boy there's no answer. I shall not go out." And she began to take off her hat, looking thoroughly overcome.

Higgings sent the telegraph boy away, and then went straight to the telephone, and rang up Mrs. MacMahon.

"Miss Sybil," for Higgings rarely called her anything else, "has had bad news from Rhodesia; could you come round at once?"

"What is it? Yes—yes—of course I'll come. Is anyone ill?"

"Mr. Lack has been killed by a leopard. She has received a cable. There are no particulars."

"How dreadful! I'll come immediately. Tell her I'm coming." And Queenie rang off in haste, feeling rather overcome herself.

Higgings went back to her precious "young lady," and began to fuss around her, but Sybil cut short some of her endearments a little curtly.

"Don't fuss, for goodness' sake, Higgy. I want to sit quite still and try to realise it."

"Well, you'd better have a glass of port wine to buoy you up. And where is Mr. Flip? Can I telephone to him anywhere?"



" 'What an auspicious
meeting ! ' he declared "—p. 618

Drawn by
Norah Schlegel

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"No, I don't want him, and I don't want port wine either." She picked up the wire and re-read it. "'Funeral to-morrow.' That's to-day. I wonder who will be there? Oh, I can't realise it at all. It seems so horribly lonely, somehow—and sudden, and dreadful. I wish I knew who would be there. Or who was with him when he died."

"I expect he would be in hospital, and his partner would be with him. You mustn't fret about it now, after all these years."

"Don't be so cold-blooded, Higgy. It isn't just 'fretting after all these years.' It was all such an unfortunate mistake. You don't suppose I haven't cared, just because we never spoke of it. Oh, I know I've been happy and gay enough! It has been all right for me. But I've been sorry about it all the same. I wish I knew someone he cared about had been with him at the last. It sounds so dreadful to be killed by a leopard in a far-off country like that."

"Maybe he was glad. He always said he would set you free if you wished it. And now it's been done for him."

"Perhaps it would have been better if he had been set free. He was of more use than I am ever likely to be. I'm only a butterfly, and he was a worker. Oh, if only none of it had ever happened!" And she began to weep quietly.

"There, there! it's no use wishing that now, and fretting over what can't be helped. It's just the suddenness of it all. I'd be glad to know myself that he wasn't alone or anything, and that someone did all that could be done for him, but I'm not going to pretend I'm sorry he's dead, because I'm not. You'll know better next time, and make a wiser choice, and it will all be forgotten—"

But Sybil continued to weep quietly, and paid small heed to her. She kept wondering what time the funeral would take place, and what funerals were like in Rhodesia, and what sort of a place he would be buried in. She felt she wanted to go and sit quietly in a church while the last rites took place; but there was no means of knowing what time that would be, and her utter incapacity to do anything at all that seemed fitting, further unnerved her.

If she could but have known, she was giving Owen more than he dared have hoped. For while she sent Higgings to the telephone to cancel a lunch engagement, and sat tearfully alone in their pretty sitting-room, the gathering of mourners was standing round the open grave in far Rhodesia, and she was as nearly with them in spirit as perhaps it was possible for her to be. To sit and do nothing under great stress is always a hard part, and, with memories crowding upon her, she could only give herself up to vain regrets for the pity of it all, while Higgings listened anxiously for Mrs. MacMahon's well-known knock.

Queenie MacMahon's attitude towards the news, while she hurriedly gave a few directions to her maid and got ready to fly to Sybil, was a somewhat confused one. The tragedy shocked her, and she felt desperately sorry for the cloud that had enveloped Owen Lack's life, but at the same time she was glad that Sybil was free, and that her position need no longer be ambiguous in the way that it had been. And then again, was she glad? Sybil was inclined to be irresponsible and impetuous. She was afraid she was quite capable of again marrying unwisely, or at any rate unfortunately, now that she was free to do so, whereas the barrier of an overseas husband had proved a useful safeguard. As she hurried along she found herself wishing heartily that Horace Helmsley had not once more chanced upon their horizon. If Sybil would have looked kindly upon the devotion of Sir Nigel and consented to marry him, she must most certainly have rejoiced at any event which set her free to do so, believing that he would take care of her and save her from her impetuous temperament as long as they both lived. But Sybil was not in the least likely to look kindly upon Sir Nigel in any way but as "dear old Auntie," who made such a useful and convenient slave.

On the other hand, there had been trouble with Horace Helmsley before, he being a masterful man, with a great notion of might being right so far as his own personal affairs were concerned. And it was owing chiefly to Queenie's interference that he had not worn down Sybil's conscience and persuaded her to run away with him three years previously, when she, Mrs. MacMahon,

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had contrived to rout Helmsley in a pitched battle, and send him out of their circle altogether for the time being.

Certainly Sybil had not appeared to mind much, and there was hope in the fact that he had never touched her heart, but now that the field was clear for him the whole circumstance might take on a very different aspect. She had small faith that she herself could keep them apart, because Helmsley had only yielded to her under pressure of circumstances before, and now she would have no reasonable ground to separate them. That she knew him to be a selfish, masterful, unreliable egoist did not deter from the fact that he possessed also many qualities that attract women. The very devil in him made him dangerous. For so many women, bored with the sameness of their lives, bored with their good, commonplace husbands, bored with their dressmakers, bored with their monotonous engagement cards, are over-prone to play with fire by way of relaxation from the numbing lack of sensation.

To such Helmsley had always offered a powerful attraction because of the things he had done, which few other men did; his aggressive, callous personality, his curt indifference to all conventional codes, backed by a name and position enviably known for really distinguished achievements.

Practically all households were open to him, and he was received warmly in any charmed circle, where he was forgiven an occasional bearishness of manner because of the daring deeds, chiefly for the Foreign Office Intelligence Department, that stood to his name.

To be run after by Horace Helmsley denoted no small triumph, and Queenie MacMahon was not at all sure how far Sybil's vanity would withstand the onset if he once more laid siege to her as before. For the homage would be all the greater now that it would probably mean marriage, —whereas all who knew Helmsley before would know that it did not necessarily mean anything of the kind. Yes—decidedly Queenie wished that he had not come upon their horizon again just at this juncture.

Then she hurried to the lift, was whisked upstairs, and a moment later was sitting beside Sybil on a sofa, patting her hand and telling her not to cry. "It's so bad for the

eyes, dear, and makes your face swell; do try and take it quite calmly."

Queenie was not really heartless, it was only her way of grappling with circumstances, which she regarded in rather a different light from most people. To her death should never be a cause for moaning and bewailing. Death itself was a beautiful thing, full of infinite promise for the soul that had passed on. One might bewail one's own loss and sense of emptiness, but should never grieve for the spirit that had burst the bounds of flesh and been born afresh into the wonderful Life Beyond.

She argued, moreover, that since Sybil had not chosen to live with her husband during his lifetime, it was rather weak to fret for him now, unless she had made the belated discovery that she loved him, and this, Queenie had reason to think, was not at all the case. So she sought to buoy her up for her own good.

"It isn't that I loved him," Sybil said, between her tears; "I suppose I never did. But I had a real respect for him, and I'm sorry he should have met with such a tragic death, all alone in a distant land."

"My dear, perhaps he wasn't alone at all," said the practical Queenie. "Men don't often eat their hearts out in loneliness, especially when they are in distant lands. You told him to consider himself free, and no doubt he did, and has enjoyed very pleasant companionship. Don't be morbidly sentimental now, just because it's a kind of conventional thing to do."

"You sound very hard-hearted and callous, Queenie."

"Perhaps I do, but after all I am only honest. I was never one to do anything because I was supposed to do it by public opinion."

"Still I think I owe him something for the generous way in which he has left me alone. Some men might have been so troublesome."

"Certainly you do. You owe every genuine respect to his memory, but as I knew him he was the last man to wish you to weep and mourn solely out of respect. Wherever he is now, I do not doubt he is glad to have set you free, to remake a marred life."

"But I feel it is I who should have set him free."

"You can't judge of that. You can only

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believe that things are best as they are. The suddenness has been a shock to you, but next week you will feel differently about it."

Sybil made no reply, but her pretty mouth set a little obstinately. For some reason it was obvious she meant to make more of her husband's death than anyone expected of her.

"Shall we go out to Knightsbridge now and see about some mourning?" continued Queenie in her practical vein.

"Then you advocate convention so far?" Sybil asked a little dryly.

"Don't be silly, child," with gentle good-humour. "Of course you must have black. Besides, the widows' toques nowadays are so becoming."

Sybil smiled in spite of herself.

"I feel I want to hate you, Queenie; but of course I don't. All the same I can't go trying on hats within an hour of a cable like that. You be a dear, and go and select some things to be sent on approval. I shall wear black, and I shall put Owen's death in all the papers, and then some of the kind people who have doubted his existence can make private inquiries if they like."

"Very well. I'll go to the shops now, and I'll come to tea this afternoon to help you make selections. Are you going to answer the wire?"

"Yes. Please send a cable for me." And taking a form she wrote:

"Deeply shocked at news. Please send all particulars.—SYBIL LACK."

On her way out Queenie met Flip sauntering home for lunch, in the newest-looking spring suit, with white spats and button-hole complete.

"Hallo!" he cried, smiling a ready welcome. "Have you been to the flat? Sybil was going out to lunch with O'Connor."

"She didn't go. I've just seen her."

"Why? Is she ill?"

"No, but she's had rather a shock. Come a little way back with me."

He turned promptly. "What sort of a shock?"

"A cable from Rhodesia."

"From her husband!" in quick surprise.

"No. To say that he has been killed by a leopard."

"Killed!" Flip stood still suddenly

on the pavement, and stared at his companion in amazement.

"Yes. It's terribly sudden."

"Good gracious!" he murmured. "And I always had a sort of feeling that he would live for ever."

"So had I," declared Queenie; "but between you and me I could almost shake a paw with that leopard."

Flip suppressed a smile. "You wicked woman!" he said with lips that twitched.

"No, I'm honest, as I have just told Sybil."

"Did you tell her you could shake a paw with the leopard?"

"No, I didn't. Sybil is more conventional than she knows. She is now weeping on the sofa, while I go and select black clothes for her."

"Is she weeping for herself, or him?"

"I don't think she knows; but anyhow I'm glad Higgings isn't the sort to encourage her to spoil her looks to no possible end."

"Poor old Syb! But I say, Queenie—under the circumstances, it's a jolly good thing she's free, isn't it?"

"That's what I am trying to tell you. All the same, I hope to heaven she won't rush recklessly into matrimony with anyone else."

"Oh, no! Syb won't do that. Once bitten, twice shy. She'll rather like being taken for a war-widow for a bit, but otherwise I suspect she will think it rather a nuisance that some of her favourite admirers will now want a plain 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Exactly. She has had a very good time for seven years, and now she'll find there are quicksands. Well, perhaps it won't hurt her. You had better go back now. I'm coming in to tea this afternoon."

In the flat he found Sybil standing forlornly at the window looking out. He went up to her, and slipped his arm through hers. "I've seen Queenie. She told me."

Sybil said nothing, but entwined her fingers in his.

"I daresay he wouldn't greatly mind," Flip went on. "He cared for you too much."

"That's what makes it so horribly sad. If only he hadn't cared at all, I shouldn't feel such a brute."

"But you couldn't help him caring. And perhaps he got something out of it

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"On the top of ice-creams they ate oysters, stolen in the most barefaced manner from a middle-aged waiter"—p. 618

Drawn by
Norah Schlegel

that was worth while after all." Which showed that, under his veneer of foppish flippancy, Algernon Beaumont was something of a philosopher.

"Oh, do you really think he did?"

"I don't know, any more than you do. I only say he might have. The poet chaps tell us that a *grande passion* has many compensations. They tell us a good deal of rot as well, but I daresay they hit on a truth there. Anyhow I expect Owen liked his life in Rhodesia well enough, but didn't desperately mind losing it, and on no account would he have wished you to be unhappy about him."

"That's very much what Queenie says, but after all neither of you quite understand."

"I expect we do, kid; but she's seen some sixty-five years of life against your twenty-eight, and I've had death all round me for three years, and so we've both got pretty close to the bedrock of things. If Owen had been fit for active service he would most certainly have gone, and probably have got potted, and you'd have had a comfortable feeling that he had died a

hero and made good. Well, there isn't so very much difference after all. He was on a kind of active service, and he got laid out. *Requiescat in pace*. I expect he made good all right."

"That's a nice way of putting it," she said gratefully, and leaned her head against his shoulder.

Later he unostentatiously postponed an attractive engagement by telephone, in order to stay with her until Queenie arrived, just as she would have done for him, for in all urgent matters, for weal or woe, these two stood by each other to the exclusion of all else. So while Sybil lay back in a big arm-chair, still dabbing her eyes occasionally, Flip smoked cigarettes in another, and chatted to her to keep her from brooding. As he was two years the younger, and had been at Cambridge at the time of her marriage and its following disaster, he had scarcely known her husband at all, and Sybil had kept her own counsel, giving him very little enlightenment beyond a few facts. What he knew of him he liked, and he spoke of him now in a kindly tone.

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"I suppose Owen's partner is rather a good fellow, from what you have heard? An old school friend, wasn't he?"

"I'm not sure, but they seem to have been fond of each other. Owen used to laugh at him for being Scotch, but rather as if he liked it. I remember he had a sister at school in England, and Owen went once to see her."

"A sister! Is she out there, then?"

"Yes. Soon after Owen joined Mr. Lyall she left school and went to live with them."

"Rather nice for Owen," he suggested.

Sybil was silent. She was mentally trying to visualise the trio, and thinking how strange it was that in a sense her life was bound up with theirs, though she was so far away, and unknown to two of them.

"I expect the ranch was worth something?" Flip suggested next.

"I don't know."

"Did Owen put money in it?"

"Yes, all he had."

"How do you know?"

"Because he offered to make me an allowance, and I refused it. He then said he should sink all his capital out there to make it worth while to 'stick it' whether he liked it or not."

"How do you suppose he would leave it in his will?"

"He had several relations. I imagine he would leave anything he had to them. They never liked me, and I was glad to see the last of them. They are welcome to his money."

"As far as you know, he *did* like his life out there?"

"Yes. He loved it. He was very keen on the ranch, and very proud of it."

They chatted on a little, and then the black garments arrived. At first Sybil eyed them askance, and seemed disinclined to touch them, but Flip and Higgings together undid the boxes and spread out their contents.

"Trust Mrs. MacMahon to make a good selection. What lovely things!" said the discreet Higgings. "Now if I'd gone——"

"You'd have bought a pony-skin coat and woolly tam-o'-shanter," put in Flip.

Sybil smiled at the picture conjured up, while Higgings declared—

"No, I shouldn't. But I expect I should have looked for something with a bit more

shape about it than this," and she held up a charming coat-frock of æsthetic design.

Sybil glanced round. "O it's a lamb!" she said, and got to her feet.

By the time Queenie arrived to tea she was sitting demurely clad in black, with a slightly self-conscious air.

"I knew you'd choose that gown," Queenie declared, with evident pleasure. "It's the very one I wanted you to have."

"It's very expensive," Sybil said, with a little air of admonishment. "I don't think you ought to have sent it."

"Well, you needn't wear anything else for six months. Doesn't she look sweet, Higgings?"—as the latter came in with tea.

"Yes, that's just what I said. 'Mr. Flip,' I said, 'we may as well put all the others away. She looks so sweet in that,' I said, 'she must have it.'"

"I don't know that I like looking sweet," Sybil remarked. "It sounds so sugary."

"Not when it's smart as well. Now let us discuss plans. What do you think about leaving London for three months?"

"Leaving London for three months!" with a note of dismay. "Oh, Queenie! Do you mean to go into the country?"

"I think it would be advisable. After all you can't go about just as you have been doing until after an interval."

"But need it be in the country? I'm so afraid of cows," plaintively.

"And your husband has probably made a fortune growing them! Really, Sybil, the least you can do is to try and get over your fear!"

Sybil ignored the remark and asked—

"Where do you suggest I should go?"

"Well, why not take Higgings and pay a long visit to Trecroft Manor? Sir Nigel's sisters would be very pleased to have you."

"Really, Queenie, you're too transparent," and Sybil laughed a little. "Anyhow, I won't go." She sat musing a moment. "But I thought you said I wasn't to be too conventional," with a sudden attack. "Why this swift change of front?"

At the back of Queenie's mind was the thought of Horace Helmsley's proximity in London, but she was too clever to hint at it.

"I was only thinking you might be worried by a lot of inquisitive questions.

If you go away for three months it will all be forgotten."

There was certainly reason in the contention, and Sybil said she would think it over.

In the end she went to a fashionable coast town for three weeks, and was very cold and bored and miserable, and on the fourth Sunday she walked into Mrs. MacMahon's sitting-room at the Berkeley Hotel, to her weekly "at home," looking quite adorable as a girl-widow, and remarked: "I couldn't bear it any longer, Queenie. I'd sooner face a thousand inquisitive questions."

"Ah!" exclaimed Helmsley's voice at her elbow, "I was just trying to wring your address from Mrs. MacMahon."

CHAPTER VI

Helmsley is Pressing

THE only consolation Queenie could find was that no answering light leapt to Sybil's eyes, though even in that she realised it might be chiefly due to Sybil's thought of the fitness of things, seeing she was only one month a widow. Certainly at the time of the pitched battle already alluded to, Sybil had been showing a reckless liking for Helmsley's company. Still, that was three years ago, and Queenie devoutly hoped that this would prove a case in which cold broth was not very quickly heated.

From Sybil's demeanour it was difficult to judge either way. She looked artlessly into Helmsley's eyes and said—"Why was it a case of 'wringing my address'? Didn't Queenie want to give it to you?"

"Apparently she had reasons!"—with a little shrug of his shoulders.

"I expect she was just teasing." And Sybil proceeded to greet one or two friends with an aloof air that forbade any comment upon her new estate. Queenie, covertly watching her, decided she had never quite done justice to Sybil's capabilities, for, continuing to look quite adorable, with a rather naïve seriousness, she kept everyone at arm's length on this her first appearance as a widow. She relapsed into a sudden little silence watching her—rather a habit of Queenie's—and left her sister, Mrs. Tenterton, to talk to their visitors.

"Have you been to the Higher Thought centre this morning?" someone asked her

suddenly, and, recalling herself with an effort, she replied that she had.

"Are you a Higher Thoughtist?" Helmsley inquired brusquely of the lady on his right.

"No," she answered promptly. "I haven't time. I am much too busy making vests and pants for soldiers."

"Umph! I'm sure you will have a front reserved seat in heaven," he snapped.

Queenie kept her face with difficulty, delighted at his retort, while Sybil remarked with a thoughtful air, suspiciously demure, "Isn't it curious what a lot of people haven't time to bother with their souls?"

"Were we talking of souls, or pants and vests?" Helmsley asked.

Considerably ruffled, the lady of the arduous work rose to go, taking leave frigidly of Helmsley and Sybil, much to their and Queenie's amusement.

"Anyhow," remarked the latter, "it is very noble of her to go on with her war work now the Armistice is signed. I did canteen work for two years, but I dropped it the moment I had a good enough excuse. People may say what they like—I'll never believe that anyone *liked* canteen work."

"Nor I," echoed Sybil. "I've had three years of it, and the gladdest moment of all was when I shook the crumbs of the canteen off my skirt for the last time."

"But there's still a great demand for workers," said Mrs. Tenterton. "I think you both gave up too quickly."

"Do you!" from Queenie, dryly. "Well, suppose you take a turn now."

They all laughed, and Captain Tenterton remarked—"I think you ought both to have the O.B.E., anyhow."

To which, Helmsley, with his sneer: "I should think that would be quite the last straw."

"Have you seen Sir Nigel since you came back?" Queenie asked Sybil.

"Oh, yes," lightly. "He came to Westbourne for the week-end, and brought Higgy and me back to town."

Helmsley scowled slightly. "The sort of thing 'Auntie' would do."

"Yes, he's a dear man," Sybil said sweetly.

"Come and talk to Mr. Ryle," and Queenie motioned to Sybil to follow her, feeling the atmosphere was getting a little

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overcharged. "He believes in ghosts, and has seen one or two."

"He'll help you to acquire a 'dear ghost' to add to your collection of friends," was Helmsley's parting shot, and Sybil's lips twitched a little unmanageably.

Later on, however, he succeeded in gaining the privilege of walking home with her.

"What a lot of odd people Mrs. MacMahon collects round her on a Sunday afternoon," he began.

"I didn't notice anyone particularly odd. There was rather a snappy man from the Foreign Office—"

"Snappy! You'd be snappy if you felt as I do."

"Well, how do you feel? You look well enough."

"I feel well enough, now. But with that collection of women all round—"

"I thought you were rather fond of women?" with secret amusement.

"In their proper place—and the work of an artist—I am."

"And didn't you consider poor Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith the work of an artist?"

"Umph!" Someone jogged his elbow.

"What!"

They both laughed.

"You're rather prickly yourself this afternoon," he added.

"I!"

"Yes—you! Aren't you a little unapproachable? I hardly know where I am. Is one to condole with you, or what?"

"Or—just leave it alone."

"I see. Still that gives no index to your state of mind."

"Does it matter?"

"Of course it does. The position is peculiar. Three years ago—"

"Is three years ago," firmly.

"That does not necessarily blot it out."

"Unless I wish?"

"That depends." He thrust out his chin and pursed his lips in the old aggressive manner. "You see, I am expecting to be sent off on a mission very shortly, and that makes time a little pressing."

"Pressing for what?" And the tiniest suggestion of a dimple made Sybil more adorable than ever.

"To get back to where we were three years ago," curtly.

"And where were we?"

"If we weren't in Piccadilly at the moment I could shake you!"

"Then it is a good thing for me I chose this route!"

"Don't tantalise me too much. When we reach your flat in Knightsbridge, I'm coming in to ask you to get engaged to me before I start."

"You can't possibly do that yet."

"Can't I? Well, we'll see."

"I won't take you in."

"You'll not be asked."

Knowing his resolute mood of old, she tried to temporise.

"No," quietly, "you can't ask me a question like that at present. In three months at the earliest."

"Nonsense! I tell you I am expecting to be sent off any day. I should be a fool to wait three months, to satisfy some puny convention."

"I was thinking of myself."

"Are you posing as a disconsolate widow?" he sneered.

"Don't talk to me like that," a little sharply. "I detest your sneering mood."

"Then don't be absurd," he retaliated. "I detest hypocrisy."

"You will make me angry."

"I'd sooner have you angry than sentimental at this late hour."

His rudeness piqued rather than angered her. She was accustomed to it of old.

"I'm not sentimental. I am truly sorry that my husband has met with a sudden and tragic death."

"Because you loved him?" with another sneer.

"Because I believe he was enjoying his life in spite of me, just as I enjoyed mine in spite of him."

"Still, the position was ridiculous. You—you were made for love. What you needed was a man who can squeeze hard, instead of one who lets go and crosses the sea."

"Nonsense!" sharply. "What I wanted was freedom, and I got it."

"And I say nonsense to that. Freedom! As if a woman wanted freedom in the abstract. It is only freedom from a particular bond that happens to irk her. She is always ready to throw it overboard again if the right man comes along. Women weren't meant for freedom, and in their hearts they know it. They were meant to

be at the beck and call of some man who keeps them interested."

"You monster!" But she could not help laughing.

They had reached the block of flats, and he made no pretence of turning back.

"I haven't asked you to come in," she said.

"It wasn't necessary," and he smiled, with a sudden whimsicality that was very attractive.

She saw it was useless to argue, and he entered the lift with her. At the door she rang the bell diffidently, uncertain if Higgings were in or not.

As it happened she was, and came to the door. Sybil was glad she had rung the bell instead of using her latchkey. He could not know of her uncertainty, and anyhow he knew now that they were not in the flat alone. Not that she was in the least afraid of him, but she did not want to be badgered into making up her mind about anything just now.

"Where is your mission to?" she asked him.

"I am not at liberty to say yet. That is what worries me. There will be a difficulty of communication, unless I can arrange it specially as a right."

"Are you going for long?"

"Possibly six months."

"But that is nothing," opening her eyes a little. "I thought it might be a year or two."

He was pacing the room restlessly.

"My dear child, six months when you had a husband living, and six months when you are free, are two very different propositions."



"'Read it,' Sybil said slowly, and gave it into her hand"—p. 620

*Drawn by
Norah Schlegel*

She watched him with a little gleam of amusement in her eyes, and wondered whether it would always be the unattainable only that attracted her. Three years ago she had certainly wished she were free to marry Horace Helmsley. Now that she was free, she felt differently about it. Yet she liked him better than any other man she knew. At least he would never bore one, and even his bad temper was the swift explosion of a thunderstorm. The sunshine was all the brighter afterwards.

"Well!" he asked, stopping in front of her. "What is it to be?"

"I won't be engaged to you before you go."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to be," archly.

"Well, don't be childish. You were

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ready enough three years ago. Have I changed, or have you?"

"Everything has changed." Her face grew serious. "Don't be impatient with me, Horace. I'm three years older now, and I see things a little differently perhaps. Flip and I are very happy together. And I'm shy of matrimony."

"That's only because you made a mistake. This wouldn't be a mistake. I'll make you happier than you are with Flip. Trust me."

"Not yet."

"Perhaps I shall not choose to ask you again."

"I can't help that. I *won't* do anything in a hurry again, with a doubt lurking in my mind."

"Hurry! . . . Hurry!" impatiently. "Haven't you thought about it for three and a half years?"

"I hadn't thought about it at all latterly—until we met on Armistice Day."

He resumed his restless striding.

"If only I hadn't to go off on this mission. But as it is, I want to hear of and from you. If we were engaged I could make special arrangements through the Foreign Office."

"Well, surely you can have letters forwarded?"

"Yes, from time to time. But that isn't much. I want to feel you belong to me." He tried to take her hand and draw her to him, but she held him off.

"No—no. Owen has only been dead a month."

"And if so, isn't it less of a wrong to him than when he was living?"

"You don't understand—and I can't explain."

"Are you imagining yourself in love with him at this late hour?"

Her eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"Are you?" he reiterated.

She pulled herself together.

"I would rather not discuss it. I think that Owen understands I am sorry I was an obstacle in his life, and he in mine. There is no hypocrisy in that. I'd be glad to show it even now. Anyhow I can't marry another man immediately, nor be engaged to him."

He saw that she was in earnest, and knew of old that there was a certain stage when she would not yield.

"I suppose I must leave it there," he

muttered. "But of course I shall ask you again, directly I get back."

The sound of a key in the door was a welcome relief to both of them, and a minute later Flip sauntered in.

"Hallo, Helmsley! You look rather fiercer than usual," and he dropped into an arm-chair, drawing an elaborate silk handkerchief from his breast pocket.

"Do I! Well, perhaps you'd look fierce in my place—if you could do anything so energetic."

"Energetic! Phew! I say, man, can you 'jazz'?"

"Can I jazz!" scathingly. "No—nor fox-trot. I hold that the dignity of man is lowered immeasurably when he performs antics of that type in a ball-room. Any man looks undignified dancing."

"What if he blooming well doesn't care?" asked Flip nonchalantly.

"He ought to care. We have allowed dancing to take a wrong aspect altogether. It is meant for women, who should come when we clap our hands, and go away when we are tired of them."

"They come without that at a dance," and Flip smiled wickedly. "Are you going?" he asked Helmsley. "What's the hurry?"



Sybil, later, sitting on the arm of Flip's chair, remarked:

"He wants me to be engaged to him before he starts on his mission, and marry him directly he returns."

"Are you going to?"

"No. I don't want to marry anyone. I'd sooner stay on as we are with you and Higgy."

"I'm glad. There's no hurry for you. I expect it is better not to get engaged to anyone until you feel you can't do without him."

"I'm very fond of Horace. He is always interesting. But I don't want to decide until he comes back."

"Was 'Auntie' at Queenie's this afternoon?"

"No. He went home for the week-end. Are you going out this evening?"

"Not if you want me?"

"I don't much want to stay in alone."

"Shall we dine out? I'll telephone for a table at Prince's, if you like."

"Yes, that would be nice. And Higgy

can go and see her aunt. I'll tell her." And she ran off, while Flip went to the telephone.

CHAPTER VII

Sybil Receives Letters

IT was about six weeks after the fateful cable that Sybil received the bulky letter from Jim Lyall, containing a copy of her husband's will and certain business particulars concerning the ranch. Until then she had only received a short letter from Elizabeth, describing briefly the tragedy, with an account of their hurried journey to the hospital, and a description of the funeral and the little cemetery.

"I am forwarding everything of his that I think you will wish to have," she wrote, "and will keep all the other things until I hear from you as to their disposal. Mr. Lack's death has been a great blow to my brother and me, and we shall not easily replace such a friend."

Sybil read the letter through two or three times and grew very pensive. It seemed odd that anyone should write to her about Owen's things. Odd, that "his things" should have anything to do with her after these years of separation. It would seem ties were not so easily snapped after all. One cut them, and went one's way, and lo! years later, the tie reappears. Apparently no one but herself could decide what should be done with those intimate belongings, "his things." She wrote a nice letter to Elizabeth, thanking her for everything, and begging that she and her brother would keep anything that was of use to them, and dispose of the rest as they thought fit.

Elizabeth read slowly the letter she had received from Sybil, and then sat in silence looking across the garden to the hazy blue mountains far below her.

She was waiting on the veranda, with the tea-things before her, until Jim came for his tea. One small table held the cups and saucers and tea-pot, and another one was plentifully supplied with home-made scones, cakes, and jam. All the dogs were out with their master, except Kim, who still missed Owen daily, and generally chose to stay near Elizabeth, who tried her best to comfort him. The cats were with her, and until the boy arrived with the post-bag

from the post-office, twenty-five miles distant, she had been idly amusing herself watching the two half-wild kittens dash up and down the veranda posts, occasionally dropping on to their long-suffering mother, who looked thoroughly bored with them, and occasionally showed it by an irritable snarl. The whole proceeding seemed to amuse Puck also, who was seated on the arm of her chair looking on.

Once, after poor Paddy, the mother, had given vent to an extra vigorous snarl, he leapt lightly down and, stalking her from under the chairs, awaited his opportunity, and gave her angry tail a good tweak. Paddy swung round, and caught him a sound smack on the head with her paw, which sent the monkey jabbering back to his perch, and made Elizabeth laugh aloud.

"Serves you right, Puck," she said. "It takes all Paddy's patience to bear with her own offspring, without putting up with sauce from you as well."

Puck stroked his head where it was sore, and when she laughed at him he pulled at her arm, jabbering at her, to make her leave off. Then he started to do the same thing again, but Elizabeth restrained him, as she did not want a fight, in which Puck would have come off far the worst.

They made an attractive picture on the pretty veranda gay with bougainvillea and golden shower creepers. Elizabeth had changed her work-a-day knickerbocker suit for a pretty mauve linen, and her fair hair, bobbed in the prevailing fashion, showed off the pretty shape of her head. Straight below the veranda for twenty-five miles the country fell away in vleis and kopjes to the Iron Mask range of mountains, which were dreamily, ethereally blue in the afternoon sunlight. The garden close at hand was a mass of brilliant colouring, and on either side was space and loveliness of blue distances, with more vleis and distant mountains.

Here and there a mass of gleaming granite stood out boldly, adding a picturesqueness that was Rhodesia's own, and from her high vantage ground Elizabeth looked out over a world that seemed flooded with sunlight to its heart's core. Her fancy roved back to the day, seven years ago, when she saw the ranch and homestead for the first time. If she had not been so glad to come, she thought she must have been rather

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badly disillusioned after her long, tiring drive. The little house had indeed looked bare and ugly enough, with no garden at all, and all the litter of building lying around. Jim and Owen had been far too busy to trouble about removing the litter, and having finally got a roof over their heads, they cared about little else except the ranch. It had taken her six years of hard work to transform the ugly little dwelling into a dainty creeper-clad bungalow, surrounded by a real garden, with a thriving orchard full of delicious fruit along one side of it.

Elizabeth had various other recollections of her first arrival, intensely Rhodesian.

When she went to take off her hat, and looked out of her bedroom window, she beheld, to her amazement, a bull on the veranda, looking back at her with a none too friendly air. She stared at it a moment, and then slipped hurriedly out of the French window, opening on to a veranda on the opposite side, and back into the sitting-room.

"There's a bull on the back veranda," she told Jim, with some trepidation. "I don't like the look of him. He has rather a savage air."

"Oh, it must be Bonfire!" he answered casually. "How tiresome of Smoke to let him come again."

"Is Smoke another bull?"

"No, the boy who looks after him."

"Is that why you call him Smoke?"

She remembered how Owen had laughed, as they explained both names were an accident; and again, at her wide eyes, when Jim remarked: "He's not really savage, only playful. He chased the house-boys round the house yesterday, and tossed the cook. I shall box Master Smoke's ears for him, for letting him get down here again to-day."

They were arrested suddenly by queer sounds on the front veranda, and beheld the alarming spectacle of the playful bull tossing the veranda chairs about.

"Darn that boy!" quoth Jim wrathfully, and strode out at the back entrance to look for the delinquent Smoke, who had momentarily lost touch with his Bonfire.

Elizabeth put the table between herself and the door that opened on to the veranda. "I hope he won't come in here," she said nervously.

"Oh, he's all right, he's only amusing himself," Owen remarked reassuringly. "Smoke can do anything with him."

"But if he tossed the cook boy—yesterday——" and she looked round for any other likely refuge.

"I expect the boys were all running away and he just ran after them. He's quite harmless really."

Fortunately for Elizabeth, she was blessed with a sense of humour and a fearless heart.

"I daresay he is," she remarked, "but I hope you and Jim won't mind putting the house and veranda out of bounds now I've come. He very nearly strolled into my bedroom."

She broke off, to see Smoke walk round the veranda with a long stick having a hook on the end. The moment the bull saw him, he lowered his head and made what her brother would have called a playful lunge. Smoke stepped promptly round a veranda post and hit him on the nose. Elizabeth climbed on a chair at the window, fascinated beyond words. In the end, after a little more of the same "playfulness," she saw Smoke secure him by the ring in his nose, on the end of his long stick, and lead him off to his own domain.

Both the men seemed tickled at her "warm reception," and Elizabeth laughed with them, but she made a mental reservation not to enter into the spirit of any of Bonfire's playful moods, except from a perfectly safe vantage ground.

Many strange things had happened in those first months, but nothing had daunted her, nor ever made her regret for a moment that she had come. Even the night when seven miles of leaping flames in a semicircle had come roaring up towards the little homestead, saw her quite undismayed. She knew a fire belt had been ploughed round the buildings, and though sparks often blew across fire belts, and ignited the other side, she had unswerving confidence in Jim and Owen to cope with any difficulty that might arise, and watched the amazing spectacle with fascinated eyes. One of her greatest trials in those first years had been the household furniture, or perhaps one should say the lack of it. All the available cash had gone into the ranch, and neither man seemed to have troubled about anything in the house beyond beds, blankets,

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the smallest possible amount of home-made furniture, and enamel ware both for bedrooms and table.

Elizabeth hated the enamel ware, and packing-case furniture, and persuaded her brother to allow her 20s. a month towards improvements. It had taken nearly seven years of monthly payments to reach the present dainty interior, and the well-appointed table; but Elizabeth had enjoyed working the gradual transformation, and was proud of her work, as she had every right to be. Now, as she waited for Jim on the veranda, she was the dainty mistress of a dainty abode such as may be found in any district of Rhodesia, near a town or far distant. Then there was a sound of voices, and presently the house-boy, in spotless linen, brought her the locked mail-bag which had just arrived.

She read Sybil Lack's letter first, and decided that she liked it. Certainly it was not the letter of a heartless, selfish woman such as Jim persisted in describing her. Its very reticence and absence of gush confirmed her in her opinion. The little that Sybil said had a genuine note, and Elizabeth was conscious of a regretful feeling for her as well as Owen.

Then Jim came striding through the house, with his Teri hat on the back of his head, looking very big and handsome in his riding kit, with his shirt open at the neck, showing his fine chest, bronzed like his face to a rich brown tint.

"Sorry I'm late. Had the devil of a time with a cow stuck in the mud. It took four of us to haul her out."

"Poor thing," said Elizabeth compassionately, taking the tea-pot from the house-boy, who had followed on the *Bwana's* heels.

"She was stupid," he declared, helping himself to the scones with a relish. "Lost heart and lay down to it. It's an awful job helping a cow when she won't help herself. Funny what a lot of character they have! One will make it twice as hard, and another twice as easy. Now then, Puck," breaking off, "no stealing," and he boxed Puck's ears lightly in the act of picking a currant out of a bun. Puck gave a frightened squeal and leapt into Elizabeth's arms, from which safe refuge he sat and made grimaces at his master. "You spoil him," Jim said, but he smiled at the monkey without animosity.

"Well, I have to befriend him," Elizabeth answered. "He is always getting himself into trouble one way or another. Paddy gave him a good scratch just now."

"Did she? Paddy, you bad girl, why did you scratch Puck? Come along and have some tea." His face softened wonderfully as the cat sprang to his knee and seated herself quite contentedly. For Jim was one of the nice men who love their cats, and Paddy, in her way, meant almost as much to him as a dog. "But I draw the line at being nurse-maid," he had once said, describing an occasion when Paddy deposited two new-born kittens on his bed, while she went off on her usual nightly hunting expedition.

"The mail has come, and I have a letter from Mrs. Lack," Elizabeth told him presently.

"Oh!" with a sudden hardness in his voice.

"It's rather a nice letter."

"Clever, no doubt."

"I don't think so. It seems to me quite sincere."

"Well, I hope she doesn't gush over her dear husband, after deliberately deserting him."

"She doesn't. Will you read it?"

"No. It doesn't interest me. Owen was my best pal. It's bad enough to have to pay over his money to her."

Elizabeth said no more. She perceived nothing was to be gained by pressing the subject, and since it was improbable any of them would meet, it seemed of small moment whether Jim nursed his bitterness against Owen's wife or not. Instead she discussed various subjects connected with the ranch, almost as Owen might have done, which was her method of softening her brother's loss to him, and helping him to recover from the shock of the tragedy.

And away in London about the same date, sitting up in bed in a delicately tinted silk morning wrapper, one of Queenie's extravagant presents, Sybil opened her bulky envelope, and wondered what it was all about. She perceived the document had a legal, businesslike air, and she wore rather a perplexed expression as she unfolded it, looking absurdly girlish, while her slender, delicate hands grasping the imposing papers looked like a child's fingers grasping an uncertain, mysterious possession.

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Then she read Jim's curt little note in which he begged to present her with a copy of her husband's will. After pointing out that under the will she inherited Owen's share of the ranch, he went on to state that doubtless she would wish to have her share in money, and that if she would give him reasonable time, he would commence to pay it by instalments at once, with interest on the capital still in his hands. Two independent valuers, one appointed by each of them, should value the property, and if the two valuations differed, they should halve the difference. He would be glad to hear from her at her earliest convenience that she agreed to this plan.

Sybil hated the tone of the note unreasonably, and tossed it aside. "Poor Owen," she said, and her eyes filled with tears. With somewhat blurred eyesight she picked up the legal document after a few minutes and tried to grasp what it said. Then she stared out of the window at the bricks and mortar opposite, and wondered what the ranch was like.

Presently Higgings came in.

"Owen has left me all his Rhodesian property," Sybil informed her.

"Has he?" with emphasis. "Well, that's good news anyway. What would it be worth, do you think?"

"I haven't the least idea. I never expected him to leave anything to me at all."

"Didn't you! Well, I did. Mr. Lack never had a thought for anyone in the world except you. Who else would he be leavin' it to?"

"He had two sisters."

"An' a mighty lot he thought o' them, after the way they flew out at you."

"It wasn't surprising, as they didn't know any of the circumstances. I never bore them any ill will for that. I just didn't like them at any time. Fussy, narrow-minded old cats!"

Higgings smiled. "They won't half love you now, will they!" she suggested.

Sybil lay back silently staring at the window.

"I suppose you'll get the property sold, and the money sent over?" Higgings suggested.

"That is what Mr. Lyall seems to have arranged for me."

"Mr. Lack's partner?"

"Yes. He asks me to give him reasonable time, and he will pay off the value of Owen's share as soon as he can."

"A lucky thing for you that he is willing to buy. I'm thinkin' not many folks would want to have much truck with a bit o' wilderness on the other side o' the world."

"But it's a cattle ranch."

"A cattle ranch or a mealie farm," with a sniff, "who wants it in them foreign parts. Cannibals and savages all round, I'll be bound."

"Oh, my dear Higgy! There's lots of women out there. Why, you saw that letter from Miss Lyall a week or two ago."

"Well, maybe she's an exception. We don't know anything about her, or what she's like, do we? Perhaps she has a hare-lip, or a stain on her face, or is deformed. I'd go out there meself if I was made that way."

"I wonder what the ranch is like?" Sybil continued, unheeding her.

"Just grass, I suppose, and dried-up streams—they're mostly dried up in that country—and wild animals nosing about."

"I believe it's a beautiful country. Anyhow the novelists say so."

"Novelists!" with a withering sniff. "They'd write *anything* if they got paid for it. 'Alf o' 'em write about countries they've never seen, and are never likely to see. An' no doubt this Rhodesian land is a pretty safe place, as no one is likely to go and find out for themselves."

"But heaps of people go, Higgy. I've heard of several."

"Do they ever come back?"—grimly—"or do the alligators and things gobble 'em up!"

"Does this partner of Mr. Lack's tell you what his share is worth?" as Sybil made no comment. "I'll be bound you'll only get half the value. They're mostly rogues in those places. That's why they go."

"No, he doesn't give the least idea. But he suggests I should name my own valuer."

"Oh, he does, does he! But how are you to know that the valuer is honest?"

"I don't know, and I don't feel as if I greatly mind. It doesn't seem right that I should inherit Owen's property at all. I feel rather an impostor."

"Now don't you think of it that way, Love. You deserve something for bearing

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'is name all these years, and no pleasure out of it. A many women would have insisted on being set free, and never mind the scandal. Come, get up, Love, and go out into the park. It's a lovely morning."

It was, as Higgy had said, a lovely morning, and the spring tints in the park were a joy to behold, but Sybil found herself thoroughly out of tune with everything, and when she saw anyone she knew, she avoided them without quite knowing why.

She felt thoroughly disinclined to talk the old frivolity. Which dances they had been to, and which they were going to! What new frocks was she having this spring, and where was she getting them?

Sybil was far too honest to pretend she had not enjoyed all this sort of thing for many years, but just now it irked her unreasonably. Her husband's sudden, tragic death had been more of a shock to her than anyone credited, and she could not get back into the old groove easily. Vague dissatisfaction stirred in her heart, as it does at intervals in all hearts, but whereas women in Sybil's happy position of irresponsibility can usually drown the thought of it in fresh gaieties, she found herself more inclined to parley with it, and ask questions.

Unconsciously her thoughts turned to Elizabeth Lyall. What was she like, she wondered, and why did she remain on this lonely ranch with her brother? Surely she must be intolerably bored. But then, she, Sybil, was bored too. If you could get bored in the heart of London, as well as on a lonely ranch, it didn't perhaps make so very much difference where you were.

Then she scolded herself for a grumbler. Of course it made a difference. In London you need only be bored occasionally. Lots of things lifted you out of your boredom. But in Rhodesia it would go on and on and on—and she shuddered suddenly at the dreary prospect conjured up of an ocean of sheer boredom, having no islands, and no shores, just endless, dreary waves. Could anyone endure it? Apparently some people had to, and possibly Elizabeth Lyall was one of them.

She tried to take an interest in the things about her, and shut out the recollection of people like Elizabeth, who had to be endlessly bored. Worrying and brooding didn't help anything. It was better for the world,

generally that everyone should be as gay and happy as they could. That was Queenie's religion, and certainly all Queenie's friends were the better and happier for knowing her.

But a forced gaiety was not much good, and presently Sybil's thoughts were back again in the new groove. She knew that Owen had not been bored. In the few communications that had passed between them, he had given her glimpses of a serene content in his Rhodesian life, and of a genuine interest in his work.

Then perhaps Elizabeth Lyall had shared the interest, and taken sufficient part in the men's work to counteract the boredom suggested to Sybil. Perhaps she had even had a special friendship with Owen, that had meant a good deal to both of them. Only that she was a mere school-girl, and Owen had never been attracted by the "flapper" tribe. No, the thing that had given Owen a partial content was his fondness for his ranch. That, indeed—its progress and its ultimate success—had been everything to him in those years.

And he had left it to her!

Tears dimmed her eyes again, and she got up and walked hurriedly towards Hyde Park Corner. She was going to lunch at the Cavalry Club, and suddenly she felt in haste for the distraction of the merry meal ahead.

It was on their way home from a gay supper party that she mentioned the matter to Flip. He was sympathetically interested at once. She could always rely on Flip to be sympathetic. He came into her bedroom and sat over her fire for a chat.

"It seems the best thing to do," he said, referring to Jim Lyall's suggestion. "I expect I can easily find out about a valuer. I could call at the offices of the British South Africa Company."

She was standing with one foot on the fender staring into the fire.

"Do you know," she said, "I don't a bit like selling the land Owen loved, and spending the money."

Flip glanced at her sideways.

"Well, it isn't like selling it to strangers, and evidently he preferred you to spend the money to anyone else."

"I know—but—but—" She blinked hard, and turned her face away.

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"You don't suggest giving it to Lyall, do you?"

"No."

"What then?"

"You'll think I'm an awful fool, Flip, but ever since I got that letter this morning, and knew Owen had left his share of the ranch to me, I've been kind of glad——"

"Glad that he remembered you?"

"Glad that he trusted me."

"Trusted you?" looking puzzled.

"Trusted me with his ranch."

"Aren't you romancing a little? Owen just left you whatever he happened to possess, because you were his wife."

"Yes, that's one way of looking at it. But if that were the only way, I shouldn't feel this vague unrest. The will is several years old. He could easily have altered it if he had liked, and made some stipulations, or expressed some wishes about the land. He didn't. He felt he could trust me to do what he would like about it. I feel grateful to him."

"More likely he kept putting it off, and putting it off, and finally forgot. I expect Lyall feels pretty sick about it."

"Well, anyhow I'm glad. I believe I haven't had enough responsibility in my life these last years—you and Queenie and Higgy all spoiling me—and now I feel I'd like to have some. At the theatre to-night, when all the house was giggling at the same old situations and the same old jokes, I said to myself—'Well, you aren't altogether in the rut, because you possess half a big ranch in Rhodesia—all your very own!' And I felt quite glad. It seems so funny, doesn't it?"

"Well, a few months ago, I certainly think the prospect of the money from it would have pleased you more."

"Yes. That's what's so funny. It isn't the money now, it's the land."

"Perhaps it's just a phase? You were always a bit of a dreamer."

"Perhaps it is. I mustn't keep you up now. It's so late. Good-night, Old Thing," and she kissed him affectionately.

CHAPTER VIII

Sybil's Whim

BUT the restless mood did not pass, nor the old relish in her friends and London come back. Flip called at the

British South Africa offices, and obtained information about a valuer, but Sybil would not write the letter authorising the valuation.

"I don't want to part with it yet," she said obstinately. "I like the feeling that it is mine."

Queenie told her she could buy herself some lovely pearls and furs if she let it go, which would give her far more pleasure, and less worry.

"I'm quite satisfied with those I have," said Sybil.

"Well, you could have a nice bungalow up the river, or by the sea," continued Queenie. "My dear! To own some land in Rhodesia may have a romantic feeling, but it's really a very useless, uncomfortable possession to anyone like you. I think it is a most fortunate thing that Mr. Lyall is willing to take it off your hands."

"I daresay it is." Sybil's mouth still looked obstinate.

"Have you seen Horace Helmsley lately?" Queenie inquired, dropping the subject of the ranch for the time being.

"I've seen him several times."

"Does he want you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"I hope you won't."

Sybil laughed. She always enjoyed Queenie's outspoken opinions.

"Why shouldn't I? Most people think him exceedingly attractive."

"So he is, but that doesn't ensure a good husband."

"Good husbands are often very dull."

"To be sure they are. But why have a husband at all? Most women find widowhood the happiest condition there is."

"What a cynic you are, Queenie!"

"No, I'm not. I believe in love, and I think every woman ought to be married once. It's such an illuminating experience. But after that, why not enjoy oneself!"

Again Sybil laughed, while Flip, who had overheard at the door, remarked:

"What about the lived-happy-ever-after ending, for all the princesses, when the fairy prince leads them to the altar?"

"It's much more often a fiery prince," Queenie declared, "and domestic worries world-without-end, Amen."

"You fill me with dismay," Flip laughed.

"Do you think one might safely leave out the illuminating experience, and begin at the end, so to speak?"



" 'Hallo, Helmsley! You look
rather fiercer than usual ' "—p. 630

Drawn by
Norah Schlegel

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"It seems to be what you are doing," Queenie told him. "But you'll be caught some day! A snappy virago, perhaps, with a face like a seraph."

"Why not marry me yourself, and make me safe?" he asked with a twinkle. "You and I, Queenie, we'd show 'em!"

"We would indeed, but I'm very well content as I am, thank you, and my anxiety at the moment is not for you, but Sybil. It wouldn't be as great if only the Foreign Office would hurry up and send Horace Helmsley into the other hemisphere."

"He is hanging round a bit strenuously," Flip admitted, "but I think Syb is playing him rather neatly."

"How horrid of you, Flip," Sybil protested.

"Well, aren't you! Giving him neither yea nor nay, and kind of hovering between the two."

"He can take 'nay' if he likes."

"Why should he when, apparently, there is a chance of getting 'yea'?"

"It's too soon," she burst out, "I won't be badgered into an engagement by anyone before I've been three months free."

"Then send him off with a definite 'no,'" urged Queenie, "and go away for a time. Now Flip has his discharge, and nothing particular to do, why not go to Italy and wander about for a little?"

Sybil shrugged her shoulders.

"Italy doesn't attract me just now. It's all so normal. I'd sooner go to Rhodesia."

"Rhodesia!" echoed Queenie in frank astonishment.

"Well, why not!" with an independent air. "I've got property there."

"I've got property in the south-west of Ireland," from Queenie dryly, "but it doesn't make me want to go there."

"That's different. I call that normal too. Anyone can go to the south-west of Ireland."

"They can't be sure of coming back alive though," put in Flip.

"Nor of coming back dead," added Queenie. "More likely a charge of dynamite, and no one can find the pieces. But of course you're only frivolling, dear. What about a summer in Norway, if you don't fancy Italy?"

"I'm not joking," said Sybil, with a sudden gravity that surprised herself. "I want to go to Rhodesia."

Thinking about it afterwards, it appeared to her as if suddenly she had been possessed by some new personality, that answered in her place, and framed her words and wishes independently of the self she had always known. Some mysterious force seemed to actuate her, whether she wished or no.

Flip, behind his casual air, gave her a quick look.

Queenie's smile was one that humoured her.

"One of your whims! Well, I must be off. I am due at Almanack's at 5.30. I hope you'll go *somewhere*, dear. I think it would be better for you this summer."

Sybil threw back her head with a light laugh, and a quick flush in her cheeks.

"I will. I'll go to Rhodesia," and she kissed Queenie, with mischief lurking round her lips. Flip went with their guest to the lift, and when he came back he found Sybil standing on the hearth waiting for him with an expectant face.

"I meant it, Flip," she said.

"I saw you did, Kid."

"How clever of you. But then you always seem to see into people's minds. Well, what do you think?"

"Isn't it a little hurried?" He knew her sex too well to raise desire by opposition, and made the observation quite casually, showing neither approval nor disapproval.

"What does it matter?" There was a new light in Sybil's eyes. The light of adventure. The swift and sudden lure of the unknown to a fearless nature. "I love things that are spontaneous and unaccountable like this. Yesterday, half an hour ago, it hadn't entered my head. Now, it's all as clear as daylight. Owen loved his ranch, and he left it to me to do what I thought best about it. So of course I must go and see it."

"I thought you were afraid of cows?" he suggested.

"So I am, at least I was, but perhaps Rhodesian cows are different. Or perhaps I shouldn't mind cows that I had a share in—"

They both laughed. "Don't be a goose," he said. "Sleep on it."

"I don't want to sleep on it. How dull you are. It's a gorgeous idea. What fun to ride over one's own land, looking at one's own cows!"

"I'd like to take up Pelmanism, but—"

SOME DOUBTS DISPELLED

THE very prominence which Pelmanism has attained during recent years forms the basis of a doubt which exists in the minds of many people. A business girl said to me only the other day, "I'd like to take up Pelmanism, but it's so much advertised that I wonder whether there is not a certain amount of quackery about it."

The association of extensive advertising with quackery is a relic of long years ago, but it is strange how it persists. I was rather surprised, nevertheless, to hear this business woman express the doubt, for she is a marked success in her sphere of work, with a keen, analytical mind.

Inquiry revealed the fact that she had read only one or two of the Pelman announcements closely, though she had glanced in a half-interested way at scores of them. I then divulged that I was a Pelmanist, and immediately a regular machine-gun fire of questions was opened upon me. Was there anything in Pelmanism? Was it free from quackery?

IS THE CASE OVERSTATED?

Did not the advertisements overstate the case? Wasn't the most made of the successes attained by a few students, while the many secured no benefit worth speaking of? To all of which I replied by two further questions: Was it conceivable that over 400,000 people would voluntarily adopt Pelmanism unless they were convinced that they would gain in some way from the study? Would so many of the leaders of thought, including prominent educationalists, influential business men, and well-known authors and editors, publicly state their unbounded faith and belief in Pelmanism if it were not capable of withstanding the most searching investigation?

TREBLED MY INCOME.

These broadsides took instant effect, and I followed up my advantage by mentioning some of the results Pelmanism had achieved in my own case: vast improvement in memory; keener perceptions; realisation of dormant possibilities; consciousness of greater power; appreciation of the beauties of poetry; easier concentration. I reserved for my final shots the two most practical outcomes of my Pelmanist studies.

The first of these had a telling effect, for this would-be Pelmanist was full of ambitious plans in business. I told her that during the past two years my earnings had more than trebled, in spite of many difficulties and setbacks, and that to Pelmanism was due the major part of the credit for this financial improvement. The other result was the con-

summation of an ambitious plan which I had often contemplated, but which, until I had become a Pelmanist, I honestly believed to be something unattainable.

This conversation suggested to me that others are probably deterred from taking up Pelmanism by a variety of "buts," each of which could be disposed of in a minute or two if only it were possible to meet the doubters face to face.

For instance, at various times friends of mine have said: "But I'm not enough of a student to tackle Pelmanism. I could never sit and pore over books and lessons, even if I could find the time." Here we have a dual objection: (1) Pelmanism is thought to be hard to study, and (2) no time can be found for it. Let us deal with the second part of this objection first.

The Pelman course requires from twenty to thirty minutes daily for a period of about three or four months. Many of the exercises can be practised at odd moments—when walking through the streets, while waiting in a friend's office or home, during train or bus rides, and so on. Other parts of the study can be done at home or at the office without seriously encroaching on one's time for other matters. The main fact to be borne in mind is that all of us can find or make time to do those things which really interest us. And Pelmanism is one of those things. Which brings me to the first part of the objection we are rebutting. Pelmanism is as unlike ordinary formal studies as anything can well be.

The very first lesson reveals the fascination of Pelmanism, and this fascination becomes intensified with each succeeding "little grey book." Of course, you cannot get the most out of Pelmanism unless you are prepared to follow the training closely. But any Pelmanist will tell you that there is no difficulty in doing this. Pelmanism itself provides whatever incentive may be needed by those who by nature are disinclined to apply themselves to study. Thus we can dismiss the idea of personal inaptitude for study.

BRAIN POWER.

A frequent contention of the anti-Pelmanists (for there are people who, without knowing what Pelmanism is, are opposed to it) is that it is impossible to make brains grow where none exist. By which they apparently mean that Pelmanism will not make wise men of dullards. Let me say that, so far as I know, The Pelman Institute has never claimed to be able to perform miracles, though tens of thousands of its members would unhesitatingly declare it has done so in their cases. An ordinary school education is the only founda-

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tion necessary to enable any man or woman to become a successful Pelmanist.

In fact, it might be said with a great deal of truth that Pelmanism can be of far more benefit to those of comparatively few scholastic attainments than to those who have been endowed with a more liberal education. To be deterred from taking up Pelmanism because it is thought that only "brainy" people can make profitable use of it is to allow oneself to be influenced by an inaccurate or incomplete idea of what Pelmanism is and does.

EMINENT MEN ON PELMANISM.

On another occasion I was told that Pelmanism was chiefly a matter of very clever advertising, and that the merits of the system existed almost entirely in the imagination of the man responsible for the Pelman announcements. This critic, however, could not explain how it was that men of the calibre of Admiral Lord Beresford, General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir Wm. Robertson Nicoll, Sir H. Rider Haggard, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Mr. Geo. R. Sims, Mr. Max Pemberton, and many others, came to write such glowing tributes to this Course in Mind and Memory Training.

He agreed that their testimony was unimpeachable, and admitted (rather reluctantly, I thought) that perhaps there was more in Pelmanism than he had supposed. It is the opinion of hundreds of Pelmanists that the announcements of the Institute err distinctly on the side of moderation. Although the advertisements tell nothing but the truth, they do not tell all the truth, on the principle, I take it, that enough is as good as a feast.

Then there's the man who says: "Yes, Pelmanism is no doubt all right for the brain-worker or student, but I'm a mechanic"—or a farmer, a grocer, a policeman, a telegraphist, a rate collector, as the case may be. Just because some people reach much greater success than others in these vocations is proof that there is scope for keen workers in these and similar fields.

PELMANISM FOR WORKERS.

A Pelman-trained mind will show the industrial worker, for instance, in which direction advancement lies, and what steps to take to attain the goal toward which he is striving. Thousands of letters from Pelmanists have been published at various times, demonstrating in unmistakable manner the great benefit which anyone can derive from the Course. A coalminer declares Pelmanism to be very useful to him in his work; a munition worker gives Pelmanism direct credit for his ability to design a patent pile; a Manchester bleacher says he never spent money to better advantage than on the Course. These instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. The man or woman who hesitates to adopt Pelmanism through a mistaken notion that it is useful only to the business and professional classes is neglecting the supreme opportunity of his or her life.

QUESTIONS OFTEN ASKED.

Readers are requested to note very carefully the Questions and Answers given below. It will save them and the PELMAN Institute a certain amount of correspondence about details.

1. How many lessons are there in the PELMAN Course?

Twelve. The Synopsis of these lessons will be found in the pages of "Mind and Memory."

2. How much time should be given to the Course daily?

This depends on personal circumstances, as some pupils have more spare time than others. Twenty minutes or half an hour daily should enable the pupil to complete in three or four months.

3. Will this Course help me in my business?

There is no brain worker in any business or profession who cannot benefit by the study of the Course.

4. What do you mean by the word "System"?

This word is used in order to express a certain quality in the training; that quality is *Method*: in other words, the organisation of knowledge and its scientific application to everyday needs.

5. Is the result of the training lasting?

Undoubtedly; the training ensures permanent benefit. The man who is put on the right road for physical health must continue to respect physical laws, otherwise his health declines once more. It is the same in the mental world. The PELMAN System shows a man how to use his mind in the best way, but if he becomes careless he naturally loses what he has gained, and his mental efficiency relapses into its previous inefficiency.

6. Is the instruction individual?

Yes. The system is individualised to each pupil by means of annotations; by personal letters; and by answering the personal questions of the pupil himself.

7. I have not had a good education. Is this a drawback?

If you have had an ordinary school education you will find nothing in the PELMAN System which you cannot understand, and nothing which may not be a source of profit.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course at a reduced fee may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader who applies to the Pelman Institute, 155, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses: 40-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

THE VELDT TRAIL

"I hope you don't propose to try and run your share of the proposition."

"I can't tell you about that, until I've seen it. But you know you'll simply love it!"

"I! You surely don't imagine I'm coming!"

"Of course I do. I can't go alone."

"Heat and sand and flies! Tinned food eaten on tin plates in tin houses! No bridge, no wine, no women! No, thank you, not in my line."

"But there is," she insisted.

"Is what?"

"All sorts of things—nice things—like bridge and dancing. I've read about them. And women with Burne-Jones eyes. . . ."

"I hate women with Burne-Jones eyes. They look sideways under long lashes—ugh!"

"Well, there's Elizabeth."

"And who's Elizabeth?"

"Mr. Lyall's sister."

"A flapper?"

"Not now. She must have left school about seven years ago, when she went out there."

"Eights in boots, I expect, with thick ankles, and wears breeches! I can't stand land girls!"

"She may be a soft and dimply dairy-maid."

"Worse and worse," he groaned. "No stays—feels like dancing with a bolster. I know the type. I could better bear the blighters with Burne-Jones eyes."

"Well, come to take care of me," she laughed.

"Perhaps you'll change your mind to-morrow?"

"No," firmly, "I'm going through with it."

"I expect Lyall will bless you for an interfering busybody."

"He can. I feel it my duty to go and look over my late husband's property." She folded her hands and assumed a demure expression.

"You impostor!" And again they both laughed.

"Flip, come with me." She slipped her arm through his and raised a winsome face.

"Leave it until to-morrow."

"It won't make any difference."

"Perhaps not, but I reserve my answer until then."

A good deal of the morrow was spent in expostulating and reasoning with Higgings, who would not be persuaded that any civilisation whatever existed in Rhodesia. She tried to enlist Flip on her side at lunch time, but he declined to take the matter seriously. "You don't want civilisation in a warm, sunny country like Rhodesia," he argued. "After all, civilisation is only wearing clothes, isn't it?"

"And don't you want that?" demanded Higgings.

"Of course not. You just paint yourself black all over. It saves washing, as well as buying things."

Higgings' eyes opened wide. "My!" she exclaimed, "it's worse than I thought."

"Don't be a goose, Higgy," from Sybil. "He's pulling your leg."

"I'm not so sure," with a head shake. "They'd do anything out there, *anything*. Fancy havin' a black creature doing the house-work. Perhaps coming into your bedroom! I know I should lock my door morning, noon and night."

"There aren't any doors to lock," from Flip, "just huts with openings that you creep in and out of."

"Well, she can't go, that settles it. A hut indeed! With an opening!"

"You must go with her," he teased. "She certainly means to go."

"That I will *not*. A decent Christian country like England is good enough for me."

Later on Sir Nigel came in to tea. He was more assiduously attentive to Sybil than ever in these days, but in an unobtrusive, self-obliterating way, that made her secretly very grateful to him. Helmsley might have a much stronger attraction, but his overbearing disposition worried her at the moment. "Auntie" Nigel was willing to sink himself in studying her wishes. So he fetched and carried as of old, without assuming any change because of the new conditions. Of course it would not last. Sybil felt vaguely a crisis must come presently, but until the hour came she felt happy and secure with him. And, strangely enough, he was the first to take a sympathetic view of her new whim. He had known one or two men from Rhodesia, and believed it to be a beautiful country. Queenie's idea that she should go right away for a few months seemed to him a

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good one, and if she had a fancy to see Rhodesia, he saw no reason why she should not indulge it. He was rewarded by Sybil's gladness to find so substantial an adherent, and offered to make all inquiries as to ships and passages.

From his own point of view it seemed to him that she had been frivolling in London over-long. Why should she not see a little of the world beyond her own immediate circle—and especially the world where the Empire-builders went on their quiet way? Sir Nigel suspected shrewdly, that in visiting a Colony personally, and seeing the life on the outposts at first hand, one got a great deal nearer to the heart of the Overseas Empire-work than could ever be possible from platforms and literature in England. And if the experience involved some "roughing it," he was secretly of the opinion that Sybil would be none the worse for a crumpled rose-leaf or two in her care-free, irresponsible existence.

Of course she had had a bad time, in some mysterious way, over her unfortunate marriage, but she had thrown it off very quickly, or seemed to do so, when the separation took place, and her brother, Queenie, and Higgings had combined to spoil her in every way ever since, and keep all further troubles at bay.

And yet they had not spoilt her!

Perhaps few realised as he and Flip that underneath Sybil's gay, laughter-loving exterior was a staunch, sympathetic, thoughtful character, capable of good work if it came her way. Perhaps he was even a little jealous for her. Given the environment of the last few years, with its rush of pleasure upon pleasure, how should she find any path out of the common rut? If, on the other hand, the environment changed, why should she not stumble unconsciously upon some rich fulfilment of herself? Which attitude showed Sir Nigel to be a very true friend indeed, since the changed environment might so easily lead her farther and farther from him.

In the end of course she had her way, and the journey was planned so speedily that a cable had to be sent to Rhodesia to announce her decision.

It arrived on a Sunday, in the mail-bag, while Elizabeth and Jim were out riding on the ranch accompanied by the seven dogs.

Jim had his rifle, "in case they saw anything," as the larder, at the moment, was unpleasantly empty. They rode towards the Umvukwe Mountains, as they had plenty of time on hand, and Elizabeth loved any excuse to climb to the ridge between two peaks, and look across the world beyond. She would have found it difficult to explain why this particular view held such an attraction for her. At best it was a vista of kopjes and stunted forests for miles and miles to a measureless horizon, devoid of life, devoid of sound, devoid of movement. No gleam of water threaded its shining way, no haze of smoke bespoke human dwellings or human handiwork, no roads were visible, and no steaming locomotive crossed the wide expanse. Yet Elizabeth felt she could sit and gaze at it for hours, watching the changing lights and shadows, sending her soul upon a far, lone quest into the infinite blue distance.

Was that perhaps its allurements? One never grows tired of looking at the stars, as one may of a view that is too well known in detail and holds no mysteries. The stars are never well known. They hold for ever the fascination of the unknown and the mysterious. A view in Africa may always have this rare aloofness—this lure of the unknown. Down there among all those fantastic kopjes, some with boulders of gleaming granite, and pathless forests, and unknown vleis, what beasts moved stealthily on their daily quests, what tribes lived their unmolested, untroubled lives, what strange, beautiful birds flew from bough to bough, what hidden streams sang their happy songs between high enfolding banks? And in the far distance the ethereal blue mountains! Elizabeth thought always of Emily Brontë's lines—

"What have those lonely mountains worth revealing?

More glory and more grief than I can tell:
The earth that wakes *one* human heart to feeling
Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell."

As it had been with the lonely, unknown genius in Yorkshire, so it was with this lonely English girl among the Rhodesian kopjes. Each, unaided, had found her God for herself within her own soul, and could smile serenely over the absence of their fellows and a life lived largely in solitude.

To Elizabeth God was everywhere, an invisible divine essence, inspiring her deepest

THE VELDT TRAIL

and happiest thoughts, filling her with a divine content.

Perhaps she was in danger of becoming too much of a dreamer, of allowing one side of her personality to overshadow all other sides to her loss, for to be many-sided is to *live* more fully; but as her years only numbered twenty-five there was plenty of time for life to present itself in many different aspects yet, while the inner calm of these early years might well remain a rare refuge in any turbulent years to come.

So Elizabeth, on her ridge between two peaks, looked across the dreaming land with pensive eyes and wondered if it were because it was *empty* of a countryside's usual features that she found it so fascinating. Did she like her world made more or less for herself? Just a gigantic canvas of kopje, forest and stream, for her to people as she chose, leaving it free of the "fitful fever" of the average human being's life. Free of all strife of creeds, and strife of tongues, of all dogmas, ambitions, rivalries, graspings; of unmerited success, undeserved praise, unearned emoluments, which breed bitterness in all hearts and turn peaceable citizens everywhere into revolutionaries.

Each time the weekly newspaper arrived on the ranch with the weekly mail, echoes reverberated among the kopjes of the great unrest in the world, which had followed upon the great war. Everywhere strikes, agitators, revolutionaries, Bolsheviks—widespread discontent and a blind grasping after some elusive state of imagined happiness. Elizabeth, in her heart of hearts, was a born revolutionary, as everyone must be who desires progress, especially progress for the submerged tenth at the expense of the prosperous and wealthy. And so, among her kopjes, though she deplored their methods, her sympathies were with the strikers. To seek to do away with the Capitalists was absurd, since it must inevitably block progress; but to make the Capitalists give the workers a personal interest in their schemes and success, and the best environment possible, even if it interfered with dividends, was quite another matter. In her fancy she believed that the only panacea for all was a return to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount; and then she smiled a little wistfully, a little whimsically, at what that would mean in the European cities of to-day. Well—

she was glad her lot was cast in this sunny, beautiful land, with its happy companionship of animals and dreams.

And yet, who can say she was not a loser?

Beyond the blue mountains there might be strife and bitterness and discomfort, but so also there was an *aliveness* which, as yet, she hardly knew.

Meanwhile, up there on her ridge, weaving her philosophical dreams, Elizabeth was brought back to everyday affairs very suddenly by the sharp report of a rifle. Instantly her pony was in haste to be off and see what was happening to his pal Quicksilver and all the dogs; and Elizabeth turned him readily enough, and cantered through the long grass towards a spot near the river, where the dogs were all giving tongue while Jim followed excitedly on their track, with his rifle in his hand and his horse's reins over his arm. By the river they found a duiker shot through the heart, and all the dogs nosing delightedly round, while the joy of the successful hunter who has made a good shot shone in Jim's face, reflected by the housewifely relief of a full larder in Elizabeth's.

"I didn't see the shot," she exclaimed.

"Where was the buck?"

"I got him running at a hundred yards," he told her with evident pride. "He scarcely stopped a second before he was off full rip. Must have heard the dogs, I think. It was quite a pretty shot."

"It must have been! I wish I'd seen it. How are we to get it home?"

"I wonder if Quicksilver would let me take him across the saddle?" eyeing his horse doubtfully, in fact with much the same expression as that with which Quicksilver was now eyeing the dead buck. "We'll try him. Gently, boy—gently—come and sniff him."

But Quicksilver had quite other views about dead animals with wide-open eyes, and cared nothing about a full larder, so he threw up his head and began to back away. They tried him with his head beside Pegasus, and Elizabeth holding the reins, but the moment Jim tried to raise the buck he stamped hurriedly away, and very nearly pulled Elizabeth over her pony's neck. They had a good laugh and made several attempts, but Quicksilver refused to have anything to do with dead buck,

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and in the end they were glad to espy a native going in the direction of the home-stead, and called to him to come and carry the spoils. This he was only too glad to do, knowing it meant a bit of meat for his trouble.

Jim and Elizabeth then rode briskly home across the veldt in the pleasant evening coolness, and flinging their horses' reins to the horse-boy waiting for them, stepped gaily into the house, little dreaming what a thunderbolt awaited them. Jim espied the mail-bag instantly, and unlocked it with the eagerness one always feels at the outposts.

"A telegram!" he remarked, picking up the orange-coloured envelope from the miscellaneous collection of letters and bills. Elizabeth glanced at him as he opened and read it, and she saw his brow grow suddenly black, and a swift anger cross his face. "Heavens!" he muttered in a low, furious voice, and stared at the paper in his hands.

"What is it?" she asked, with quick apprehension, fearing some dreadful outrage in England, or Europe.

"That woman!" he declared, "that woman positively wires that she is coming here!"

"What woman?"—opening her eyes wide with a puzzled expression.

"Why, Owen's wife, of course! The impertinence of it! It's too preposterous! I simply refuse to have her."

Elizabeth held out her hand, and he gave her the message. It ran—

"Letter to hand. Wish to see property. Sailing with brother twentieth.—SYBIL LACK."

For a moment Elizabeth regarded it speechlessly, and Jim, now tramping the room with angry strides, again declared—"It is preposterous. She can't come *now*. I refuse to have her."

"I'm afraid you can't help it."

"But I must. It's perfectly indecent. To leave Owen all those years, and then come tearing out to see the property! Wants to make a good bargain for herself, no doubt. Doesn't trust me, or a valuer. Bringing her brother to help her. Well, I say she can't do it. I shall simply wire and tell her so."

"What can you say?" Elizabeth looked decidedly worried and perplexed.

"I shall cable—'Visit not feasible at present, await letter'—and then I shall write and tell her why I object to her presence here, and that if she insists upon coming I shall go away myself, and leave the ranch to take its chances as long as she remains on it."

He stopped in his walk, and his face lightened a little. "That ought to stop her," he said.

Elizabeth picked up the message and re-read it. Then she glanced at the almanac on his desk.

Suddenly she dropped the flimsy paper on the table, with a gesture of finality.

"The cable has been lying at the post-office since Tuesday. They must have sailed yesterday."

He seized the message and read the dates for himself. "Confound!" he muttered, between his teeth, and stamped out on to the veranda, where he stood staring into emptiness, trying to conquer his seething fury.

(End of Chapter Eight)



RESCUING TORPEDOED TREASURE

Ships and cargoes to the value of £1,200,000,000 lie under the sea as a result of the German submarine campaign. The fascinating story of the attempts being made to rescue this fabulously expensive treasure will be given in an article entitled "**£1,200,000,000 Under the Sea**" in my next issue. It will be fully illustrated.



Confidences

DO people come to you for advice? I notice that quite a number of persons want to know my opinion on their personal affairs. Of course, this is very flattering, but I sometimes suspect that it is more than advice they are out for when they waylay me. It is not so much the accumulated experience of the years that they desire—they usually want a little practical assistance, financial or otherwise.



Embryo Shakespeares in Mufti

Most people who come to me for "advice" do so on the grounds that they have made the extraordinary discovery that they were meant to be great authors or immortal poets. They accordingly seek my counsel in order that I may (1) confirm their suspicions, and (2) accept some of their wares. Now, unfortunately, in spite of some years' editorial service, I have the utmost difficulty in recognising embryo Shakespeares in men and women dressed in ordinary garb; also, my knowledge of poetry and ability to judge the same is deplorably bad. Consequently it often happens that the persons so eagerly seeking my advice are not in the condition to recognise its worth should it be at all faithful, and not in the temper to accept and profit by it. This forces on a truthful Editor a very unwelcome species of mental reservation, a habit of mixing truth with a kindly ambiguity more suited to diplomats of the old school than to the open order of statesmanship of the new democratic days.



In the Springtime—

But people come to me for advice on other matters than poems and prize essays.

And here again the homage is deeply flattering—if at times open to suspicion. For instance, early in the year, even before the time when the buds burst forth and spring makes heroes of us all, my next-door neighbour suddenly forgot his four years war work in the air service, and developed a craving for tennis. He came to me for advice. Did I think "we" could secure a tennis court, form a club, and "have a good game of tennis this year, don't you know"? It transpired that at the back of our respective houses lay an idle quarter-acre of ground which a one-time war-allotment enthusiast had evidently broken up, and had, as evidently, forgotten its existence or died in the attempt to rear cabbages and save the Empire. My neighbour, with becoming modesty, sought my opinion on the possibility of converting this abandoned allotment into a beautiful, sociable tennis court—with a club to play on (and pay for) it.



I join the League of Neighbours

This, as I say, was flattering, for I don't mind mentioning "between ourselves" that my knowledge of all gardening matters is as crudely rudimental as my knowledge of sports. To put it plainly, he could not have come to a person less competent to give advice on the subject than myself. Yet he submitted the case to me with as deferential an air as to counsel on a law case. Is it one's good nature, or inability to resist flattery, that makes even the most wily of us listen to the voice of the charmer? For, of course, in spite of my ignorance, in spite of my inability to play tennis or to mark courts, I was soon inveigled into the scheme. Instead of being a second Wilson solving tennis problems with fourteen points, I was an active member of a League of Neighbours to turn an innocent grass

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field into a lordly tennis court—and to equip the same with apparatus and members.



The Danger of Giving Advice

You begin to see at once the danger of consenting to give advice. Again and again our great Empire has been dragged into war by the insidious arts of smaller nations who so humbly ask our "advice"—and who take it when there is a chance of our backing it with arms. Have you not time and again been called upon for counsel by perplexed persons in distress—and haven't you discovered that so often the necessary accompaniment of sound advice is a little hard cash to enable the recipient to carry it out? If so, you will sympathise with, instead of blaming, me.



A Simple Proposition, but—

To turn a plain, flat field into a tennis court seems a fairly simple proposition at first sight. True, when I, in my turn, consulted one or two local gardeners they propounded highly involved plans of (1) taking up the top layer of turf from the field in question, (2) laying down an elaborate series of earth-drains and what not, and (3) relaying with proper turf augmented with sundry sowings of grass seed, followed by repeated rollings and cuttings. Now, to one who knows nothing about it, the plan seems rather elaborate. In our case it had the fatal objections that (1) there was no time to go through the routine, and (2) the necessary labour could not be obtained. Here again my worthy friend asked my advice. Did I not think that—the field being fairly flat—a little plain rolling would do just as well? And here again I fell under the spell, and admitted that it did seem as if—provided the field were well rolled once or twice a week from now until Doomsday—it certainly ought to be flatter than it appeared at the present.



Form a Committee

The proper procedure for running a club, or electing a candidate for Parliament, or making a Treaty of Peace—or anything else—is to form a committee. The only exceptions to this rule are editing *THE QUIVER* and nursing a baby, in both of which cases—fortunately—it is held that a committee is unnecessary. I say "for-

tunately," because your favourite magazine would certainly never go to press, and most certainly never come out, if it had to be moved, seconded, supported, and carried in everything it did—and I suspect much the same applies to a baby.



Time and the Peace Conference

There have been sundry complaints about the length of the deliberations of the Peace Conference. The complaints are quite unjustified. I estimate, calculating on the precedent of the Abandoned Allotment Tennis Club, that the proceedings of the Peace Conference should take some four hundred and eighty-four years, five months, and six days. If, by any chance, the task should be accomplished earlier, I think the nations of the world are to be highly congratulated, and the statesmanship of the Big Four—or Little Two, or whoever does the trick—highly commended. For if there is something insidious about giving advice, there is something fatal about being elected on to a committee. A committee is a profound device for killing time and shelving work; its power to get things done is in inverse ratio to the number of members serving upon it, and its one chance of accomplishing anything the fluke of not getting a quorum.

It is sad to reflect that the committee stage of the A. A. Tennis Club was nearly its undoing. It is doubly sad to make the confession in view of the highly illuminating debates that took place, and the amount of research and reading that various members put into the task of creating that tennis court. The grass ought to have flattened itself by the mere weight of eloquence dropped on it.



A Woman Intervenes

It will, however, generally be found that when a deadlock occurs in the affairs of clubs and nations, some one person usually turns up who saves the whole situation and brings harmony out of chaos. It is, mind, always an individual—never a committee. A committee never has solved a problem nor saved a situation. At the best it can present a Majority and a Minority Report, get it printed, and go to sleep again. It needs a Lloyd George—or a woman—to point the way to victory, and get a mere job done.

In our case, Mr. Lloyd George not being available, the situation was saved by a

BETWEEN OURSELVES

woman. The difficulties were many and great. It had been found hard to trace the present tenant of the allotment; the landlord and his agent were both benevolently neutral, and each referred an anxious inquirer to the other. Then labour to flatten out the land was most annoyingly difficult to get, and—worse still—the cost of the equipment prohibitively dear. Under the circumstances, prospective members fought shy of joining, the grass grew longer, and the “good game of tennis” became a vision of the distant future.



Cold Supper and High Hopes

Late one night the committee in despair threw up the job, and asked Mrs. Editor if she could do anything. Your poor Editor went to work with a sinking heart, and came home to a cold supper. . . . But the deed was done. In one short day the owner had been traced, a telegram dispatched and answered. And at seven o'clock the next morning a strong force of labour was engaged on the land—not, mark you, the one odd man slightly mentally defective that the committee had discussed by the hour for and against, not the local firm of gardeners who might do it if they could but could promise nothing—except to make the bill an exorbitant one. Mrs. Editor had engaged a gang of German prisoners, and they turned our Abandoned Allotment into a Tennis Court in less than a week.

Not the End



This ought to be the end of the story. In a happy-ending magazine like *THE QUIVER* one ought just to sketch in a pleasant scene where the Editor and his wife, the goodly neighbours poor and rich, are playing an American tournament on Peace Day amid the plaudits of the natives. Alas! as I write, Peace Day is not officially settled—and our Tennis Court is not marked out for play. True, the German prisoners did their part—and their worthy escorts saw that they did. Mrs. Editor also attended a series of local auction sales, and, after exciting bidding, secured the most wonderful assortment of nets, poles, and devices that a tennis player could ever imagine. . . . But we are not yet playing on the court.



A Roller Tragedy

The man next door, in spite of all his humility, in spite of the deferential way

he asked my advice, despite the self-abnegating way in which he allowed Mrs. Editor to solve the labour and landlord difficulty, despite all these things, one day went out and bought a garden roller on his own. Of course, a tennis court that has not been properly taken up and re-laid—a tennis court that has been made by Germans if not made in Germany—requires a lot of rolling, and the bigger the roller the better the rolling. So the man next door went out and bought a roller weighing six hundredweight. Six hundredweight of solid substance pressed down on soft mother earth ought to produce a surface flat enough to sign the Peace Treaty on. Ought to. But it hasn't so far. And six hundredweight of solid roller requires a thundering lot of pulling. At first it seems easy enough—especially when the land is sloping. But after the first length!



A Pushing Editor

Committees can talk, ladies can get work done, German prisoners can uproot trees and square off a plot of ground. But unfortunately, when it comes to pulling a huge roller over a hundred feet of prairie-land, it seems to be the fate of your Editor to play the man. Sometimes the man next door takes a turn—sometimes he does not. Sometimes there is a slight patch of grass that is coaxing its way upwards out of the “turf”—sometimes there is not. But your Editor's bones ache, and his blistered hands refuse the pen from the exertions of the oversized roller. Before rain and after rain, in morning light or evening shade, that wretched little bit of land wants rolling. We are labouring oft and hoping much, but the day of the opening is as far removed as ever, and—if Peace Day comes in the four hundred odd years I have assigned to it, it will still be an open question which will get the first look in: the Peace celebrations or our new Tennis Club.

The Moral



The moral of the whole matter is, never to give advice. I think it was Sir Robertson Nicoll who some years ago laid down that dictum. He said he rarely gave advice—even when it were asked. At the time I thought it strange: but now I deem it only too true. Beware how you give your counsel to a neighbour: in the end you must pay for it by the sweat of your brow. Strange perversity of human nature, but true all the same—if you give advice to-day, to-morrow you will have to push a roller.

The Quiver Parliament

What our Readers Think of the Topics of the Day

I invite letters from my readers on matters dealt with in the current number, as well as on general topics of the day, and shall be pleased to pay 5/- for the best received each month. A cheque for 5/- has been sent to Miss Ross

"Onwards and Upwards"

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In the current issue of your magazine I notice you invite letters from your readers, but until we see accepted letters published in future numbers it is difficult to know what topics you prefer. Meantime, may I write a few lines about THE QUIVER itself—as a representative of many thousands of your readers, neither clever nor critical, to whom good magazines are often the only holiday and relaxation.

The cover of a magazine is the great attraction—like a beautiful frame of which the picture is hidden. It catches the eye at once in shop or on bookstall. And greatest of all is the appeal of a pretty face on the cover: one would buy the April QUIVER on this merit alone. The weary worker likes to dream of herself in the "might have been"! The personal element is stirred by the human face, hence its preference to landscape.

There can never be too many short stories, only, we confess, we are rather tired of the war element. Our minds, too, need reconstruction after their terrible trend of recent years. We want stories to make us smile. . . .

But perhaps, Mr. Editor, one of the greatest attractions of a magazine is a competition—one that we mediocre people can enjoy. The "Section for Younger Readers" caters excellently for the young people, and the competitions are of a high excellence. Now what about us "Older Readers"? Who can withstand the thrill of seeing one's name in print? This anticipation will often induce a non-regular reader to buy a copy specially in glorious anticipation! The feature of competitions is of great importance in the choice of a magazine. Photographs, too, highly charm the feminine portion of your readers. We dearly like to see the people we read about; hence the great popularity of the penny daily picture papers.

The motto of THE QUIVER might well be described as "Onwards and Upwards," and as people must surely recognise the best when they see it, the desired increase of subscribers will doubtless ensue.

Hoping you do not object to "the mind of a reader" with best wishes for your magazine—Yours faithfully,

(Miss) MARGARET ROSS.

Leven, Fife, N.B.

From an Old Reader

DEAR SIR,—I have often wondered would an Editor care to be thanked, and reading his article in the last QUIVER I thought he would forgive me for the liberty.

Well, my good man was a great admirer of THE QUIVER over fifty years ago, and after our marriage we still loved the dear, bright, racy little magazine. Our girls loved it, too, and from cover to cover it was read. Then some friend got it, and finally we had them bound. Of course, the Editors must have been changed many times, but I can say truly that we never enjoyed them so heartily as this winter.

The Christmas Number cheered us all, and I be-

lieve did us good. The numbers since then have been excellent, and we both send our best thanks and good wishes for your splendid selection, and trust you may be enabled to continue to carry help and cheer to your many readers all through this year. I think we are your oldest readers, for our golden wedding is very near.—I am, very truly,
AN OLD WIFE.

What the Church Needs

DEAR SIR,—I have been much interested in your article, "Will the Soldiers Come Back to Church?" in the February number. It seems to me that you have indicated some of the weak places in the Church's work in the past and some of the absolutely necessary reforms if the Church is to meet the new need. As I go about the country, I am trying to say many of the things you say so well in your article.

One of the most urgent needs in the Church is a new attitude towards social and economic and industrial questions. These must no longer be tabooed in Church life, but must be faced and solved in the light of the Gospel.

I regret that my unusually busy life at present—I am touring the country constantly—makes it impossible for me to write more fully about a subject of such deep interest. But you are certainly saying true and necessary things.—Believe me, yours faithfully,

(Rev.) J. E. ROBERTS.

Union Chapel, Manchester.

Among the Indians

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—At present I, together with a Deaconess of the Church of England, am living in a log building situated on the prairie of the Peigan Indian Reserve in Southern Alberta, Canada. We two women are living here a very simple life, and are trying to help our Indian sisters in the clothing of their children and ministering to the sick, etc.

About two years ago, while studying the Black-foot language, which is the language spoken by this tribe, I spent a few days with some friends on a ranch among the foothills of the Rockies, and while there I picked up a copy of THE QUIVER, and was very much pleased with the short stories. It has been in my heart to subscribe ever since, and last December I subscribed for THE QUIVER. My friend and I eagerly look forward to the arrival of THE QUIVER, as it seems to be just what we need. With all good wishes—Yours sincerely,
Brocket, Alta., Canada. ANNIE A. STENNING.

From Trinidad

DEAR EDITOR,—I have often thought of writing you a few lines, but have always put it off, so now I have resolved not to put it off any longer.

I have been taking THE QUIVER for about twenty-two years, and have always found it comforting and instructive. The family always look forward monthly to the next number.—Yours truly,

Trinidad, B.W.I.

M. MENDEL.

B.D.

B.D.

Everyday Risks Everyone Runs



A LADY passing a shop in a London suburb recently was struck down by a falling fascia of heavy glass and seriously injured. A similar accident may happen in any street, and may happen to you.

Suppose you met with an accident necessitating medical or surgical attention, weeks of abstention from business, and weeks of convalescence and recuperation. How are you prepared to meet your current and special expenses? If you are insured nothing need worry you in this respect—the Insurance Company provides you with cash compensation. But if not?—Surely a matter for serious consideration. For quite a nominal sum you can effect

adequate insurance covering not only accidents of all kinds, but practically every form of serious illness and disease.

Send a post card to-day for full particulars of the "British Dominions" series of insurances.

A WORD TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

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Dear Sir,
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31st DECEMBER, 1918.

Subscribed Capital -	-	-	-	-	£34,428,948
Uncalled Capital -	-	-	-	-	27,256,250
Paid-up Capital -	-	-	-	-	7,172,697
Reserve Fund -	-	-	-	-	7,172,697
Deposits -	-	-	-	-	£334,898,435
Cash in hand and Balance at Bank of England -	-	-	-	-	63,756,371
Money at Call and at Short Notice -	-	-	-	-	65,809,169
Investments and Bills of Exchange -	-	-	-	-	100,849,947
Advances -	-	-	-	-	99,213,614
Advances on War Loans -	-	-	-	-	14,218,201

Paid-up Capital is now - - - - £8,171,417
Reserve Fund " " - - - - £8,171,417

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NEEDLECRAFT SECTION

Fancy Work for Summer Months

Muslin and Crochet Cushion Cover

THE *appliqué* designs which ornament this cushion cover in a very novel manner are all made separately, and afterwards mounted on the muslin. There are altogether four large rosettes, eight curved ribbons, four small squares, and the lace edging.

The model was made with "Peri-Lusta" Crochet, No. 40, and a steel hook, No. 5.

ABBREVIATIONS:
 Ss., slip-stitch; ch., chain; dc., double crochet; htr., half treble; tr., treble; h d tr., half-double treble; dtr., double treble; pt., picot.

For the **LARGE ROSETTE**: Make a ring of 8 ch.

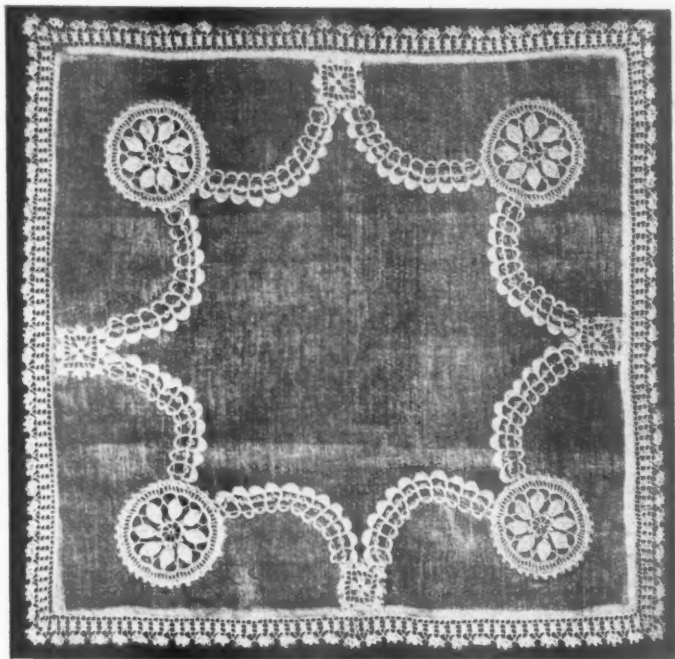
1st round.—8 ch., * 1 dtr. (cotton twice round hook) into the ring, 3 ch.; repeat from * six times, and finish with 1 ss. into the 5th of 8 ch.

2nd round.—1 ch., * 2 dc. in hole, 1 pt. (5 ch. 1 ss. into top of preceding dc.), 2 dc. in same hole, 1 dc. on the dtr. of last round; then, for a leaf, work 13 ch., miss

*Cushion Cover—Tea-cloth—
 —Brush-and-Comb Bag—
 Dainty Handkerchief Edging*

one of these ch., 10 dc. on the next ten ch., leave the remaining two foundation ch., turn the work round and on the base of the dc. make 1 dc., 1 htr., 6 tr., 1 htr., 1 dc., 3 dc. at the tip of the leaf, and down the second edge of the 10 dc., work 1 dc., 1 htr., 6 tr., 1 htr., 1 dc., then 2 dc. on the two free ch. of stem. Repeat seven times from *, join the row with a slip-stitch and cut off the thread.

3rd round.—Join the thread at the tip of a leaf, 1 dc., 7 ch., 1 dtr. half-way down



This Muslin and Crochet Combination makes an Attractive Cushion Cover

THE QUIVER

the edge of the leaf, leave the last two loops on the hook, work another dtr. in the middle of edge of next leaf, and take off the loops two by two, including those of the preceding dtr., 7 ch.; repeat from the beginning of the round.

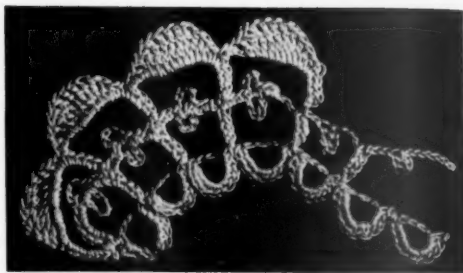
4th round.—9 dc. in every ch. loop of preceding round.

5th round.—5 ch., miss one, 1 tr., 2 ch., * miss one, 1 tr., 2 ch.; repeat from * all round and join with 1 ss. to the 3rd of the first five ch. (72 holes).

6th round.—3 ch. (for one tr.), 1 tr. in first hole, * 2 tr. in next hole, 1 pt. (5 ch., 1 ss. in preceding tr.), 2 tr. in next hole; repeat from * all round and finish with 1 ss., as usual (36 pts.). Fasten off.

For the RIBBON uniting the rosettes:

1st row.—11 ch., join in a ring, 11 dc. into ring, * 11 ch., join in a ring (by taking out the hook, putting it into the first ch., and drawing last ch. through), 11 dc. in the ring, repeat from * nine times. Cut off the thread.



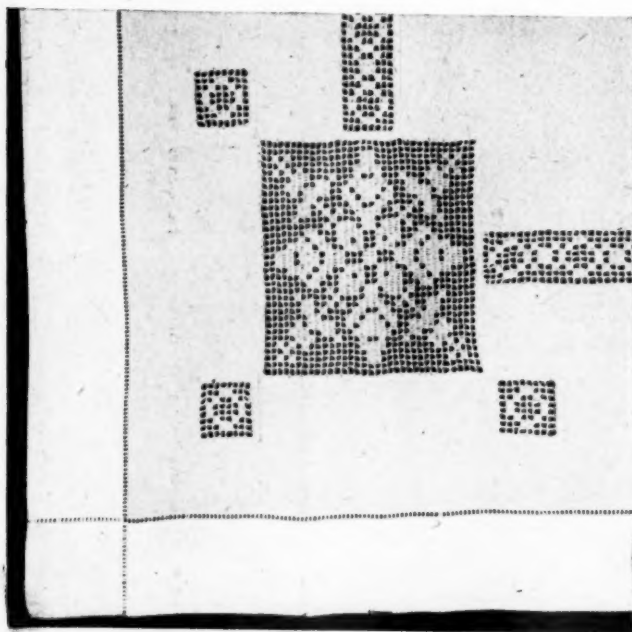
Detail of the Curved Ribbon used on the Cushion Cover

2nd row.—Begin in the first dc. of 1st row, holding the covered rings downwards, those last worked resting towards the right hand of the worker, make 1 dc., then 7 ch., * 1 pt. (6 ch., 1 ss. into first of five ch.), 7 ch., take out the hook, put it into the thread between first and second rings and draw the last ch. through, 1 ch., 4 dc. over the ch. loop thus made, * 2 ch., 1 pt., 7 ch., catch back between the next two rings as before, 1 ch., 4 dc. into loop; repeat from * all along.

3rd row.—2 dc. into last loop, * 1 dc., 1 pt., 1 dc. into base of pt. of last row, 2 dc. in next two ch., 1 dc. between two rings, 2 dc. into next loop; repeat from * all along, finishing with 6 dc. in last loop and 1 ss. at end.

4th row.—11 ch., * catch back to dc. between two loops, 1 ch., 4 dc. into this loop, 11 ch.; repeat from * and finish with 4 dc.

5th row.—In every ch. loop work 1 dc., 1 htr., 1 tr., 1 htr. (cotton twice round hook, draw through two, then through three loops), 5 dtr., 1 htr., 1 tr., 1 htr., 1 dc. The dc. draw together the last edge loops to make a fairly



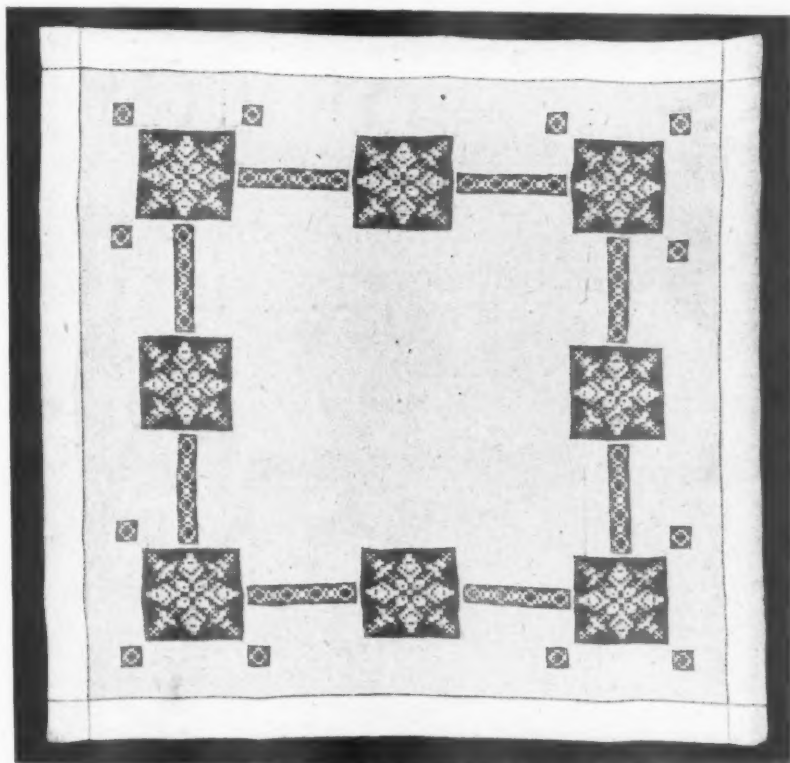
An Enlarged Corner of the Afternoon Tea-cloth

NEEDLECRAFT SECTION

straight line of scallops. As the work progresses, it will be noticed that the ribbon takes a natural curve to suit the shape wanted for the design. Take a small needle and fine thread, and catch one end of the ribbon to three picots at the edge of the corner rosette. The next band should be

1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. in the middle of the five ch. at the corner, 5 ch., 1 tr. in same stitch, 3 ch., 1 tr. into first dtr.; repeat from * all round and finish with 1 ss. into the third of the first six ch.

3rd round.—1 dc., 1 htr., 1 tr., 1 pt. (of 5 ch. and 1 ss. in the preceding tr.), 1 htr.,



An Afternoon Tea-cloth finished with Crochet Insets

attached in the same way, leaving two picots free between the two ribbons.

Each of the FOUR SMALL SQUARES which finish the sides of the ribbon between the rosettes is made as follows:

Make 8 ch. and join in a ring.

1st round.—5 ch. (to serve as 1 dtr.), 4 dtr. into ring, * 5 ch., 5 dtr. into ring; repeat from * twice, then 5 ch., 1 ss. in the 5th of the first five ch.

2nd round.—6 ch. (the first three for 1 tr.), miss one dtr., 1 tr., * 3 ch., miss one dtr.,

2 dtr. all in next hole, 1 pt., 2 dtr., 1 htr., 1 pt., 1 tr., 1 htr., 1 dc. in the next hole, 2 dc. in next hole. In the corner hole put 1 dc., 1 htr., 1 tr., 1 pt., 1 htr., 2 dtr., 1 pt., 2 dtr., 1 htr., 1 pt., 1 tr., 1 htr., 1 dc., then 2 dc. in the next hole, and repeat from the beginning of the round. Fasten off.

For the EDGING of the cushion: Begin on a foundation of 16 ch.

1st row.—Miss six ch., 7 tr.

2nd row.—Turn with 7 ch., 1 tr. on first

THE QUIVER

tr., 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr. on last tr., 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr.

3rd row.—Turn with 5 ch., 1 tr. on tr., 2 tr. in hole, 1 tr. on tr., 2 tr. in hole, 1 tr. on last tr.

Repeat from beginning of 2nd row til ready to make the corner.

After a repetition of the 3rd row, turn with 7 ch. as usual, 1 tr., 2 ch., 4 tr. in the last four tr. of the block of seven, turn the work round, not over, and work along the side, 7 ch., 1 tr. on corner of block of four tr., 2 ch., 1 ss. on corner of next hole, ss. along this hole and to the corner of second hole, turn, 5 ch., miss one hole, then 7 tr. as usual and repeat from the beginning of the 2nd row.

When enough of the lace is done, sew it

When mounting the crochet work on to the cover, measure first to get the positions for the large rosettes in the corners. In a square cushion they must be at equal distances apart, and the spaces must be the same between each and the margin. The ribbons fall into place naturally, and by making these longer or shorter they can be arranged for a larger or smaller cover as desired. The four small squares should fit exactly with one edge against the blunt ends of the ribbons.

Crochet Insets for Tea-cloth

MATERIALS: "Peri-Lusta" Crochet, No. 50, for fairly fine work as below described; or No. 40 Crochet for a coarser effect, requiring fewer insets.

ABBREVIATIONS: Ch., chain; tr., treble; ho., hole; blk., block.

Eight squares, each about five inches across, twelve tiny squares, and eight strips of insertion about five inches long, will suit an ordinary 36-inch tea-cloth. With most workers the squares will come out to slightly more than five inches. The size of the trimming can be easily regulated by adding to, or decreasing, the numbers of rows in the insertions.

For a LARGE SQUARE make 107 ch.

1st row.—Miss seven, 1 tr., * 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr.; repeat from * thirty-two times, making 34 holes in all.

2nd row.—5 ch., miss two, 1 tr., * 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr.; repeat from * all along.

Always turn with 5 ch. and 1 tr., then 1 hole. End every row with 2 holes. These four holes will not be mentioned again, to save space. A group of 4 tr. will be described as "one block." The first tr. of the blk. is the last of the preceding hole and 2 in the hole after it.



A Brush-and-Comb Bag worked in Crochet

into a round and work the following finish into the larger loops of ch.: * 3 dtr., 1 pt. of 5 ch. and 1 ss. into preceding tr., 3 dtr., 1 pt., 3 dtr., 1 pt., 3 dtr., all into the same loop, 1 dc. into next loop; repeat from *.

NEEDLECRAFT SECTION

3rd row.—1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 11 ho., 1 BLK. Note that in further directions the part of the row following those stitches printed in large letters is the same as the first part repeated backwards. Thus: the 3rd row in full would be continued with 1 blk., 11 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk.

4th row.—1 ho., 1 blk., 12 ho., 1 BLK.

5th row.—1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 8 ho., 2 BLK.

6th row.—3 ho., 3 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

7th row.—2 ho., 3 blk., 2 ho., 2 blk., 3 ho., 3 BLK.

8th row.—3 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 4 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 2 BLK.

9th row.—5 ho., 2 blk., 4 ho., 2 blk., 1 ho., 1 BLK.

10th row.—4 ho., 2 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 4 ho., 2 blk., 1 ho.

11th row.—4 ho., 2 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho., 2 BLK.

12th row.—3 ho., 1 blk., 5 ho., 1 blk., 4 ho., 1 BLK.

13th row.—8 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 3 blk., 1 ho., 1 BLK.

14th row.—5 ho., 2 blk., 3 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho.

15th row.—4 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho., 2 blk., 2 ho., 2 blk., 1 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

16th row.—2 ho., 4 blk., 1 ho., 2 blk., 2 ho., 3 blk., 1 ho.

17th row.—3 blk., 1 ho., 3 blk., 1 ho., 3 blk., 3 ho., 1 BLK.

18th row.—Like 17th row.

19th row.—Like 16th row.

20th row.—Like 15th row.

Continue to work back in this way till the pattern is ended. Finish the square with two rows of holes as at the commencement.

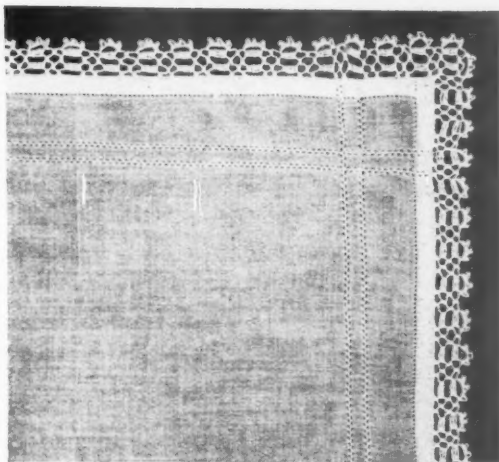
For the edge work treble all round, putting 3 tr. into every hole of the square, and 4 tr., 2 ch., and 1 tr. into each of the four corner holes.

For the BANDS OF INSERTION between the squares work as follows:

28 ch. by way of foundation.

1st row.—Miss six ch., 1 tr., * 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr.; repeat from * six times. There should be eight holes in all.

2nd row.—5 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 7 tr., 2 ch., miss two,



A Dainty Handkerchief Edging

1 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr.

3rd row.—5 ch., 1 tr. on tr., 2 ch., 4 tr., (1 blk.), 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 blk., 2 ho. The work is done exactly as in the square.

4th row.—5 ch., 1 tr., 1 blk., 4 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

5th row.—Like 4th row.

6th row.—Like 3rd row.

7th row.—3 ho., 2 blk., 3 ho.

8th row.—Like 3rd row.

9th row.—Like 7th row.

10th row.—Like 7th row.

11th row.—Like 3rd row.

12th row.—Like 7th row.

Repeat now from the beginning of the 3rd row till thirty-six rows are done. Finish with a row of holes as in 1st row.

Without breaking off the thread, turn the work round and put 3 tr. into every hole along the side of the insertion. Work in the same way along the second edge.

For the SMALL SQUARE work as follows:

Make a foundation of 29 ch.

1st row.—Miss seven, 1 tr., 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr., * 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr.; repeat from * five times.

2nd row.—5 ch., 1 tr., then 2 holes of 2 ch. each, as in the rest of the work, 2 blk., 3 ho.

3rd row.—2 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho., 1 blk., 2 ho.

4th row.—1 ho., 1 blk., 4 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.

5th row.—Like 4th row.

6th row.—Like 3rd row.

THE QUIVER

7th row.—Like 2nd row.

8th row.—8 ho.

Work treble all round the edges, putting 3 tr. into every side hole, and 4 tr., 2 ch. and 4 tr. into each corner hole.

Brush-and-Comb Bag

MATERIALS: "Peri-Lusta" Crochet, No. 30, will allow for a bag measuring 10 inches square, without the flap. If a finer piece of work is preferred, choose cotton No. 40 or 50, and a suitable steel hook.

ABBREVIATIONS: Ch., chain; dc., double crochet; tr., treble; ttr. triple treble. Note that in the following instructions 1 block (blk.) is a group of 4 tr., of which the first and last belong to a former and a succeeding hole respectively. Two blks. are 7 tr., 5 blks. 16 tr., and so on. By a hole (ho.) is meant 2 ch., having a tr. before and a tr. after them. Every row beginning with a ho. is turned with 5 ch., and every row started with a blk. turns with 3 ch. (for 1 tr.) and 3 tr.

For the lower edge, begin on a foundation of 143 ch.

1st row.—Miss 7, 1 tr., * 2 ch., miss 2, 7 tr., 2 ch., miss 2, 1 tr., 2 ch., miss 2, 1 tr.; repeat from * eight times.

2nd row.—Turn with 5 ch., * 1 blk. (4 tr. in ho. before blks. of last row), 2 ho., 1 blk., 1 ho.; repeat from * all along, finishing with 1 ho.

3rd and 4th rows.—1 blk., * 4 ho., 1 blk.; repeat from *, finishing with 1 blk.

5th row.—Like 2nd row.

6th row.—2 ho., * 2 blk., 3 ho.; repeat from *, and finish the row with 2 ho.

Repeat from 2nd row till 15 patterns in all have been made, then work round the sides of the flap.

1st round.—8 ch. (the first 3 for 1 tr.), 1 tr. in corner hole, * 2 ch., 1 tr. in next hole; repeat from * all round, and in every corner work 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 tr.

Work the 1st round twice more.

4th round.—This round holds the ribbon. Begin with 6 ch. (for one triple treble), 1 ttr (cotton three times round the hook) in the corner hole, 3 ch., 2 ttr., 5 ch., 2 ttr., 3 ch., 2 ttr. all in same hole, * 3 ch., miss 1 ho., 3 ttr. in next; repeat from * till there are 19 pairs of ttr., 3 ch., 2 ttr. in next hole, then 3 ch., miss 1 ho., 2 ttr. as usual, and continue till next corner, in which work 2 ttr., 3 ch., 2 ttr., 5 ch., 2 ttr., 3 ch., 2 ttr. Along the next side work till 12 pairs are done, then * * 3 ch.,

2 ttr. in next hole, 3 ch., miss 1 ho., 2 ttr.; repeat from * * to next corner. At the end work a slip-stitch into the top of first 6 ch. and on into next hole.

Work 3 rounds like the 1st round.

8th round.—In every alternate hole of the 7th round work 2 dc., and in the others make 1 dc., 7 ch., 1 dc. In the corner holes work 1 dc., 7 ch., 1 dc., 7 ch., 1 dc., 7 ch., 1 dc.

Run narrow ribbon in and out the pairs of ttr. in the 4th round, tying the ends in a crisp bow in the centre of one of the short sides of the work. Turn over about 3 inches to the right side. Sew the flap to the top of a flat pocket made of white or coloured linen as preferred.

Dainty Handkerchief Edging

FOR this use Manlove's Lace Thread, No. 100, and a hook No. 6½.

ABBREVIATIONS: Ch., chain; dc., double crochet; dtr., double treble.

Foundation.—14 ch.

1st row.—1 dc. into sixth ch. from hook, 1 dc. in each of the next 2 ch., 5 ch., 3 dc. in the last three foundation ch.

2nd row.—5 ch., 3 dc. in first hole, 5 ch., 3 dc. in the next hole.

3rd row.—Like 2nd row.

4th row.—8 ch., 3 dtr. in first hole, 3 ch., 3 dtr. in next hole, 8 ch., 1 dc. in the same hole.

5th row.—In the loop just made, work 3 dc., * 5 ch., 3 dc.; repeat from * twice, 5 ch., 3 dc. in first hole, 5 ch., 3 dc. in next hole. This is similar to the 1st row.

Repeat from 2nd row for the length required. When measuring the handkerchief let the lace lie easily.

The Corner

When a sufficient length has been worked for the first side, work one more pattern.

At the end of the 5th row, turn and work the picot-edged loop again.

6th row.—8 ch., 1 dc. in the second hole, turn.

7th row.—In the loop, do 3 dc., * 5 ch., 3 dc.; repeat from * twice. Without turning the work, do 5 ch., 3 dc. in the big space, 5 ch., 3 dc. in the next, a smaller space.

Repeat from 2nd row.

Work all four sides alike, join invisibly, and sew neatly on to the handkerchief.

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aware!
Scanty the hour and few the steps, because a longer
stay
Would bar return and make a man forget his mortal
way!"
KEATS.

MY DEAR HELPERS,—I have great hopes that these summer months will see a great renewal of all our activities. The cold grey days brought reaction after the thrill of the armistice and the cessation of the four years' nightmare of war. But now, with the promise of summer and sunshine before us, I urge my helpers to bring all their energies to bear on two objects that will achieve splendid work—the fund for Disabled Merchant Seamen, run by Miss Hope Clarke, and our QUIVER Army of Helpers Bed in Dr. Barnardo's Garden City for Boys.

Every little trinket or oddment of gold and silver that you can still spare goes to found a bed for a disabled seaman in Greenwich Hospital. Remember that "the sailor carries on his work so silently and out of sight that he is often forgotten, and he has shared but little in the benefactions of those who desire to aid the sufferers from the war. There is, therefore, great need for beds to be available for his treatment when sick, wounded, or injured."

At this moment, when the war is practically over, the seaman is being requisitioned for dangerous work. The peril from floating mines is still great, and the Admiralty has created a "Mine-Clearance Service," for which a special badge, known as "The King's Badge," is to be worn. This and the good pay are significant of the dangers that will beset this service. The men who enter it do so knowing that they risk their lives in order to free the sea from

the floating dangers. That the risk is not small or imaginary can be gauged from the fact that for two years after the Russo-Japanese War ships in Eastern waters were sunk by derelict mines.

Ships have fallen victims to mines during the last months, and no fishing boats or merchant ships can be safe until the seas are swept clear.

The men of the "Mine-Clearance Service" will enter a life of danger, monotony, hardship, and in the course of their work it is to be feared that casualties must occur. It is our part to see that a bed and skilled nursing and doctoring are available for these men. This we can give them in the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, so I look forward to a steady stream of trinkets flowing into our office.

"The Quiver" Army of Helpers Bed in Dr. Barnardo's Boys' Garden City

I am very grateful for all gifts received, and must remind our readers that £500 is required for the endowment of this bed. I trust it will be an accomplished fact by the end of the year.

New Lamps for Old

You will remember that in the autumn I asked you to collect nuts to be used in the manufacture of charcoal for gas masks. Many readers responded nobly, and I was able to send a useful consignment to Lady Amherst of Hackney. I felt that I should like to inquire more closely into the useful work done by the National Salvage Council under the able organisation of Lady Amherst, O.B.E., of Hackney, and I gladly accepted her invitation to come to Caxton House and to see the wonderful

THE QUIVER

transformation of old lamps into new as shown in the museum of objects collected there. It was as wonderful as the Arabian Nights, to my mind, though perhaps not so glittering and gorgeous

"All things uncomely and broken,
All things worn out and old,"

I murmured to myself as I was shown round the room of miracles by Mrs. Mackenzie, who has assisted Lady Amherst in the arduous work. For we are not a thrifty nation by nature, and I think one of the best lessons the war has taught some of us is the art of utilising waste. I should have liked to see a vast procession of people passing through the room which contains the wonderful examples of converting apparent "rubbish" into useful articles. Here is a battered bully-beef tin, of which tens and hundreds of thousands could be picked up in France during the war. It can be converted into this neat, brand-new little boot-polish tin. There is an Army boot, a shapeless wreck, with the disreputable air of the solitary boot one so often sees on a dust heap. By certain processes it is possible to resuscitate this boot till it stands trim, serviceable, and water-tight like the neat exhibit that gives the broken-down fellow-boot such a terribly degraded air.

"A Mere Rag"

Here is a handful of khaki rags. You would not think that there was any use in them at all. They are all that are left of what was once a smart tunic. But look at this excellent piece of material. It was made from rags in just as bad a condition as those you are handling. And here is a splendid piece of wall-paper of a strong, canvas-like texture, suitable for dadoes—that was originally "a mere rag."

As for paper, woe to the man or woman who casts it in the fire nowadays! Treasure up the contents of your waste-paper basket, and cram them into sacks, for out of those letters and bills and old ledgers there are folk who can make not only new paper, but also dress material. The specimens of material to be seen at the Salvage Exhibition contain 40 per cent. of paper.

Photographers, too, should not throw their old negatives away. During the war they were used for windows for gas helmets.

Now they are used for glass to cover photographs or small pictures. For glass is very expensive and very valuable nowadays.

Those readers who collected nut shells will be interested to hear that 3 lb. of shells were utilised to make one gas-mask. Charcoal was also made from old leather. Grease is also extracted from leather nowadays.

In fact, the leather exhibit is very interesting, for the leather clippings that in pre-war days were cast away in factories are now converted into waistbelts, purses, buttons, dog collars, dog whips, etc.

I have no space to give a description of all the metamorphoses to be seen in the exhibition. I am hoping that it will be placed somewhere in London as a permanent record of Lady Amherst's intensely interesting and valuable war work.

Real Salvage

I must just find space to mention some extraordinarily fascinating objects made by various people out of apparently useless things. The *pièce de résistance* was a rabbit in a hutch: the most attractive white bunny with a green lettuce leaf in his mouth. This was made by a lady, and was constructed out of swansdown cotton stuffed with newspaper. The leaf was made from an old registered envelope dyed green. The cardboard hutch, which had regulation bars, was most cleverly made out of a stout brown cardboard box and drawing-pins.

There was also a most realistic black-bird sitting on a perch, and he was composed of an old stocking, two beads, and some pieces of stick.

A very original idea adopted in Y.M.C.A. huts was an impromptu draught-board. It was made from an old drawing-board marked out in squares, and the "men" were the red and black tops of mineral-water bottles. The latter also figured in a curry-comb made from a bit of wood in France, and the combination provided a serviceable instrument.

Those lugubrious covers that preserve new and expensive umbrellas, and are apparently useless when once the umbrella is taken into wear, have been converted into coverings for eye-shades

An old "hedger" and "ditcher" in

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

Norfolk whittled the odd bits of wood into clothes-pegs and bound them with bits of tin picked up from the hedges and ditches.

An excellent dusting brush was made from turkey feathers with reeds for a handle; and a very well-bound book owed its existence to wall-paper and an old blind.

Really, there was never a more interesting or fascinating demonstration of the old copy-book maxim, "Waste not, want not," than was to be found at Caxton House.

Next month I intend to give examples of materials that can still be "salved," for I do not think that the immense amount of thought and labour put into this scheme by Lady Amherst and her helpers should be lost to us now the war is over.

"Little Folks" Convalescent Home Pound Day and Peace Fête

We hope to hold the Pound Day and Peace Fête on Saturday, July 12th, at the Home, Littlecommon, Bexhill. The Countess Brassey has very kindly consented to open the fête again this year. Gifts in cash or kind for the "larder" or for the stalls (bags, lingerie, baskets, books, etc.) will be greatly appreciated. They should be sent to Mrs. R. H. Lock, "Little Folks" Convalescent Home, Littlecommon, Bexhill, before June 30th.

Books, Books, Books

I appeal for books and yet more books. The letters of thanks that follow will show you how much pleasure is diffused by the volumes you take from your shelves. I feel that untold stores of books are still untapped. When I think of the stream of gold and silver that flowed into La Belle Sauvage and still continues to flow, though not quite so rapidly, I feel that thousands of books would come in if only every reader took the trouble to send one volume. Every kind of book is welcome except the book that is never taken off your shelf. We cannot do with huge dull volumes that never served any useful or entertaining purpose. But novels (cheaply bound preferred), biographies, nature books, school stories, travel books, poetry—all are eagerly awaited by soldier, sailor, land-girl, and deaf working girls.

Here is a letter from the Y.M.C.A. "Red

Triangle Library." We sent 78 bound books and five paper books:

February 26, 1919.

DEAR MADAM,—Your beautiful and welcome gift of books has been transmitted to us by Messrs. Cassell, and I beg you to accept our very sincere thanks.

It will, I hope, be a source of satisfaction to THE QUIVER Army of Helpers to feel that they are indeed rendering most useful help to the brave men who have done and endured so much for us all during these terrible years.

With renewed thanks, I am, dear Madam,

Yours very truly,

To Mrs. R. H. Lock,

A. M. BLENKINSOP.

And here is a letter from a sailor to whom I sent a parcel of books direct from THE QUIVER readers:



The Baroness
Amherst of Hackney

Photo:
Lafayette

DEAR MRS. LOCK,—I have the greatest pleasure in writing you these few lines on behalf of my fellow messmates and myself, thanking you very much indeed for the grand parcel of books which you have kindly sent to us, for it is good of you to always think of us, for they will pass many a happy hour away for us and we do not know how to thank you. Well, we have not heard anything yet about getting discharged, for I think that we have got to stop here till they move the German Fleet away. We must keep on smiling, for we find it very lonely all the time, and it is also very cold and windy. I must close now, hoping that

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you are in the very best of health as it leaves my fellow messmates and me in the pink.—I remain,

Yours sincerely,

N. MOORE, A.B.

Some readers may imagine that there is no longer so much demand for books for women workers. This letter will undeceive them :

WOMEN WAR WORKERS' LIBRARY.
March 8th.

DEAR MADAM,—I beg to thank you most warmly for the splendid parcel of books I have just received from your readers of *THE QUIVER* for the Library. We are most grateful for them. The applications for books from W.A.A.C.s, W.R.A.F.s, Women's Institutes, and Land Army Girls continue to increase rapidly, and it needs large quantities to enable us to meet the demands. So your generous gift is most heartily appreciated.

Yours faithfully,

JESSIE L. MORTON,
Secretary.

The books for the Deaf Working Girls are also always most welcome. Miss Montagu wrote :

A large parcel of books has arrived at the Recreation Rooms, kindly sent by your band of *THE QUIVER* Helpers. Please will you thank the readers on behalf of the members of the Recreation Rooms, and tell them how much we appreciate their kindness ?

Wool is Welcome

From all sides I receive grateful letters for the wool that is sent in by my readers. Miss Dolly Robinson writes :

Those pieces of wool *THE QUIVER* Helpers sent me are splendid. The khaki bits I'm making into slippers with coloured edges and lined with flannel-ette. They look so nice, and I hope to give a pair to all the children of a very poor family, and I think there'll be enough for some for the "Little Folks" Home. Then I've made three bonnets—two I gave to the District Nurses for a very poor woman who had twins, so you see the "bits" have turned out quite useful, and I hope to make more bonnets and baby shoes out of the rest.

More grey wool is still needed at Chailey, and by the lady who knits "woollies" for the families of poor clergy ; also by Miss Lowe for the children of her infant schools, which lie in a very poor part of London. The older children are taught to knit up the wool for themselves and the others.

I was very pleased with a very fine gift of wool which accompanied the following letter from Mrs. Brownlie :

DEAR MADAM,—Our Red Cross Work Party in this district is now at a close. Having some wool left over I suggested to the committee that we might send it to some sick children's hospital, and mentioned I had seen a request for oddments of wool in *THE QUIVER*. It was willingly handed over to

me to send it on to you. I hope it will give the little ones some pleasure as well to knit it.

Yours sincerely,

Fauldhouse.

K. S. BROWNIE.

Pieces Still Wanted

Miss Methley sent me a card, saying :

Please thank your readers so much for the splendid bundles of pieces received to-day, and especially for the bits of fur. Also for the Gay Bags. I couldn't think what it was smelling so sweetly until I discovered the lavender !

Miss Methley is glad of pieces of fur, silk, velvet, cloth, and plush for the manufacture of toys by wounded soldiers. The outside skin of top hats is also most welcome—the soldiers make it into handbags.

Silver Paper

A magnificent consignment of silver paper—62 lb.—was sent from Trinidad by Miss Edith Fidler, who contributed such a splendid number of Gay Bags when they were needed. I am indeed grateful to our kind helper from far away.

Another contribution that pleased me very much came with the following note :

I am sending you a parcel of silver paper which was collected some years ago and turned out from old treasures by a nephew who came from South Africa to "fly" for his country. He is now returning to the land which has given him health, and wished me to send the parcel to you, as he saw the notice in *THE QUIVER* that it was still wanted.

I was also very pleased with a gift from Inverness High Infant School, forwarded by Miss Margaret Brown :

This box of silver paper and tinfoil was collected by the girls and boys in my infant class. It is sent with our good wishes and thanks to disabled soldiers and sailors.

Letters in Brief

The following are extracts from two much appreciated letters I wish I had room to print all those I receive.

I am sending you a few Gay Bags. I hope you will find them useful. They are not many, but I am a busy woman, and having taken *THE QUIVER* for over fifty years, you will know I am not a young one. I should like you to have the small silk bag : it is filled with roses and other scented leaves from my garden.—(Blackpool.)

The little silk bag is charming, and I appreciated the kind and fragrant thought immensely.

I am sending these few silver and gold articles. They are very old keepsakes and of no value beyond that to me, but I should think they would

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

melt up, and those whom they belonged to would like to think they had added some trifle to help our soldiers.—(*Handsworth.*)

Many Kind Givers

Welcome gifts for all funds and letters came from :

The Dowager Countess of Leven and Melville, Miss Clark Couper, Mrs. Maydew and Gloria Maydew (Natal), "X. Y. Z." (Watford), "Old Charlton," Miss M. H. P. Hindley, Miss R. Evans, Miss Mina Leith, Miss Wilson, "Alpine Vale," J. Chapman, Miss Barnard and Miss Woodham, Miss Grace New, Miss Histed, Mrs. G. Harmer, Miss M. L. Evans, Miss Haig, "An Anonymous Friend," Miss Nellie Kirkwood, Miss Mary Stout, Mrs. Shipman, Miss Theodora Durning-Lawrence, "X. Y. Z." (Northenden), Miss M. E. Willshaw, Mrs. Samuel Ellis, Miss M. Hedley, Miss Ethel Crombie, Miss E. S. Davies, Miss Squires, Miss Gourlie, Mrs. Brownlie, Mrs. and Miss Macdonald-Smith and Miss Parsons, Mark Standing, Winston, Miss Nichol, Mrs. D. Ramsay, Miss Gertrude Dawson, Miss C. A. Gladstone, Miss K. L. Dodd, K. Gundelach, Miss E. King, Mrs. Nightingale, E. M. Kimberley, Mrs. Wadlow, Miss Hall, Miss Rouse, Miss C. Smith, Miss Edith Toule, Miss Muriel Benn, Miss Rodger, Miss Blanche Broomhead, Miss Edmonds, A. Simpson, A. M. Oldfield, H. Bottle, Mrs. Margaret Scouller, Mrs. Hall, Miss W. Gaskin, Miss J. Dougall, Miss Handy-side, "Anonymous" (pieces for Miss Methley), "Tunbridge Wells," "Anonymous" (7 silver brooches), G. (Falmouth), Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. and

Mrs. G. Edwards, Mrs. E. Dawson, Miss Ada Clayton, Miss Brown, Miss Hilda Sharman, "A Reader of THE QUIVER" (Gay Bags), Mrs. Birmingham-Tyrell, Mrs. S. H. Johnson, Mrs. E. K. Reynolds (180 pairs of gloves and fur cuttings), M. Main, Miss Henson, Mrs. Dunell, Miss J. Smith, Girls' School (Castle Cary, Somerset), Miss H. E. Brown, Miss Ethel E. Haste, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Borradale, Miss Margaret Brown's pupils (Inverness High Infant School), M. A. G., H. A., Miss Catherine A. Jackson, F. E. (Cromer), Miss H. Watt, Miss Grigg.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss or any other title in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment ?

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(Mrs. R. H. Lock).

All letters, gold and silver oddments for the Silver Thimble Fund, contributions to THE QUIVER Bed at Barnardo's Boys' Garden City, and for "Philip's" maintenance, books, wool, etc., should be addressed to Mrs. R. H. Lock, THE QUIVER Offices, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4 Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Cassell and Co., Limited.



Where Three Counties Meet

Cheshire, Staffordshire and Derbyshire all meet at this beautiful little spot

Photo : W. Hill



A Holiday Essay—Nature Illustration—Great Personalities of the War—Result of Story Competition

LAST month I explained the policy I propose adopting in this new section of *THE QUIVER*, viz. to concentrate on the competitions, omitting for the time being some of the less important features of the "Section for Younger Readers" that threatened to get out of hand.

It is too early for me to judge as to the response of my readers. But I should like them all to enter with good will into the new arrangements, and, at the same time, tell me exactly what they think about the various features introduced from time to time. I want to feel that this section is the special property of my readers, and that its development shall be a matter for them just as much as for the Competition Editor.

Now that the summer is coming on, with all its inducements to outdoor life, I should like to feel that your interest in literary things is sufficiently strong to keep our competitions going at full strength.

Make a practice of entering for at least one competition a month.

I suppose you are all beginning to think about your summer holidays now, and this year, it seems, they will be really worth thinking about—no war, no restrictions, and possibly better means of travel—surely sufficient incentive to spur anyone on to making the holiday quite a special affair.

A Holiday Essay

Now this month I am going to give you a "holiday" essay to write for the Literary

Competition: "My First After-War Holiday: How I should like to spend it." This does not, of necessity, mean how you are actually going to spend it, because I particularly want to know what you consider would be the most delightful type of holiday one could have irrespective of whether you, personally, could put it into practice or not. The essay should not exceed 600 words in length, and a prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the best entry.

Are You Keen on Nature?

I thought for this month's Art Competition our readers might appreciate an outdoor subject, and as most people who are keen on drawing, I find, are also keen on nature, I have decided to give you an opportunity of some nature illustrating. Further, in order that all nature-lovers should have an equal chance of success, I am going to give you a fairly free choice of subject—birds, flowers or trees, and you may confine yourself to one or more, as you like.

Such an illustration would doubtless look more effective carried out in colour, but unless you can work well in this medium, I should advise you to do it in black-and-white. I shall be giving a prize of Ten Shillings for the most successful result.

A Voting Competition

I expect you all know what I mean when I talk of a "Voting" Competition. It is ever so simple, and is always very popular

THE QUIVER

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SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

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"Defiance"
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UMBRELLAS.

THIS UMBRELLA

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" silk Union.

Send us your old Umbrella

to-day, together with P.O. for 7/6, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 6/- upwards.

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Sleeplessness and Indigestion

Three Remarkable Cures by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



Acute Indigestion

Mr. T. G. GODSELL (ex-soldier), 2 Whitfield Road, Plaskett Grove, East Ham, London, E., writes:—"I suffered such pain from indigestion that I dreaded eating. Headaches troubled me constantly, and I could keep nothing down. I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the first few doses relieved me. Soon I was as free from indigestion as ever in my life."



Loss of Appetite.

Mrs. TREACHER, 5 Norfolk Road, Dalston, London, N.E., says:—"I could not eat, and my sleep was disturbed and unrefreshing. Pain after food became so violent and my appetite so bad that I ate little or nothing. At last I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and my pain went, and soon I was as well as ever."



Shattered Nerves.

Mr. DAVID SAUNDERS, 66 Pembrey Road, Llanely, says:—"Some time ago I strained my heart and broke down completely. My nerves were shattered and I suffered from sleeplessness and violent palpitation. I was off work nine months. Then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets; my nerves grew steadier and I was soon well and strong."

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FREE INFORMATION.—If you desire further information relative to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case free of all charge, write to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

COMPETITION PAGES

with readers. Here is the subject I want you to vote upon this month: "The Six Greatest Personalities of the War." Write on a post card the six names in the order of merit in which you think they should come (you may include any who are not living at the present moment so long as they took part in the Great War); add your own name and address, and send the card to me in the usual way. The votes will then be counted, and to the reader whose list corresponds exactly, or most nearly, with the final result, will be given a prize of Five Shillings. I shall expect a big entry.

The results of the above competitions will appear in the September number.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Competitor's name, age, and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.
4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope *large enough to contain it*. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelopes, are insufficient.
5. All entries must be received at this office by June 20, 1919. They should be addressed "Competition Editor," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

"Daphne" has much pleasure in announcing the results of the competitions that were given in March last.

Result of the School Story Competition

We have had quite a large number of entries for the School Story Competition, both from THE QUIVER as well as the "British Girl's Annual" readers. Although none of the stories sent in showed very marked literary ability, yet the standard attained by the majority of competitors was high, and it was very difficult indeed to decide between the first dozen or so.

The Prize-winners

The Two Guineas offered by the Editor for the best school story sent in by readers of THE QUIVER is awarded to PRIVATE A. CHAPMAN, aged 20, for a brightly-written and amusing tale entitled "St. George—And the Dragon."

Then a further Two Guinea prize, offered to the readers of the "British Girl's Annual," also in connection with this story competition, goes to DOROTHY M. CARPENTER, aged 15, for a tale concerning a suspected girl spy. Though this type of plot has, of course, lost its original interest, the treatment is quite good for a girl of Dorothy's age, and she well deserves the prize.

Unfortunately, owing to the length of the prize-winning entries neither of the stories can be included in these pages.

The Honours List

The following competitors are Very Highly Commended for the stories they submitted:

R. A. Finn, Helen Pritchard, Christian Milne, Carmen Couch, Mary D. Burnie, Margaret Toy, Doris Stanley, Jessie Muriel Smith, Lorna Rutter-Leatham, Dorothy M. Carpenter, Ruth L. Taylor, Muriel F. Rose, Margaret F. Biggs, Dorothy Davison, Bessie Laws, Dorothy Mehlert.

Highly Commended

E. S. Crawshaw, Kathleen S. N. Kirby, Lucie Leoni, Eileen Loder, Vera Kathleen Mitchell, E. T. E., Patricia McNabb, Margaret Macdonald, Nancy Morrison, Aileen Parker, Elsie Marion Cooper, Sylvia A. Miller, Doris E. Bluck, Joyce L. Morton-George, Maisie M. Zass, Beryl M. Treharne, Mabel Watson, Nancy St. Quintin, Joan Telleit, Casha Fringle, Phyllis de Lacy, Alfreda G. Lucas, C. Murphy, Jessie M. Lees, Kathleen Mills Perry, Clare Brockway, Helga Burgess, Mollie Corden, William McCulloch, Joyce Pawley, N. Cicely Burgess.

Commended

Frederick R. Hunworth, Phyllis Birkett Turner, Winnie Harwood, Jessie D. Macfee, Jennie Robb, Gwendoline Nicholls, Gwendolen Leijonhufvud, Mary Silver, Frances Hives, Violet E. Adlard, Joan Boodle, Leonard M. Harper, Dora Gwendolen Garrard, Edward de Grueby, Julian L. Meltzer, Margaret Snaith, Vera Wynn-Davies, Frances R. Johns, Edith E. McWilliam, Cicely Taylor, B. Brown, Hilda Greenhill, Anna B. McCulloch, Hilda R. A. Radclyffe, Emma Gammage, Gwen Paul, Peggy Ferber, Edith M. Ellis, Elsie Mitchell, Barbara Price, Isabel Houldgate, Betty Baker, Ruth Jackson, Primrose A. Hill, Margaret Appleby, Gladys A. Butler, Hilda Muriel Simpson, Chloris I. Alexander, May Smith, Margaret Taigel, Bertha Boydell, Sadie Baumgart, Gwendoline Macmillan, Mary G. Thornton, Margaret Capper, Mary N. J. Bibby, W. Brenan, Vera Tidesley, Muriel A. Clement, Marjorie Smith, Alice Hollings, F. Dowling, L. C. Till, Doreen Powell, Donald D. J. Clarke.

Many other competitors sent in good stories, but there is not space enough to mention all their names.

"The Coming of Spring"

There were some quite good entries for this competition also. The prize of Ten Shillings offered by the Editor for the best

THE QUIVER

drawing in black-and-white or colour entitled "The Coming of Spring" has been won by **BERYL M. PUZEY**, aged 19. In idea it was quite the most original of all the drawings sent in, and the treatment, although the technique still leaves a good deal to be desired, shows considerable promise. This competitor should certainly persevere with her art work and endeavour to improve her technique.

Gladys May Adshead deserves praise for her very finished little sketch, which, however, in colouring was rather more suggestive of autumn than spring. Dorothy Rowe's entry was excellent in colour and idea, but needed rather stronger brush work and more care with perspective. And a very charming drawing was sent in by a competitor, of a

child in a yellow frock wandering through a primrose copse, who, however, omitted to state her age, and so had to be disqualified.

The following competitors are Very Highly Commended :

Dorothy Rowe, Gladys Adshead, Kitty Jenkins, Patricia Riddle, Coreen Marsh, Joan E. A. Gedge, F. Marion Parker, Lucy D. Thurston.

Commended

M. Smail, Lilian Beryl W. Gedge, Leonard M. Harper, Peggy James, Nora Yates, J. L. Fairlie, Maisie M. Zass, Joan Boodle, A. M. Van de Wiel, Shelagh C. M. Morris, Austin C. Smith, Bessie Laws, A. MacGregor, Leila Barford, Gladys Aconley, Claude Van de Wiel, May McCoy, Christian E. Cameron, W. C. Jackman, Frances K. Johns, Catherine Barlow, Maureen Robinson, Frank Cumberland, George Collier, D. Scouloudi, Douglas B. Goldie, O. Campin, Christian Milne, William Alexander, Sara M. S. Strachan.

Result of the Voting Competition in the "British Girl's Annual" for 1919

THE Voting Competition in this year's "Annual" proved to be most popular again, the number of entries even surpassing the record of the previous issue of this publication. After counting the votes accorded to each story the result came out as follows :

1st—" Luck "	460 votes
2nd—" A Daughter of the Legion "	303 "
3rd—" In Mid Air " . . .	247 "
4th—" A Sea Scrape " . .	189 "
5th—" The Plagiarist " . .	176 "
6th—" Her Wits' End " . .	154 "

None of the "elected six" stories ran each other so closely as last year, which perhaps made the contest from the adjudicator's point of view a little less exciting, but on the other hand it was interesting to notice the amount of skill and care which the majority of the readers had exercised in awarding merit to the individual stories.

No less than three readers succeeded in granting the whole of their votes to the six stories mentioned above, and a very large number besides were successful in so far as they decided upon five of the "elected six."

Unfortunately, however, no reader's list corresponded exactly with the order in which the stories came out according to vote, so the prize of One Guinea goes to the reader whose list compared most favourably with the above. **GRACE DUFFIELD**, aged 14, a colonial reader of Cape Province, managed this the best, her list running as follows :

" Luck."
" A Daughter of the Legion."
" The Plagiarist."
" Her Wits' End."
" In Mid Air."
" A Sea Scrape."

The prize has, therefore, been awarded to this reader.



The wonder fabric
for women's wear
and frocks for little
folk.



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TRADE MARK

BROCHE

in a wide range of designs and colourings—white, ecru, black, self shades, and printed designs—all fast washing colours.

This new wonder fabric is dressy and dainty, and is ideal for all washing wear.

PRICES:

White and Ecru - - - 2/5½

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Width 27 inches.

The selvedge is stamped every few yards.
"Ozonía Broche."

If your draper cannot show you "Ozonía Broche," write to the manufacturers—who are also the manufacturers of "Velmad"—and they will put you into touch with a source of supply.

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**Recreation Centres,
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for

**MEN and WOMEN of
H.M. Services.**

The War is ended, but the Need
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Branches of War-Help, is not.

PLEASE SUPPORT THEM

Cheques crossed "Barclays," payable to
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It always is unsatisfactory the second-
time-on of a white blouse.

Cream all your white things—blouses
and frocks, etc.—the faintest ivory
or any shade you like to rich cream.
They won't grow limp so quickly nor
need washing anything like so often.
Just a whisk of Dolly Cream in the rins-
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It will save considerably on the children's
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For Curtains and other Things

Dolly Cream—the Cream with
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everywhere at 1d.—don't pay
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it's yours for 2 p.c. 1d.

Sole Makers:
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BOLTON, LANCs.

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B/L



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everywhere

Laitova Lemon Cheese

The Daily Spread for the Children's Bread

In hundreds of thousands of British homes "Laitova" is an essential part of the daily fare.

Delicious and nourishing, it forms an ideal food for the children, providing those food elements that build up the body, making them sturdy and strong.

Don't be put off—accept nothing but "LAITOVA."

If unable to obtain, send 1/6 and the name of your grocer and we will send you a large 1/6 jar post free.

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2/- Sold Everywhere. 2/-

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This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

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Pimples
Redness

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Eczema
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Blotches
Spots
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Quickly removes the effects of Sunstroke.

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Then by means of the "QUIK" DOG POWDERS you can always keep him in the pink of condition, healthy, hearty, full of life, free from all Skin Diseases and other complaints, and also from the most objectionable troubles due to the presence of WORMS. Use these Powders with the utmost confidence; they are prepared from the recipe of one of the best-known and most successful Dog Breeders in the World. 1/- and 2/6; post free 1/3 and 2/6, from F. H. FROESER & CO. LTD., Veterinary Chemists, Spring Hill, BIRMINGHAM, or through any Chemist, Corn Dealer, or Stores.



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BREAKFAST
Cocoa

This bonny little chap is a FRY'S COCOA boy, plump and strong, with rosy cheeks: sunny, healthy, mischievous, full of life and energy. ————— Have you any little "pale faces" at home? Build them up with FRY'S.



*When I was one-and-twenty,
I heard a wood nymph speak :
" With blush of June's fresh roses
I'll paint your lips and cheek ;
I'll stain with beauty's blazon
Your skin so lily fair,
And tangle June's bright sunbeams
Among your wayward hair."*

*And so from Nature's palette
Her colours fine she chose,
Pressed on my lips a rosebud,
On either cheek a rose ;
And in my locks so wayward
She snared the sunbeam's gold,
That girlish grace may linger
When I am growing old.*

Every hygienic requisite a dainty woman needs for the preservation and care of the skin, the hair, and the teeth can be purchased from Boots The Chemists with distinctive advantage in price—and quality. Furthermore, ladies will find these refined "All British" toilet aids infinitely superior to imported preparations of similar character.

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